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Defender of America's Out-of-Doors

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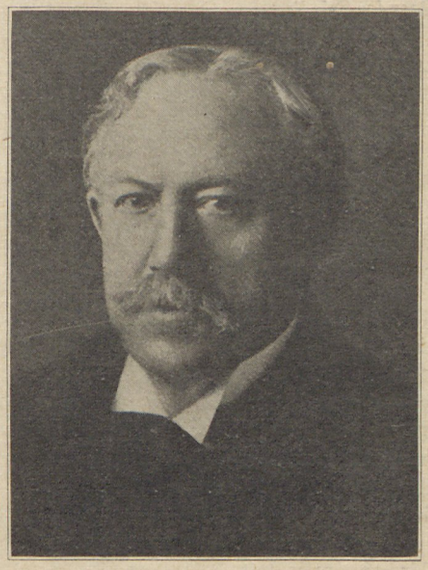
More Elbow-Room

By DAVID STARR JORDAN

THIS nation of ours was created by sons of English Puritans and by like-minded dissenters, religious or political, from northern Europe. One and all they sought for personal freedom. They were so obstinate and self-centered that they would "have no one to rule over them but themselves." As one of their leaders, Cotton Mather, dolefully observed, "If the people are to govern, who is then left to be governed?" Who, indeed? Only interlopers and newcomers, brought in to do the heavy work.



Lovers of freedom framed this republic, and no other type of men could or would have done it. But it is still more than ever their duty to govern by first governing themselves.

We may note that Freedom has two meanings, both pertinent in our history. Escape from hampering tradition and human tyranny. That is one meaning. The other is elbow-room, and our forefathers had both, and in both directions matters are closing up around their descendants. It is a human weakness to dread dissent, to want to see everybody cast in the same mould. One language, one religion, one education, one set of fundamentals is demanded, not only in medieval Turkey, but in modern America, and to all this the true sons of the Puritans must ever dissent.

But now as to elbow-room. It means contact with nature, and such contact means care for wild-life of which nature is made up. The best thing said of an early English king was that "he loved the tall deer as if he were their father." A true sportsman he, for he would never kill wantonly to fill a bag, to win a bet or to hang a set of horns as a trophy in his office.

But civilization crowds elbow-room. It destroys forests, dries up springs, turns brooks into desolating torrents, **replaces the big mammals by rats and mice and the insect-eating song birds by "English" sparrows.** This we cannot help, but we can mitigate it, and if we care a hoot for what our grandchildren think of us, we shall leave some part of nature unwrecked for their contemplation. To do this we must get busy today and tomorrow and the Izaak Walton League of America has found the way.

In writing of conservation one hardly knows when to begin, or rather when not to begin. The need is plain on every side. When, in 1880, I first came to California, I saw limitless herds of the Prong-horn Antelope scampering over the hills of what is now Wyoming. In the last thirty years I have crossed the continent some seventy times **without ever seeing one.** And the Rocky Mountain Goat, one of the finest and most unique of all beasts, has in the meantime almost utterly vanished, and with it the Big-horn sheep. When I was a boy in New York every farmer had in his sleigh at least two buffalo robes. Yet were it not for a few nature-lovers the American bison would today have joined the Mastodon Sea-Cow and the Passenger Pigeon in total extinction.

Forty years ago the Pribilof Islands, just purchased from Russia, sent forth a million or more of mother seals, each with a pup of her own. Reckless slaughter at sea cut the number down to 130,000 in 1897, in 1900 to 43,000, and the species was saved only by fourteen years of hard work, from 1897 to 1911, ending in the protection treaty of 1911. The herd, thanks to the wise provision, had again risen to 160,000 in 1920 and about 250,000 in 1922.

Old records show that thousands of skins of a species of the Southern (*continued on page 417*)

David Starr Jordan

Defender of America's Out-of-Doors

Izaak Walton League *Monthly*

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By Will. H. Dilg Back Cover

The Superior National Forest To Be Saved Forever

Written by DONALD HOUGH

Showing How the ***Izaak Walton League of America*** *and four other national organizations have earned the everlasting gratitude of the lover of outdoor America. This is the League's greatest victory. Read—Think and then Help by joining in with this League which is certain to have a million members and to win National Jurisdiction.*

WHEN you start in to monkey with a national forest, you have simply **got** to reckon with the American people.

When certain local interests and state office holders started out to take advantage of technicalities in order to shoot the Superior National Forest, in Minnesota, full of holes, they thought the "National" in National Forest was just scenery—a sort of fancy adjective to make the name longer.

The sportsmen of this United States—the outdoorsmen and the campers and the lovers of wild life and wild country—on April 3 sent the most powerful delegation to Duluth, Minnesota, that has ever been assembled in so remote a section for a similar purpose and convinced both the United States Forest Service and the people of northeastern Minnesota that the biggest word in the Superior Forest dictionary is that word "National"—that it is bigger than the forest itself.

The counties of northern Minnesota had decided to build roads through the Superior forest—through the only exclusive canoeing country in America, and the only remaining wilderness in the middle west. And when you say "middle west" you've got to stretch the term so far that it cracks.

The forest service had decided to assist. "We can't prevent the roads anyway," they said, "so let's coöperate with the counties. The roads will make it easier for us to reach the interior of the forest to fight fires, anyway."

But rumblings began to be heard. "What the hell," said the National Institute of Park Executives, "What's all this? There goes the last wilderness!"

They protested to the U. S. Forester at Washington.

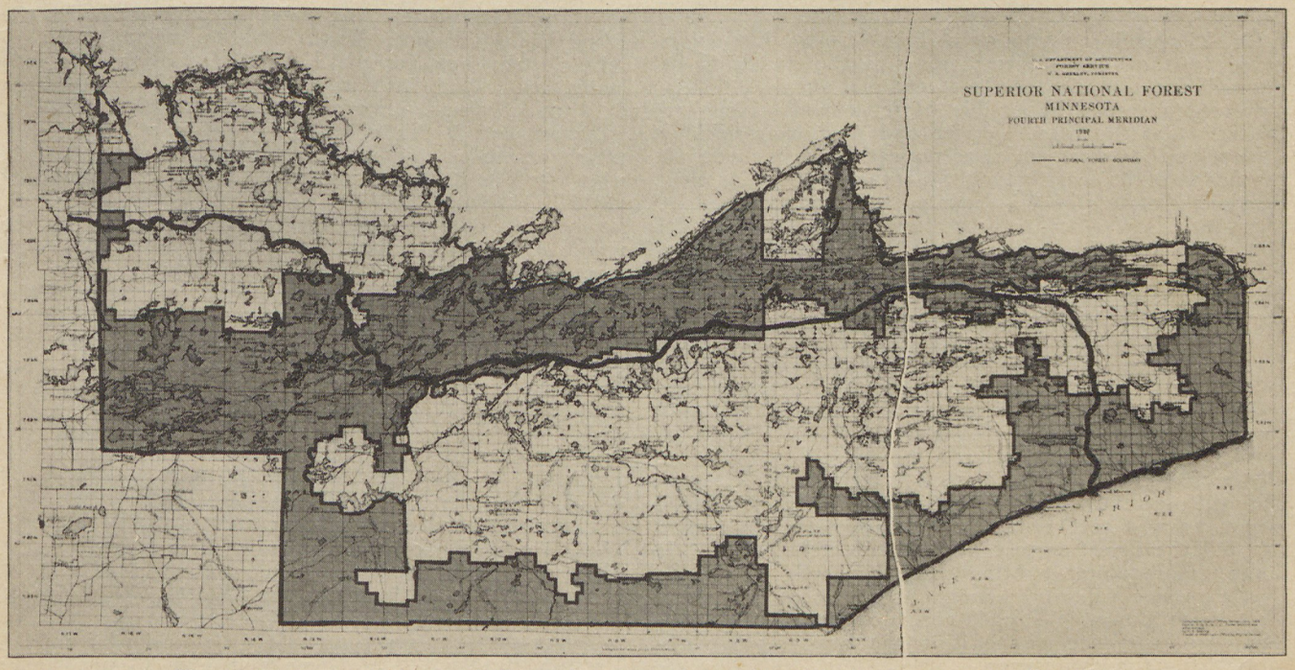
Shortly after this the beans were spilled. The Izaak Walton League got wise to the roads. The rumble crashed into a roar. The chief forester did not plug up his ears. "This may be worth listening to," he probably decided, "it appears that we can not prevent the building of these roads, but maybe if enough people protest, and it seems that the roads are not to the best interest of the people, we can find some way of stopping them. Better call a conference. That's only fair. **Besides, this noise is getting terrific.**"

The conference was held at Duluth, Minn., April 3. Both sides were invited by the forest service to present their cases. It took proponents of the roads about ten minutes to give their side. When the opponents, gathered from various parts of the country, got through,—well, the St. Louis county court house is still shaking.

The conference went on record as unalterably opposed to the building of the proposed roads.

It declared that the Superior forest, if it is going to be a national forest, had better start in to be one, and the first thing to do is to acquire **by purchase not only all privately owned lands within the area but all necessary contiguous lands as well.**

To prove that it was not a flash in the pan, the conference formed a permanent organization—The Superior



The shaded portion of the map indicates the proposed extension of the boundaries of the Forest by purchase of the Federal Government.

National Forest Association—to follow through its work.

AND IT SAVED THE SUPERIOR NATIONAL FOREST FROM CERTAIN DESTRUCTION AS A WILDERNESS.

* * *

NOW let's get down to the conference itself. It was attended by about 150 men, representing a great many local and national organizations, and by the U. S. Forest service.

The forest service was the first to speak. Through the capable medium of C. J. Stahl, assistant district forester, Denver, the forest service said in effect:

"It is proposed to build two roads through the Superior Forest region. One road, that from Ely to Buyck, is entirely within the forest. The other, from Ely to Gunflint lake, is partly within and partly without the forest. A road from Ely to Buyck is necessary for a ministrative purpose. It is not desirable that it be a tourist road, but we would rather have it as that than not to have it at all. That part of the road from Ely to Gunflint lake lying within the forest—a comparatively small part of its length—we also want. It need not be an automobile highway. As in the case of the other road, we want fire protection, not tourists. As for the part of the road outside the forest, we do not care anything about it."

Then the proponents of the road had an inning. The Ely commercial club said it wanted the road because it would help Ely. Citizens from Two Harbors said they wanted the road because it would provide access for automobile tourists. The state highway commissioner was not present, but he had previously declared the road was demanded by the people generally as an automobile highway.

The opponents of the road were divided into two sections—those who were combating the road from a local standpoint, and were concerned mostly with taxes, and those opposing it from a national standpoint.

The local people were opposed to the roads as they stood. The national organizations were opposed to the specific road projects also, but they were principally concerned in the policy that the construction of the roads would determine. They were concerned in **the future of the forest as a great recreational area.**

The National Institute of Park Executives, through Paul B. Riis, chairman of the wild life preservation committee, asked for a postponement of the road construction for a year so that the matter could be thoroughly studied.

Mr. Riis made an impressive talk. Using pure logic, based on thorough understanding of the situation, he pointed out that the roads served no purpose. They traversed a region impossible of settlement. He cited the fact that the forest service had previously decided to develop the forest, so far as recreation was concerned, by means of its waterways. Still, the counties as they themselves stated, he said, wanted the roads for tourist purposes. So far as fire protection was concerned, Mr. Riis advocated the construction by the forest service of stub roads, for purely administrative purposes, which, because of the fact that they would not lead any place, would not be sought as motor highways by the tourists.

The Izaak Walton League, through its representatives, declared that the building of the roads meant certain destruction of the forest as the last remaining wilderness in central United States, and as the only exclusive canoe country in the world.

"We are not here," declared Will H. Dilg, President of the Izaak Walton League of America, who came to Duluth to attend this conference from Southern Florida where he was recovering from a complete breakdown, "to tell the forest service how to run its business. It knows more about fighting fires than we do. If the forest service will say through its representatives here that these automobile roads are necessary for fire protection as they are mapped out, the League will withdraw from the conference.

"We do protest the building of automobile highways, for tourist purposes, through the forest. The construction of the roads would defeat their aim. They are being pushed by the counties because the counties, or whoever is back of the roads, want them so that the motor tourist can ride through this virgin wilderness. But the idea destroys itself in its very fulfilment. Build the roads, and the wilderness is gone. The motor tourist has nothing that he can not find with greater ease in other sections, and the roads, with the others that are bound to follow, will not only defeat the motorist in his efforts to see the wilderness, but will spoil it for the great numbers of canoeists who are flocking from all parts of the country, and from foreign countries, to enjoy this wonderful region."

It was suggested by Mr. Dilg that the forest service find other ways of penetrating the forest quickly than by the use of highways built by coöperation with the counties, which wanted the roads for tourist purposes, even against the avowed declaration of the forest service that waterway development was the logical and desirable recreational development.

Mr. Dilg, who closed the debate, pointed out that the roads were **the first step** in complete exploitation of the forest in such a way **as to render it valueless as a wilderness.**

"Only God could make that forest," he declared, **"and only man can destroy it.** It must be preserved as a wilderness for the future generations of young Americans, and none of use have the moral right to destroy it as such."

Following the discussion, the conference voted against the roads.

Mr. Riis introduced a motion to the effect that the road projects be postponed a year. An amendment was offered by a representative of taxpayers in the region that the road projects be unalterably opposed, which amendment was carried with but seven dissenting votes. The resolution read:

"Be it resolved that it is the sense of this meeting and those present, that they are unalterably opposed to the construction of these proposed automobile highways through the Superior National Forest."

A second resolution was adopted on the motion of Mr. Dilg and the second of D. Lange, president of the Minnesota Forestry Association, that the forest service be urged to purchase **all private lands within the forest, and all contiguous lands necessary to make the forest a complete, compact unit, comprising the waterway region between Lake Superior and the Canadian boundary.**

Following the adoption of this resolution, it was voted to form a permanent organization, and to name the Izaak Walton League Monthly as the official organ.

So the Superior National Forest Association came into being, with Paul B. Riis as president, T. S. Whitten of Winton, Minn., vice president, Jim Lawrie of Duluth, treasurer, and D. Hough, St. Paul, secretary. The executive committee, appointed by C. B. Dunning, Duluth, who acted as chairman of the conference, is composed of Will H. Dilg, Herman T. Olson, Tower, Minn., D. Lange, St. Paul, C. A. Dahlgren, supervisor of the forest, A. E. Hoel, Gilbert, Minn., and Dr. George Ayres, Ely, Minn., and all of the elected officers.

Organizations represented at the meeting included the Izaak Walton League, the National Institute of Park Executives, the Camp Fire club of America, American Society of Landscape Architects, the Minnesota highway department, the Minnesota forest service, the Minnesota forestry association, Duluth Chamber of Commerce, Ely and Tower commercial clubs, Ramsey County Sportsmen association, The Duluth Rotary club, Taxpayers League of Duluth, The St. Paul Daily News, and local county offices.

The forest service was represented by Calvin A. Dahlgren, supervisor of the Superior forest, C. J. Stahl, assistant district forester, Denver, C. A. Hoar, U. S. forest service, Duluth, and A. W. Kniepp, assistant U. S. Forester, Washington.

Telegrams opposing the roads were received from Dr. Preston Bradley, State Game and Fish Commissioner Carlos Avery, The River Falls, Wis., Commercial club, and a large number of private persons.

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AND so it came about that from various parts of this country men who believe in outdoor America went way up to Duluth, **and claimed their share in the Superior National Forest.**

What would ordinarily have been more or less of a local political squabble **became a question of national importance.**

The presence of national bodies was a significant thing. It struck a new note in northern Minnesota, at least. Until April third, it is doubtful if Minnesota fully realized that in the Superior forest it held a national trust. It had come to be considered a more or less local institution.

Will H. Dilg left no doubt in the minds of anyone as to the real meaning of the forest. His presence gave to the conference a feeling that it was dealing not so much in two forest roads as in the future of the Superior Forest, **and in a larger sense, with the future of all national forests.**

Mr. Dilg looked into the future. He made everybody else look into the future. Because when Mr. Dilg chooses to look ahead, nobody within sight or hearing can refrain from looking ahead with him.

The conference accomplished a great deal. Far above the immediate accomplishments, however, we must put the future significance, not so much of the finding of the conference, as embodied in their resolutions, as the fact that the conference was held and attended at all.

I do not believe I overstate matters when I declare that this meeting was one of the most significant gatherings **ever held in the interest of the conservation of America's remnants of the outdoors.** Other conferences have decided much more momentous questions so far as the problems of the minute were concerned, but none has opened up the possibilities that this one has, nor has any so conclusively proved that the outdoorsmen of the United States have decided to not only shout for their rights, but to ACT for them.

Perhaps I can better show my position, and show the reason why I think this, by this example:

Six years ago I canoed along the international boundary from International Falls to Ely, Minn., which was then, as now, the headquarters of the Superior Forest. There were six of us in the party. We carried Questico provincial forest reserve maps. We did not know there was such a thing as the Superior National Forest, although we had done a great deal of canoeing, and had thoroughly studied our country before entering it.

One day while paddling along the boundary, one member of our party said, "Say fellows, I heard in International Falls that there is some sort of an American forest reserve on the American side along here."

I recite this event, and then I point to that gathering in Duluth April 3 over the matter of a couple of roads through that same forest.

THIS CANNOT HAPPEN NOW

Turning the searchlight of truth upon the evil results of building automobile roads through the Superior National Forest.

More important, perhaps, in its ultimate effects than the opposition to the roads, was the resolution that the government acquire all private lands in the forest. This question has been bothering the forest service for a long time. I think April 3 was the first time it has ever bothered very many citizens. The fact that the conferees resolved that the purchases were necessary did not by any means make them immediately possible. But it helped. It is a beginning.

The fact that strong sentiment was shown in the matter of considering the recreational values of the forests to be above the commercial values did not, of course, cause the forest service to immediately so consider them. But it helped. It is a beginning. It showed in no uncertain manner a thing that the forest service is right now confronted with—the fact that the people of this country actually consider the national forests, while not as national parks, still as national forests held aloof from the preying of lumbermen, and forested scientifically by the government with the recreational values always considered first.

The conference showed itself impatient with technicalities which nullify the national standing of the forest.

(Continued on page 430)

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

The Worm as an Art

By

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

IT seems to me high time that something were said on behalf of Lumbricus Terrestris as applied to the pursuit and capture of our old friend Fontinalis. This matter has been on my mind for a number of years, ever since I abandoned Lumbricus in question in favor of the gaudier but less effective fly. I am a fly fisherman by preference; and I enjoy it. But there are days when memory goes backward; days when I regret the lowly worm.

I esteem Lumbricus very highly; and not simply because he is the best of all fish getters. It has become fashionable to speak of the worm fisherman in contemptuous tones—or, if you happen to be the worm fisherman himself—in tones of apology. But this is an injustice. I propose to make a statement or two, and stand by them. Here is the first one:

Perfectly balanced and paddling on his way.

I believe that it is harder for a novice to catch trout with worms than with the fly.

And here is the second:

I believe that it is easier to reach a point of fair proficiency in the use of the fly than in the use of the worm.

To begin with a few words of self introduction. I am not a good fly fisherman. I never took a trout on a dry fly, largely because I never used a dry fly. In casting the wet fly I am as apt to hook the fly itself in a tree behind me, a bush on one bank, on a rock down stream or through the tip of my rod as I am to drop it lightly on the water. When my cast does go where it is aimed, it is apt to lash the water into spray. Yet trout take my flies, are hooked and brought to net. Three or four times in company with men who were good fly fishermen, I have fished the same waters they were fishing; and, in general terms, I caught as many fish as they did, and as large.

Now the experience of the novice in worm fishing is quite otherwise. Oh, quite! A. L. McCorrison of Searsmont, Maine, better known as Bert McCorrison, is an artist in the use of the worm. I have fished with him perhaps five hundred times; and he has always given me the best water, and given me preference at every pool. Yet only once did I take as many fish as he on any given day. In an ordinary day's fishing, he gets the limit by mid-afternoon; I pursue the matter till dusk and take half as many trout. I have seen other men fishing with him, some good fishermen, some beginners. I never saw any man who could equal his take.

I have seen beginners attempt the use of the worm. One ardent fisherman worked hard all day and took one trout big enough to keep. Another deposited his worms on the surrounding foliage in his efforts to cast into the pool he was fishing. I have—since acquiring some measure of skill in the art—labored with beginners on my own account; and it is hard for them to learn even the fundamentals of the game. Yet one man who with worms failed to take a fish in a day's work, a week later tied two flies on a black silk line, used a steel rod, and took fourteen trout in a day's fishing while the expert of that party in the same waters took only a few more.

Bert McCorrison has been catching trout for more than forty years. He is a small man, past sixty years old. To see him along a trout brook is beautiful. He moves so easily, so assuredly; his postures as he waits for a strike are so alert and attuned; there is something about him at such times like the bearing of a beast of prey. He stalks his trout, deceives them, captures them with a beautiful efficiency.

His technique is perfect. I have seen him cast a worm into the middle of a pool almost thirty feet from where he stood; he did this with an ancient steel rod; his line was the ordinary black silk line of commerce; his hook had no snell. Yet the worm hit the water lightly; it did not snap, did not tear off the hook. . . . The movements of his arms and body were as inconspicuous as it was possible for them to be. . . . Such a cast as that is entirely beyond my powers. I never saw any other man who could make such a cast without killing the worm.

Bert hooks his worm very lightly, through only about half an inch, in the middle. The ends, writhing and twisting, are free. A worm thus hooked tears easily; yet his worms do not tear. I have watched him, trying to discover the secret of his success. The secret is pure art. A combination of many elements. His footsteps as he approaches a pool do not jar the earth; himself he keeps out of sight or moves so slowly that the trout are not startled; his worm hits the water lightly, and alive; he is never in a hurry; when a trout strikes he waits—for Bert likes to be sure of his fish—and sets the hook with a light jerk of the line which he holds in his left hand. Then lifts the trout from the water so quickly and so gently that it has no time to communicate its own consternation to its fellows.

This is a simple formula, yet astonishingly hard to put into practice. In order to take a trout with a worm you must approach more closely than if you use the fly; the trout is so much the more apt to see you or feel your footsteps. To cast a worm without killing or tearing it is quite as delicate an operation as to cast a fly. To place your worm is harder than to place your fly; and when trout are not feeding, the job must be done much more accurately. To hook a trout that takes the worm is easier than to hook one which strikes at your fly; but thereafter it is as easy to land one fish as the other.

I am speaking, in these paragraphs, about conditions on the brooks in Searsmont, Maine, which I habitually fish in the summer time. There are half a dozen or more of these brooks, all well stocked; they are fished hard, year after year, by worm fishermen. Except for myself, very few fly fishermen ever try these waters. Perhaps the trout hereabouts are warier, where a worm is concerned, than elsewhere. Certainly the fact is that to take these trout with worms is an art, and a thing of beauty.

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Mr. LaBranche has described his method of dry fly fishing for a trout that is not feeding; it is in taking such fish as this that the worm fisherman finds—in my own experience—the keenest pleasure. I remember such an afternoon; the afternoon that led me to abandon the worm and take to the fly. Not because I thought the worm too deadly, but because I felt that worm fishing could reach no more delightful climax than that afternoon presented.

The brook, in this particular section, is called Ring Brook. The pool is a long one; but its upper end is perhaps fifteen feet wide, twice as long, and three feet deep in the middle. Sandy bottom, water perfectly transparent. Thick woods along one bank; alders growing within three or four feet of the water on the other. A stream fished constantly. In this pool, as the water grew warm, schools of good trout often congregated; but it was notoriously hard to take them, because the fisherman could not well approach unseen.

The author casting from a canoe.

Wading.

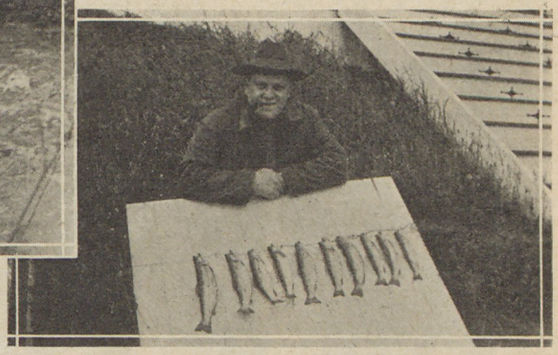
I came to this pool about noon, creeping through the alders, and found that a school of trout numbering fifty-two or fifty-three fish was lying in the deeper water. The smallest of these trout were about nine inches long; the largest almost fourteen. At my approach they were disturbed; I sat down with my back against the alders and waited, without moving. The trout within fifteen feet of where I sat, and in plain sight. When they had settled down, I offered them a worm, dropping it with the least possible motion of the rod in such a way that it drifted down over the head of the school and reached bottom about midway of the closely packed fish. They moved aside to let it pass, but made no attempt to take the bait. I inched it slowly toward shore, retrieved it, and tried again. After about twenty minutes, one of the fish dipped and took it. His play of course frightened the others; and by the time he was landed, they were darting every way. . . . I lit my pipe and waited again.

Each successive fish came harder; it was necessary to woo each one; to watch the school for a sign of interest in any fish, to offer that particular individual the worm in its most enticing guise. I kept at it all afternoon, in that haze of delight which every fisherman knows, not keeping any tally. The time passed swiftly; in the end, my basket, on the ground beside me, tipped over; and when I lifted it, its weight astonished me. I found, counting, that I had taken seventeen of the trout. . . . Went away from the spot with remorse more or less freely mingled with exultation, and sent for flies next day. That is the only day I ever beat Bert at his own game.

Such fishing as this is not a thing any man can do. It requires more patience, more rigidity of posture, and quite as much dexterity as handling the fly; it requires as much knowledge of trout psychology. . . . It is a beautiful sport, and worth doing.

I do not argue that it is well to take a can of worms to a populous trout pond and harvest fish as you would wheat; but I do believe that in a small and wooded brook, and especially toward midsummer when the trout are warm and not feeding, the use of Lumbricus has a charm all its own. The charm of seeing your trout at rest, of intriguing him, tickling his appetite, wooing him till he ventures to accept just one small worm. . . . If a fisher with worms takes as many trout as he needs, and no more, he is in no way to be despised by the most austere practitioner of the fly.

The spirit of sportsmanship does not depend on the bait you use; does depend on quite other considerations. It seems to me the proposition could be maintained that a man who hooks trout and plays them to net and then releases them is much less of a sportsman than the farmer who goes to his brook and catches his supper and goes home again. There is a cat and mouse quality about this matter of hooking a fish, watching his futile efforts against your overpowering advantage, bringing him to net, and then—with a magnificent condescension—giving him liberty again that is certainly debateable. It is no doubt permissible in the scheme of things for man to take fish according to his needs; the manner of his taking may be of small account. But it is hard to justify the torturing of a fish—in the name of sport and without any intention of keeping the fish.



One afternoon's fishing in one pool with worms, the shortest trout being ten inches long.

The old reply is that the fish has no nerves, does not suffer, does not object to the procedure. I have never heard the opinion of the fish on this point; but my observation has been that a hooked fish does not seem to take any keen delight in his situation.

There is a rising sentiment against the automatic shotgun, because with it you may kill an excessive quantity of game. The last man who expressed such an opinion of the automatic in my hearing had been relating to me a little before the success of his recent ducking expedition in the Carolinas. He killed fifty ducks a day for four days. "And you bet we don't allow any automatics there." In the same manner the fly fisherman berates the user of the worm—and boasts of the number of fish he took upon the fly. I am a fly fisherman, and manage, by hard work, to catch almost enough trout for a mess now and then by these means; but I am still able to perceive certain beauties in the worm.

COMING—HENRY VAN DYKE—MAY ISSUE

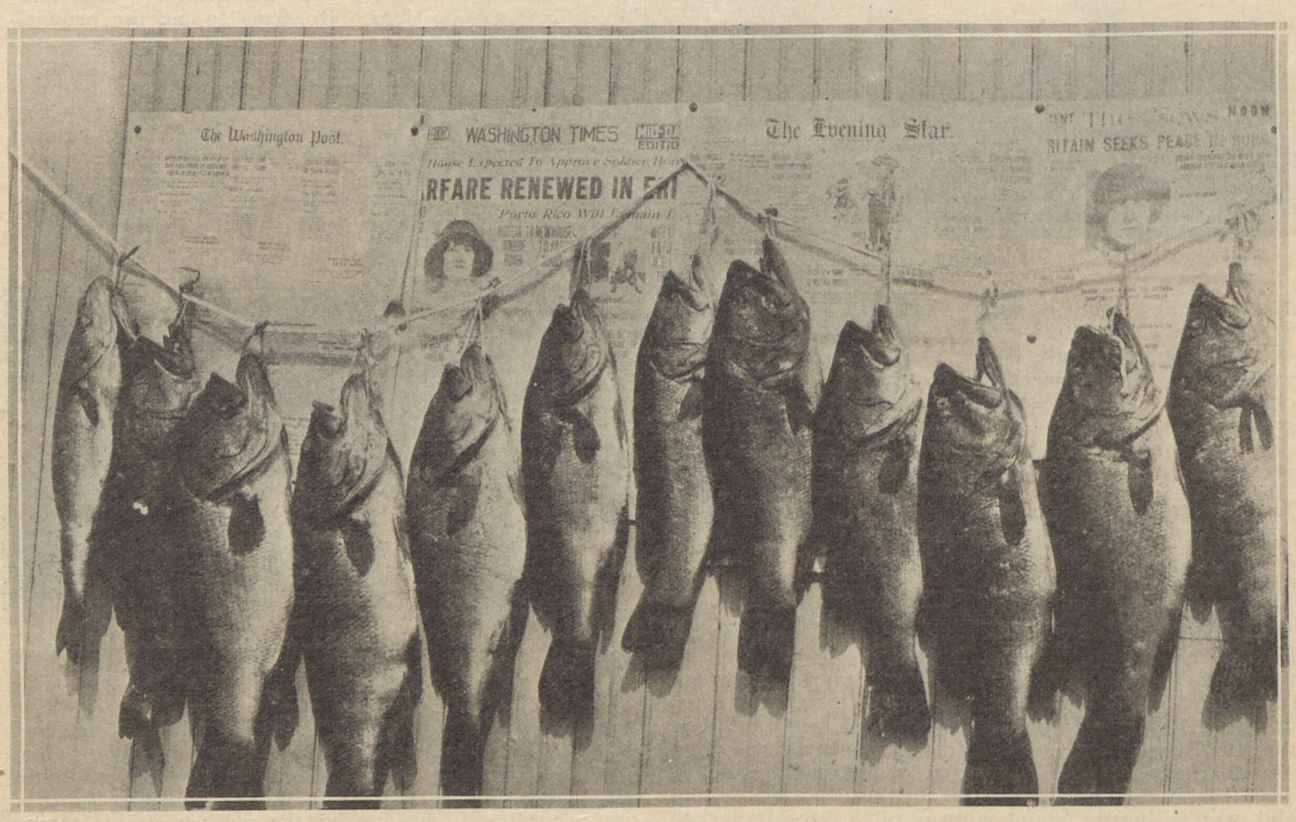
Exterminating the Bass in the East

By E. C. KEMPER

I DO not know what is happening to the bass in the Middle West. I do know what is happening to them in the Atlantic Coast states. They are being **exterminated,** rapidly in some localities, slowly in others—surely in all. I refer to big mouth bass, the last hope of the eastern angler, and almost the forlorn hope of his small boy, so far as game fish are concerned.

It is true. The big mouth bass of the clear tide-waters and creeks of the eastern states and of the lakes of Florida are gradually but surely being exterminated.

Natural conditions could not be more propitious or more ideal. The superficial observer, or one not familiar with actual conditions, would say, "How fortunate are the angling sportsmen of the East—of the whole country—to have a present and a future so well assured of good fishing for real game fish." Would that such an observation were a true one. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Unless the out-of-doors loving citizens of all the states, cooperating with the anglers and the conservation authorities, wake up and exert the force



Twelve Florida bass, from 4 to 7 pounds in weight, taken from the top of an ice box containing not less than 60 of such bass. There are more than fifty fish dealers selling bass in Washington throughout the year, except during April and May. This picture was taken on March 15, 1923, at the Municipal Fish Market, Washington, D. C.

What a pity to see this real game fish, whose pursuit furnishes so many happy days to the angler of the fly rod, the casting rod, and the cane pole with its lively smelt, going the way of the passenger pigeon, the wild turkey and the brook trout.

A study of the Geological Survey maps of the Atlantic Coast states from New York to Florida, and a few trips of exploration will convince the observant angler that nature has been lavish in providing this portion of our country with ideal conditions for the development of the big mouth bass. The Susquehana, the Potomac, the James, and the wonder streams of Florida, with their tributaries, as they enter the tidewater regions, form countless estuaries and coves which are natural grounds for the big mouth bass. They all have clear water, both deep and shallow, plenty of grass, lily pads, and similar vegetation of kinds most pleasing to the bass family. Smelt, bull minnows, pike minnows, crawfish and other forms of small life furnish a variety of diet. The coming and going of the tides give tone and motion to the water, and exercise to the bass to keep them from getting lazy. The winters are not severe, and the early Spring assures a long season for spawning.

of public opinion, as expressed in terms of state and national legislation, the great menace that threatens the best of our game fish will have wiped out the big mouth bass entirely in the East. This menace comes from within each state. It is based on a short sighted and stubborn course of action pursued by a comparatively small number of men who make their dirty dollars each winter and spring by the taking of bass in trap nets and seines. Why spend thousands of dollars for hatcheries, and permit the parent bass to be killed for sale at 40c a pound wholesale?

It is a curious situation which exists. We see a few men deliberately, openly, and defiantly destroying a most priceless possession for the sake of financial gain. While the great majority, you and I among them, whose inherent rights as citizens in the fish of the streams are thereby destroyed stand by supinely—because everybody's business is nobody's business—and make no protest by voice or deed. Now and then you will hear some individual who has come in with an empty string complain that the fishing is not what it used to be in the old days and that "somebody" ought to do something.

Conditions on the tidewater (Continued on page 420)

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The Gladiator of the Sea

Continuing the chronicle day by day of a season's fishing for broadbill swordfish by the world's most famous sea angler

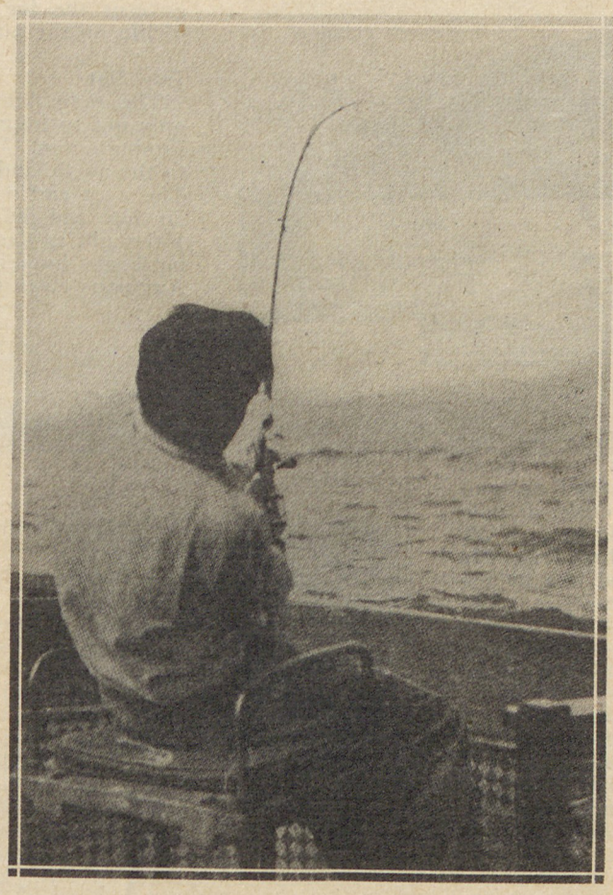
By ZANE GREY

HEAVY fog this morning and warm. It looked like a very promising day for ranging the sea in search of swordfish. But when we got five miles out and beyond the lea of the island we ran into the most tremendous swells I ever encountered in a smooth sea. No wind at all! Yet swells running mountain high! I sat out on top, and the way I rose aloft, high and higher, was a most wonderful sensation. The sea was a beautiful pearl gray tint, mirroring the fog above.

There was no need to hunt broadbills in that sea, for if we ever hooked one it would not be possible to hold him. The boat would rise on the swell while the fish lay deep, and every swell would pull out the line. So we gave up and ran shoreward.

Lo and behold! after a few miles we did sight a broadbill.

R. C. saw him first. Here the swells were not so huge. So we ran in and got ready. On our first circle a big shark got the bait. We had to reel in and put on another barracuda. When we let him back and started for the broadbill the shark came again. He charged while I reeled. He beat me! Then I pulled hard, and he held on to the bait till I got it to the boat.



"Foot by foot he came up. It was gruelling work."

We had one barracuda left. Putting this on we tried again. We did not get close to the fish, but he saw the bait, went to it, followed and took it. He ran off easily. After a while I began to pump and reel with all my might. Not for half a dozen pumps did I feel him. Then I struck hard four or five times. I hooked him. He came towards us, went down, and in one minute threw the hook.

Eleventh strike! Ninth broadbill hooked! Forty-sixth broadbill sighted! No fish caught! This is a long game.

July 13th

All night the wind blew, and a heavy surge resounded along the beach of Avalon Bay. We have had three days of heavy tides. The morning was dark, but not cold nor very windy. We ran off as usual on the steamer course. The water was smooth, with rather lumpy swells. Tuna were breaking on all sides, and sheerwater ducks were so full of anchovies that they actually could not fly. They would spit up half digested little fish, and croak, and flop around, but many were so full they could not fly. Manifestly these days lately have been good feasting for the ducks. They follow the tuna, and when the fish chase a school of anchovies to the surface, and rant amuck among them, then the ducks gorge themselves. Strange sight indeed to see a sheerwater of the wonderful flight so stuffed he could not fly!

R. C. missed a big tuna—then hooked another that ran straight off and broke the line. Later he caught a small one that put up a hard fight.

Wind and sea began to rise. We ran a long way, and all around, rather amused at the way one of the boatmen followed on our trail. Finally I located a broadbill, and we ran down after him. But in putting the bait around him we were careless and let him get too close, so that when he did see it he would not bite. It is imperative to keep a wary swordfish from seeing either boat or line.

We searched around until the sea drove us homeward; and it took three hours to run in. I felt as if I had been lost for a long time in a waste of wandering waves.

July 20th

For a change we had a heavy gray wet fog, and it was a welcome relief. We ran off as usual on the steamer course, and soon found that the fog grew so thick that we could scarcely see a hundred yards. After a little while we lost the island, and taking a compass course due north we ran on, at about eight miles an hour.

The sea was gray and the fog a lighter gray. The sun shone a pale flare to our right, and sometimes could be seen as a round disk. The air was cool. It was pleasant riding along. The lonesomeness, the silence, the solitude of the great ocean were here strikingly manifest. By and bye we ran into heaving swells, that lifted the boat aloft and anon let it down and down. The opaque gloom, the mystery of the fog fascinated me. And time, like the miles, flew by. A fog-horn behind us warned of the steamer. And that roused apprehension of danger. It really was a risk running along in thick fog. Sometimes we could see quite a distance, and again not so far. At intervals the sunlight flared through the fog, making a glinting track on the sea, and again the curtain closed down upon us.

We listened for the steamer, and heard her whistle every minute until she passed us, invisible to our eyes, yet seeming strangely close. There is always a queer sensation in being in a fog. Birds and bits of kelp were magnified. I saw two sails of boats that presently turned into pelicans! A dark shadow of a ship passed

to port, going silently down to the sea. I felt the saying, "Ships that pass in the night." It was hard to imagine I was swordfishing.

Gradually the fog lightened, the sun brightened, and in three hours we were not far from the fog-horn on the breakwater, having run twenty-eight miles and somewhat off our course, too.

A magnificent break.

Over near the California shore the fog was not so thick. We made out boats. Soon a yacht ran down upon us, hailed us, and the captain reported a swordfish a mile astern, a fine sportsmanlike thing to do. We ran back, and soon I sighted a broadbill. He was a big one, and I recognized him by the little notch near the end of his tail fin.

We tried to circle him with the barracuda and every time we drew near him, say a hundred and fifty feet or so, he sheered away, and we had to try numerous times before we knew he saw the bait. He would not bite. I think he was one I had hooked in June. My old familiar feeling of disappointment, keen and bitter, flashed over me. We gave him up.

A close up of a swordfish on the surface.

Then we ran south a mile or so, and were amazed to see the big steamer **Avalon** crossing astern when we were sure she should have crossed to the fore. She looked a phantom ship. Then we ran south ten miles, and got into thick fog again, and finally headed for the island. In an hour the color of the sea began to darken. The fog to the west took on the inky purple of an approaching storm. The fog lightened and rifts showed blue. All around us our horizon retreated, and as if by magic boats began to show up. Jap boats and round-haul boats. How we ever missed hitting one in that thick fog seemed strange. The sea was no longer lonesome.

A breeze began to ripple and ruffle the heaving swells. Through the misty clouds I saw the distant outline of the California mountains. I peered hard, and after a while I caught a dim outline of Catalina, still far away.

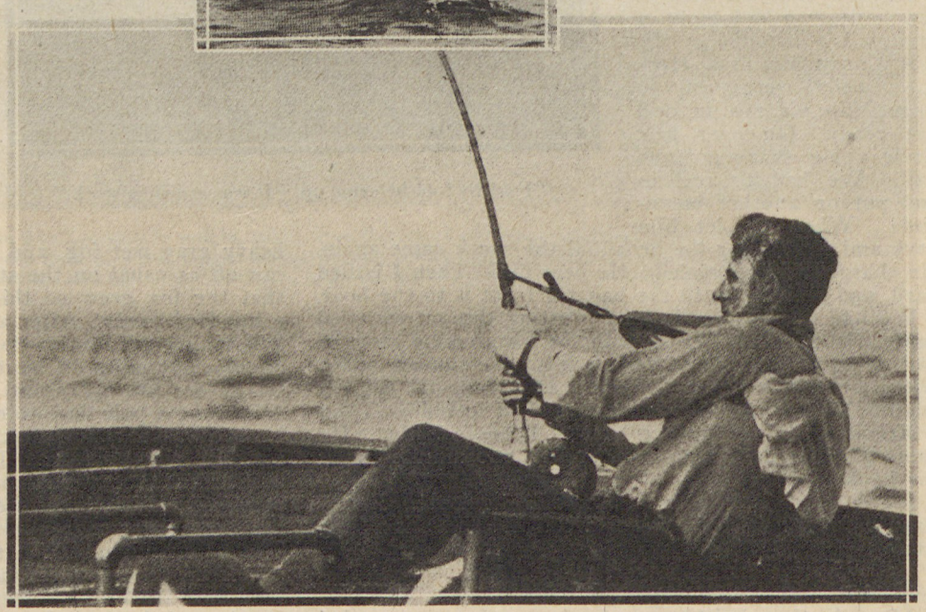
And now the fog began to dissolve and blow away. From gray to white it turned, and the sea became a beautiful rippling glancing expanse of sapphire blue. The moment when the sun came out hot and bright was as sudden as if it had sheered out from behind a great sharp-edged cloud.

The wind was rising and the waves also, so we headed for Avalon. The day was lost for swordfishing, yet somehow not lost for me. I had never had quite that experience before. It brought me closer to the wonderful sea. How it is governed by the sun, and how it governs the fog, the wind, and perhaps all of life on the planet!

July 21st

The same kind of morning as yesterday, only not so foggy. Clear, sunny, warm, with shining ocean. We saw a hazy curtain of fog to the north, and it seemed to come our way. The west end was obscured. This fog-bank lay low and did not overspread the sky, so I thought it was not a heavy one. Sight of net-boats bothered me. I am afraid these Austrians mean us harm. Several have made rather bold turns our way. What's easier than to sink us in a lonely fog-surrounded space! They are alien enemies.

The fog was beautiful. It had silver spots, and blue openings, and it moved in opaque shrouds across the sea, shining and mystical. It wet my face and clothes, and cooled my skin. I love these California fogs. They are what make California's climate so wonderful. We ran into thick belts and then into light areas, and finally out into the clear, with sun bright and sea sparkling. There were good-sized swells running, and here and there were wide slicks.



A back-breaking and sometimes heart-breaking game.

The California shore showed plain. The big mountains loomed clear in the blue, and the shoreline rather dim in the haze. Catalina was enveloped in a winding belt of dark gray fog, with the peaks of Black Jack and Orizaba showing above.

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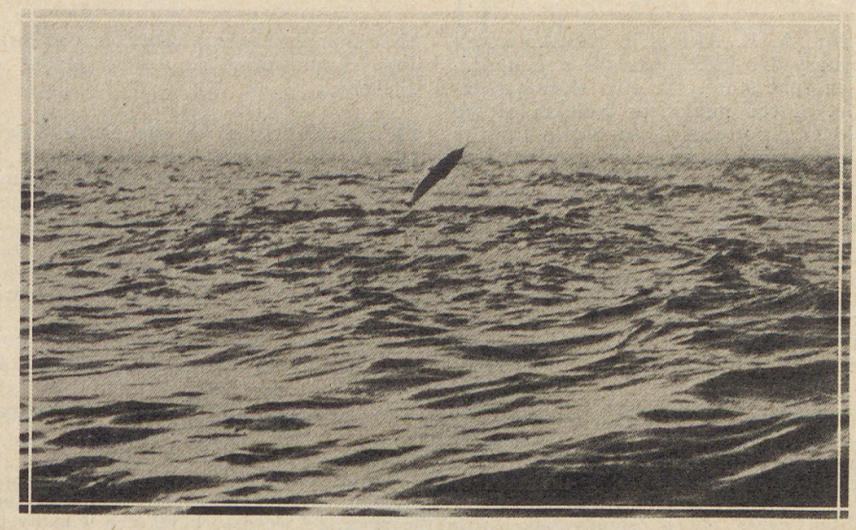
We ran out about twenty miles.

Sid espied a broadbill. We ran down upon him, and tried to circle him so the bait would come right. But it seemed impossible to do so. We made several attempts, none of them good. The fish turned as on a pivot. He was wary. He did not like the boat. But at length we made him see the bait, to which he paid no attention. Then we left him and went in search of another.

I saw the second swordfish. His fins appeared moderate sized, and not far apart. I took him to be a moderate sized fish. He was swimming straight along, slowly, and not bothering about us or anything. On the first try I saw that we were going to get the bait in pretty good position before him. We ran about two hundred feet off, and crossed in front, while my bait dragged behind. The fish swam to meet it, and I wound a little. Sid stopped the boat. I reeled in a few feet. Then I threw off the drag. The swordfish sank. I could not see whether or not he followed. It was a tense moment. I threw on the drag—reeled a few feet more—and threw off. Suddenly he hit the bait hard. My line jumped. And I jumped. I began to shake also. What an inexplicably strange thrill a broadbill swordfish strike gives one! I waited. Seconds—moments! He hit it again, not so hard. Then I had a tense wait. Had he decided not to take it? I felt sure he would. After striking a bait with the sword these fish always take it.



A clean, greyhound leap.

Presently my line started to run out, easily, then faster, causing me great excitement and then concern. He got to going so fast that I feared to use the heavy drag in hooking him. I was about to throw on the lighter one when he slowed up. Then I began to jerk and wind with powerful sweeps. Right off I felt the great weight, and knew I was striking the hook into him somewhere.

Sid left the wheel and began to pile the gaffs in the cockpit. He was funny. It always amuses me to see him get the gaffs a second after I hook a swordfish.

This fellow ran off a good deal of line, and came up on the surface. We followed him, and he pulled out line and I got it back. He threshed on the surface, showing a big tail. But he was not very fierce. He fooled around, splashing water. We ran up close on him several times, and photographed him on the surface. I hoped he would leap.

About this time one of the naval boats, a minesweeper, bore down upon us, and watched us fight the fish. I hoped it would hang around. Its presence gave me courage. When Mr. Xiphias sailed close to us, shooting across our stern and coming back to sweep past us I yelled for Sid to try to gaff him. Sid just scratched him. Then we got a long, swift run, which forced me to release all drags. He came up again, and we chased him here and there, up and down, and all around. He got faster as he warmed up. In about an hour he slowed his action. I began to work hard and worked him towards us. He stayed up which was a remarkable circumstance. I felt that I could pull him if I couldn't hold him. And so I did. My powerful sweeps caused him to swerve, and come towards us. I saw his color—lilac and bronze, and then his huge sickle-fins cutting the surface.

"When I tell you, stick a gaff in him!" I yelled to Sid.

That fish was a wonderful sight as he came in to us. I had to reel fast to get in the slack. He did not look so very big. That made me brave. His motion was a violent wig-wag and his long sword described a half-circle. At the same time he came towards us. I thought he was going to pass under us or else ram us! But he swerved not fifteen feet distant. Then I yelled. Sid reached with the gaff and hooked him under the shoulder. Smash! The water went white. It roared. We all yelled. The fish surged off. He pulled the gaff-handle away from Sid, and when the rope came taut the iron fagg straightened and came loose. I had arisen and thrown off any drag.

Then he made a magnificent run of perhaps two hundred yards. The reel screeched. Water flew in my face. He slowed up, and again came to the surface. For half an hour we chased him, and I wound in many times. He would run off fifty yards and I would get that back. Of course he was pulling against me and the drag also, which must have told on him. We chased him all over the ocean. And wherever we could get even with him so that I might pull him closer he would turn away. This was swift, exciting, hard work. At length, however, he tired, and came up, and what with my pulling and Sid's running the boat we got him coming. I warned Sid again. The fish, as before, turned towards us, shot close, and went under the boat, a beautiful and awesome spectacle. I threw off drag, and poked my rod deep down into the water, so the line escaped the propeller. He came up on the opposite side and swam side by side with us, probably twenty feet out. Actually he looked small. I thought I could hold him. I was not afraid. But I revelled in his color, his strange muscular outline, his long rapier-like sword. I reeled in and pulled hard. Sid stood ready with another gaff waiting for my word. It was a ticklish moment. I pulled him closer—closer. Then I yelled. Sid could not hook him under the head, but he got him in the side. There was a roar. The water opened, and lifted white. The fish disappeared in spray. Sid could not get the rope round anything. In a twinkling gaff-handle and rope shot off; and I released my drag to see the swordfish scoot away on the surface between two furrows like those left by a motor boat.

He ran a hundred yards past. Then he let up. We went after him. I was now worried by the gaff hanging to him. We could see the rope dragging behind. I was afraid it would foul my line. Presently we saw the gaff-handle pop up. Sid was for getting it, but I said to let it go.

The swordfish stayed about two feet under, and he swam fast, every way. We had all we could do to keep up with him, and get any line. Here he became so active that I gave him up. I thought he had just wakened to the issue, and soon would bid us farewell. Still I did the best I could, pulling now with the aid of my harness over my shoulders.

We chased him all over the ocean again. Then all at once he sounded. This was the first time for him to go down. It was a relief. Yet with the line slipped

(Continued on page 434)

Pollution

Concerning the Protection of Fish, Fish Food and Inland Waters

Edited by DR. JAMES A. HENSHALL

Most Famed of Americans on This Subject

The Most Important Problem the I. W. L. A. Will Have to Solve

Cartoon by Everett E. Lowry

THE letter of Mr. A. L. Akers, in the American Field of February 17, 1923, portrays a lamentable situation in that state. It also shows a determined effort of the public, as well as of the sportsmen, of the old commonwealth, to battle for the cause of right and justice against an overwhelming and lawless opposition.

IT has been said that in war, Providence is on the side of the heaviest guns and the biggest battalions; and likewise it might be said that in any litigation between right and might, in the average State Legislature, Justice is on the side of the most powerful lobby and the longest purse. This being the case it would seem to be best to adopt a conciliatory policy, and endeavor to show that this article is written, in the hope that long-suffering communities in other states will be heartened thereby.

THE fight before the State Legislature, the State Game Department and private agencies, has been a lengthy one, full of discouragement to sportsmen, farmers and sportsmen's organizations, who have viewed with alarm the increasing amount of deleterious matter dumped into the watercourses of the state, destroying all species of fish life therein and rendering hundreds of acres of valuable land useless for farming purposes.

A serious and determined effort to prevent the pollution of the state streams was undertaken in 1922 by the State Department of Game and Inland Fisheries, under the administration of Col. F. Nash Bilisoly. Sportsmen throughout the state rallied to the support of Col. Bilisoly and a bill was introduced in the General Assembly, sponsored by Mayo C. Brown of this city, providing drastic penalties for the dumping of any waste material in the inland streams of the state.

AS was anticipated, the large interests affected by the bill, sent a powerful lobby to the capitol. The attendance on the public hearing accorded the measure crowded the hall of the House of Delegates. The debate was sharp. Proponents of the measure brought from Ohio Mr. Travers, pollution expert of the Ohio Game Department, who by chemical tests, demonstrated that much of the pollution could be neutralized and rendered harmless to fish life at nominal cost. Opponents of the bill were in belligerent mood. They gave scanty consideration to the Travers' system. The bill never got out of committee. The powerful lobby against the measure did its work well. Efforts by Mr.

MOST of my boyhood was spent on the Scioto River in Ohio and in those days we caught some real bass. When I was about ten years old a strawboard factory, "largest in the world" and a great thing for our town, began discharging its wastes in the river. Two miles downstream was a dam 400 ft. long and I saw it backed up, clear across with dead fish—mostly bass. The stench overwhelmed the town and many of the fish were forked out and buried. Everyone was sorry about the fish, but of course we had the strawboard factory, and we could go up the river fishing where the water was still good! Next, Columbus, thirty miles upstream, advanced in civilization and proceeded to pollute, more and more, "our" remaining upstream fishing grounds. Recently a friend who has for twenty-five years fished the Scioto and tributaries near our town told me he had quit. He said the slime from Columbus had advanced at the rate of about a mile a year, it was now close to our town and that for years the fish were gone from the main stream.

Of course there is some poetic justice in the fact that Columbus, some years back, suffered a severe typhoid epidemic because another city had polluted the upstream drinking water of Columbus. Our town had always a pure supply, other than the river, so we escaped our just deserts except in the matter of the fish.

My grandfather, like so many of our grandfathers, God bless 'em—was a great sportsman. My recollections of him are much associated with stories of the bass he had caught in the Clarion where he sojourned during the early oil development in Pennsylvania. I have always suspected that the dear old gentleman was at heart more concerned with the bass than with the oil—at any rate it was the bass I heard most about. Recently I spent some months on the Clarion and, in the recollection of my grandfather's stories, it was a most bitter disappointment.

Naturally, in character and surroundings, it is the most beautiful stream I have seen in the east. Personally it is utterly foul and its bed is covered with thick black slime. The natives say there are a few fish left in the stream but I saw none and no evidence of any. A farmer said to me, "Why, if a cow stands in that river two hours on a hot day the water will tan all the hair off her legs"; and I believed him.

One big element in stream pollution works out more or less as follows—I have seen it many times:

The People—"Here you—stop polluting that stream and killing the fish—don't you know it is against the law?"

The Factory—"Sure we know it. How can we stop unless we shut down? If this industry isn't worth more to you folks than a few fish we will move away or close down for good."

The People—"Well, of course, we didn't realize that—please don't shut down."

Well, I have relieved my feelings anent my two pet stream tragedies—by how many hundreds, or thousands may they be multiplied in these United States?

What do you know about the sewage purifying plant at Allentown, Pa.? Better look into this if you haven't already—it may herald a new era in the disposal of human wastes, possibly of others.

Very truly yours,
SHIRLEY C. HULSE,
Bedford, Pa.

Member American Society Civil Engineers.

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a relentless opposition that instead of paying enormous attorney fees in an unjust cause, it could make money in the shape of valuable by-products by manipulating its poisonous waste water. This plan of co-operation has been successfully adopted in some of our most important manufacturing states.

THE letter referred to above follows:

Lynchburg, Va.—The problem of stream pollution in Virginia is no less serious than that existing in other states which have large manufacturing plants located along, or at the headwaters, of their waterways. Some of the finest bass streams of the state are mere dumping grounds, or sewerage systems, for big manufacturing enterprises, the pollution consisting of waste from paper and pulp mills, sulphite, tanneries, mines extract plants, silk mills and saw mills. Not until recently have efforts to prevent the continued contamination of the inland streams given any promise of success; now a flicker of light is seen on what heretofore has been a black horizon. It is with efforts along this line

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Brown to secure favorable action on a resolution providing for the appointment of a commission to study the subject were likewise defeated. Governor Trinkle was then requested by Mr. Brown to name a commission to study the matter, but nothing ever came of the request.

IN the meantime the administration of the Game Department changed, Colonel Bilisoly being succeeded as commissioner by W. McDonald Lee, who had been active in the campaign for governor in behalf of Governor Trinkle. Leading the fight for the bill was Dr. George P. Hamner of this city, president of the Piedmont Field and Stream Association. A more determined fighter never went into action.

EFFORTS by Dr. Hamner, covering a period of several months, to impress the new administration with the seriousness of the situation were unavailing. The new commissioner showed considerable activity in prosecuting the owners of small sawmills for dumping sawdust in the streams, but through impotency or disinclination to measure lances with the big interests, refused to turn a hand to aid in the movement to check the pollution of the water-courses by pulp and paper mills and other large manufacturing plants. The pollution of streams through the waste from sawmills is almost negligible, a point stressed by Dr. Hamner in his correspondence with the department. Dr. Hamner bluntly inquired why the department was picking on the owners of small sawmills and allowing the powerful interests to continue their pollution of the streams. Lack of authority in the matter was pleaded by the commissioner. Dr. Hamner was of a different opinion. He appealed to the attorney-general of the state for a ruling. That official, in a written opinion, held with Dr. Hamner, pointing out the commissioner was vested with ample authority to proceed against the plants. But still the commissioner declined to act.

THE LIFE-SAVER

REALIZING, finally, they could expect no assistance from the Game Department, Dr. Hamner and his associates took independent action. Attorneys were retained and plans laid to fight the matter to a finish. An ultimatum was issued to the manufacturing plants concerned. The result was an agreement on the part of the plants to permit Mr. Travers to try out his system and agreeing to install the system if it proved satisfactory. Travers visited the plants, made extensive surveys and demonstrated that his system would take care of the pollution problem. Some of the plants are installing the new system; others have given notice they will follow suit when they are shown the new system will solve the problem, as Dr. Hamner and his associates are convinced it will.

So it would seem that Dr. Hamner's commendable fight for a purification of the inland streams of Virginia is at last, after setbacks that would have discouraged a less courageous man, in a fair way to succeed.

It Destroys Paint on a Canoe

ONE of the gravest problems before the sportsmen today is the pollution of our lakes and streams. In many different forms this menace has killed all fish life and often has proved fatal to waterfowl. Wherever there is a factory, a saw-mill or a coal mine along a stream you are very apt to find polluted water. In the vicinity of oil wells and wood alcohol plants you are sure to find it. Conservation interests are constantly working to enact legislation or to have laws already existing more rigidly enforced to do away with this evil. Very often it can be demonstrated that the waste thrown into a stream, resulting in the killing of all life therein, would furnish a by-product with profit to the concern producing it. A letter from a reader tells of a canoe trip along a New England river. His craft was new and he was very proud of it. When he made camp the first night, imagine his distress when he noticed that the paint was hanging from his canoe in strips. With a good market demand for paint remover, surely the mill which polluted that stream is overlooking a good business proposition.

—American Field, Feb. 3, 1923.

Pollution in the Palmetto State.

A NEWSPAPER clipping states that State Game Warden Caughman of Lexington, S. C., had secured the conviction of a chemical company of that place and it was fined $500 on the charge of placing poisonous substances in a stream which empties into the Congaree River. As is to be expected, in such a case the item goes on to state that the chemical company will appeal from the decision of the lower court. We hope the higher court sustains the conservation law. At least the securing of a conviction in the first trial is a step forward. We all hope to see the day when factories everywhere will be prevented from wantonly destroying fish life by making a sewer of every stream that happens to be near their plants.

We will run a Sailfish Story in our
May issue
By WILL H. DILG

In The Open

By CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM

BACK to the Farm!

Yes, I can go back there any time, and very often do. Alas for everybody who has no such memories.

There I lived for the first nine years of my life; years when there were no off seasons. Each one had such charm!

I suppose there was work done on my grandfather's farm, but in my memory the corn-field seemed to grow and wave of its own accord. The vegetables and strawberries grew and we ate them. The orchard was always ready in Autumn for those necessary between-meal lunches. It is said that the definition of a boy is—"that animal which can always eat another apple." Surely girls are no less voracious.

We took a short cut through the woods to school; and climbing through a stone gap came out into the road. Half way on was a Porter apple tree growing by the roadside. How each one of us hoped the others wouldn't think of it first, for as soon as it was humanly likely that legs and wind would hold out we would begin to run; and the spoils were to the swiftest. I wonder if there are any Porter apples today, and if they taste as if dropped from Paradise instead of from a gnarled little earthly tree.

Our farm boasted an avenue of willow trees nearly a mile long which led to the high road. The branches met overhead, and the road separated the field where the corn waved and the vegetables grew, from a meadow through which ran the brook.

Is there a lovelier word in the English language than "brook," or lovelier music than its hushed singing? Follow this one back toward its source and soon we ascend from the meadow with its cow-lilies, to borders of alder and willow, and clinging mosses and mint, the crystal waters tumbling over stones in little waterfalls and at no place too wide for a child to jump across. Follow it further up still, and we come to the reason of the brook's gurgling hurry. The water from the pond is chasing it, tumbling over the dam in a silvery waterfall—how deep and fascinating to a child who must not fall in right there, even to get a larger turtle than **ours** which may have fallen over from the pond. **Our** turtles were black, with yellow spots on their shells. My sister and I, inseparable playmates, loved them with what I think was an unreciprocated, though fervent, affection; for their life was spent in burrowing into the soft mud of the brookside, trying to escape us, while much of ours was spent flat on our stomachs on the grassy bank, our hands plunged determinedly into the black mud after them, very often with success.

There were the snapping turtles too, with their exquisite satiny brown upper shells, the underneath ones brilliant red or ivory in color. For these we had a wholesome respect, and we called them the princes. Their snake-like heads were striped with yellow. Some of the village people said that turtles disappeared from the brook after we were taken away to the city to live. I only hope they are not among the animals whose attractiveness has resulted, through the carelessness of their captors, in effacing them from that part of New England.

As our vassals they led a pampered existence, however little appreciative they were. What treasure-trove today could fill me with the ecstasy which the finding of a baby turtle conferred! Once as the possessor of a baby prince my rapture was expressed by a kiss to which it responded by a sharp nip of my lip.

The princes were not practiced playmates; but those humble gold-spotted ones! What pets they were!

Grandpa always had time to play with us. He would bore little holes through the edge of a turtle's shell. We would put through a fine twine and harness them to little pasteboard boxes in which reposed our smallest dolls. Then the question was to make the steeds go. A gentle pressure on their backs usually sufficed to make them put out their heads and smell the brook, and we always started them at the head of a slight descent, so, their load being light, a sudden spurt on their part usually ended in an exciting runaway and a dumped passenger.

How tempting it was when the steeds were unharnessed to put them in the tub where the horses were brought to water. I can hear now the wrathful command of our good Sally in the kitchen: "Clara Root, do you take them nasty critters out o' the hoss-tub this minute!"

Nasty critters! Not a bit of it. Nevertheless they went back into the brook at night. We could catch them, or their brothers and sisters, tomorrow. No wonder when I came to write stories that a turtle played a part in my first novel, **No Gentlemen.** The incident related there of the same turtle being found many years after it had been marked was a true one. My uncle and aunt as lovers at our farm marked the turtle and found it twenty years afterwards.

Clara Louise Burnham, one of America's most beloved writers.

So the brook, traced back beyond the waterfall, we come to the pond. Large, and with picturesque wooded banks, it was a fascinating little lake which tempted even our lordly big brothers when they came home from boarding school on their vacation. They had no boat, so they took a piano-box and caulked it and made a sort of dory. It had only one fault. There were no ladies admitted. The boys may have had good reasons. At my summer home the ocean encroaches more nearly on my cottage than the pond did on the farm house; and one of the fishermen informed me impersonally and pleasantly, that he would "as soon have a cow in his boat as a woman." Perhaps some such consideration moved my brothers (I had the reputation of being a lummux; rather over-plump I was); but they did not say so. They never condescended to reasons for their inferiors; so my sister and I stood on the shore, peris gazing at paradise.

The pond was really a cranberry bog; and after it

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was drained and the crop picked, it must have filled quickly, for I remember while skating in the bitter New England cold watching the crimson berries beneath the ice. I was taught to skate in the heroic fashion used in some localities to teach babies to swim. The latter, we hear, are thrown into the water and left to instinct. Similarly I was led to the middle of the pond and left to look through the ice at the cranberries and freeze, or strike out for shore. One of the big girls of the village was my teacher; but it was seldom that my cries for help achieved her friendly mitten. She knew best. I learned to skate.

My grandparents were such as no child should be without. I can hear now Grandma's gentle defense of me when I bumped myself and was jeered at for waking the echoes with my vociferous mourning.

"It hurts her worse than it does you other children," she would say.

Then Grandpa, whether sitting by the evening fire relating the adventures of the Fox who went out one moonlight night, and other absorbing tales, or taking us, in the first softening of Spring, to find that little miracle of modesty, beauty, and bravery, the trailing arbutus—Grandpa was a born entertainer. He cleared out the underbrush in a part of the woods to make a grove for us to play in. The lower flexible branches of the pine trees were our horses on which we galloped hundreds of miles. Then with delightful art he carved oblong Aeolian harps and placed them high in the trees. What heavenly music the wind discoursed for us while we played, and the blue water of the pond glinted through the trees!

But there was another piece of woods called the thicket. None of the stories we read in these days can give the thrill of that place of gloom and suggestion. In its midst was a small pond with stoned sides perhaps intended originally for the breeding of fish. I never asked. It didn't occur to me that mere human beings could solve the mysteries of that thicket. The pond was populated by the largest possible bull frogs. Invisible among the underbrush of the shore, in what a mighty bass they croaked, and when they splashed into that pool it was with a report which caused one small girl nearly to jump out of her shoes.

Yes, the thicket gave us a thrill but not a happy one. For the opposite sensation of joyous excitement, I have only to remember the Winter vacation of those glorious beings, the big brothers! I never see the ski-ing feats exhibited in the Moving Pictures without going back to the farm.

Our house stood on a rise of ground. In front of it was one of New England's majestic elms, graceful even in icy bareness. On a brilliant morning when the thick solid snow-crust sparkled with millions of diamonds, those wonderful brothers would put on their skates, and starting beside the house where stood two breathlessly - watching little sisters, would coast down the smooth declivity, every second gaining momentum, until they reached the road which led to the willows. Across it they flew, and down the second declivity to the meadow, and on toward the pitfall of the brook. Magnificently they leaped across it, and with undiminished velocity fled on to an indefinite goal.

However transcendent the event I might record after that, it would be an anti-climax.

"We loved those turtles with an unreciprocated though fervent affection."

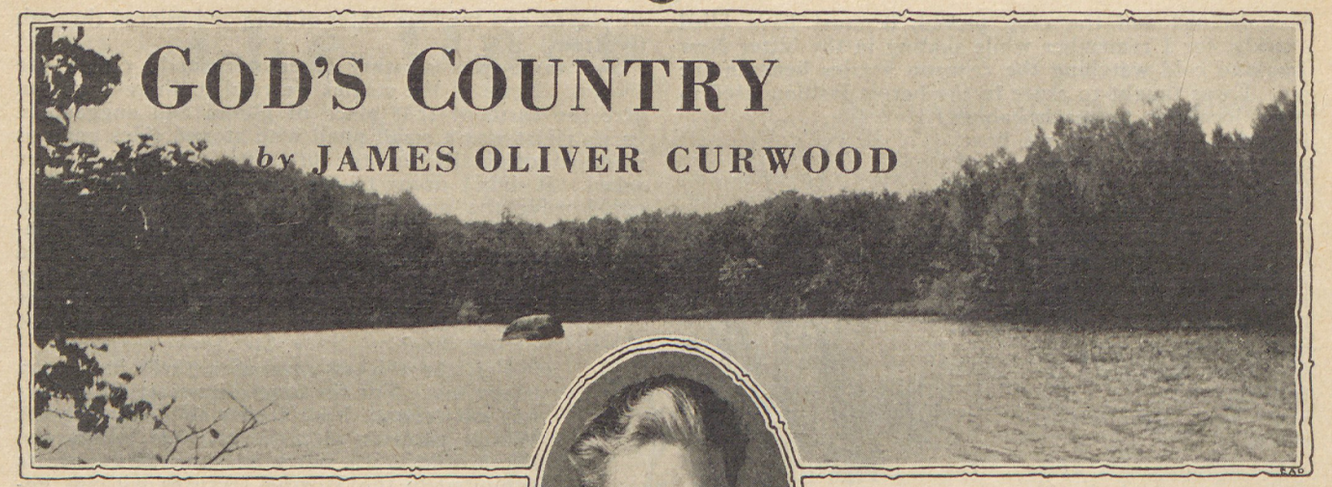
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

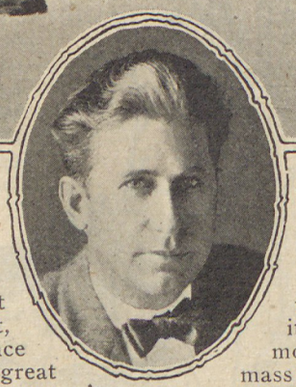
Famous Editor of the Saturday Evening Post in a Recent Letter Says

"Through Mr. Emerson Hough I have kept in pretty close touch with your Monthly and with the purpose of the Izaak Walton League of America. A little later—I shall be glad to contribute something to the Monthly."

GOD'S COUNTRY

by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD





AS I sit here now, clicking my typewriter in the still heart of the forest, it is a wonder to me that some colossal spirit of vengeance does not rise up out of it and destroy me. And yet, when I consider, I know why that vengeance does not come—and in the face of this "great reason," I see my littleness as I have never seen it before. It is because, very slowly, my egoism is crumbling away. And as it crumbles, my big brother—all nature—grips my hand ever more closely, and whispers to me to tell others something of what I have found. And that big brother is not only the spirit of the heart-beating things about me, but also the spirit and voice of the trees, of the living earth that throbs under my feet, of the flowers, the sun, the sky. It is all reaching out to me with a great show of friendliness, and I seem to feel that fear and misunderstanding have slipped away from between us. It is inviting me to accept of it all that I may require, yet to cherish that which I cannot use. It is telling me, as it has whispered to me a thousand times before, the secret of life; that the life in my own breast and all this that is about me are one and the same—and that, in our partnership for happiness, we each belong to the other. And there must be no desire for vengeance between us.

Yet, to me, it does not seem like justice, looking at it from the warped and narrow point of view of my human mind. It is the human instinct to demand an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. And I cannot see why my God of nature should give me such reward of peace and friendship after what I have done. It has always been my logic that life is the cheapest thing in existence. There is just so much earth, so much water, so much air about us; but of life there is no end. So we go on destroying. If nature would keep this destroyed life unto herself for a few generations, instead of giving it back to us in her unvengeful way, the earth would soon become a desert. Then we would learn our lesson.

I am thinking, as I write this, of a beautiful little forest in a wonderful valley in the heart of the British Columbia mountains. It was a glorious thing to look down upon that day when I destroyed it. I call it a forest, though there was not more than an acre of it, or two at the most. And the valley was really a "pocket" among the mighty peaks of the Firepan Range. It was of balsams and cedars, rich green, and densely thick—a marvelous patch of living tapestry, vibrant with the glow and pulse of life in the sunset of that day. Into its shelter we had driven a wounded grizzly which had refused to turn and fight. And so thick and protecting was the heart of it that we could not get the grizzly out. Night was not far away, and in its darkness we knew our game would escape us. And the thought came to us to burn that little paradise of green. There was no danger of a spreading fire. The mountain walls of the "pocket" would prevent that. And it was I who struck the match!

In twenty minutes, the little forest was a sea of writhing, leaping flame. It cried out and moaned in the agony of conflagration. The bear fled from its torture and its ruin, and we killed him. That night, the moon shone down on a black and smoldering mass of ruin where a little while before had been the paradise.

In our camp, we laughed and exulted. The egoism of man made us feel our false triumph. What it had taken a thousand years to place in that cup of the mountains we had destroyed in half an hour—yet we felt no regret. We had destroyed a thousand times more life than filled our own pitiable bodies, yet did the false ethics of our breed assure us that we had done no wrong—simply because the life we had destroyed had not possessed a form and tongue like our own.

"This man must be losing his reason," I hear some of my readers say. Is it that, or is a bit of reason just returning to me, after a million years of sleep? If it is madness, it is of a kind that would comfort the world could all be mad as I am mad. Life is Life. It is a spark of the same Supreme Power, whether in a tree, a flower, or a thing of flesh and blood. To me, as I view it now, the wanton destruction of that little paradise was as tragic as the destruction of life carried about on two legs or four. I feel that the crime of its destruction was as great as that of another day which I recall most vividly in these moments.

I was in another wonderland of the northern mountains, and my companion was a grizzled old hunter who had learned the art of killing through a lifetime of experience. With our pack-outfit of seven horses, we were hitting for the Yukon over a trail never traveled by white man before. So glorious was the valley we were in on this day of which I write that at noon we struck our camp. So awesome was the vastness and beauty of it that my soul was held spellbound with the magic of it. On all sides of us rose the mighty mountains, with snow-crowned peaks rising here and there out of the towering ranges. The murmur of rippling water filled the soft air with soothing song; green meadows, sweet with the perfume of wild hyacinths, violets, and a hundred other flowers, carpeted the rich earth about us; on the sun-warmed rocks, whistlers lay in fat contentment, calling to one another like small boys whistling between their teeth; the slopes were dotted with ptarmigan; a pair of eagles soared high above us, and from the patches and fingers of timber came the cry and song of birds. With my back propped against a pile of saddles and panniers I carefully scanned the slides and slopes through my hunting-glasses. High up on the crag of a mountain-shoulder, I picked up a nanny-goat feeding with her kid. Still farther away, on a green "slide" at least two miles from camp, I discovered five mountain-sheep lying down. And after that, swinging my glasses slowly, I came to something which sent a thrill through my blood. It was a mile away, a great, slow-moving hulk that I might

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have mistaken for a rock had my eyes not been trained to the ways and movements of game. It was a grizzly.

Alone I went after him, armed with man's deadliest weapon of extinction, a .405 Winchester. Inside of half an hour I was well in the teeth of the breeze coming up the valley, and almost within gunshot of my victim. I came to a coulee and crept up that, and when I reached the table-land meadow where it began, a thousand feet above the valley, I found myself within a hundred yards of the grizzly.

He was digging like a dog for a gopher. And, then, suddenly, my heart gave a thump that almost choked me. In a twist of the mountain-bench, not more than seventy or eighty yards above me, were two more grizzlies. I hesitated, and looked back down the coulee, for a moment doubtful whether to retreat or declare war. Then I decided. In my hands was a killer of the deadliest and surest kind. I was an expert shot and my nerves were steady. I began. I think I fired five shots in perhaps thirty seconds, and the three big grizzlies died almost in their tracks. A conqueror returning in his triumph to old Rome could not have been more elated than I. I remember that I leaped and danced and shrieked out at the top of my voice in the direction of camp. I was mad with joy. Three thousand pounds of flesh and blood lay hot and lifeless under my eyes, and I, the human near-god, with my own two insignificant hands and a mechanical thing, **had taken the life from it!**

I sat down on one of the huge carcasses that still breathed under me. I wiped my face, and my blood was running a race that heated me as if with fire. And the thought came to me: "Oh, if the world could only see me now—here in my glorious triumph—with these great beasts about me!" For it was a mighty triumph for man, the egoist. In thirty seconds I had destroyed a possible one hundred years of throbbing, heart-beating life, a hundred years of winter, a hundred years of summer, a hundred mating-seasons, and the thousand other lives that now would never be born! I stood up, and shrieked again toward the camp, and far above me out of the blue of the sky I heard an answering cry from one of the eagles. . . .

Yes, as I sit here, looking back over the days that are gone, I wonder that the spirit of vengeance does not rise up out of the forest and destroy me, even as I have destroyed. It would be justice, according to that justice which man the egoist metes out. And yet, even as I wonder, the answer comes to me very clearly. I am no different than hundreds of millions of others. I have destroyed in my own way, while others have destroyed in theirs. And nature, the most blessed of all things, is not vengeful. God forgives. And nature is God. It is God that lives in the rose, in the violet, in the tree, just as he lives in the heart of man. It is God that breathes in the grass which makes the earth sweet to tread upon, and it is God that lives in the song of birds. His "life" is all-encompassing, the vital spark of all existent things. Instead of sending ghosts back to earth to prove his power, he gives us all these things, and lives and breathes in them, that we may have him with us in physical things all the days of our lives if we will only rise out of our egoism—and understand.

And now I have come again to the parting of a way. I have bared the black side of my ledger, and it has not been pleasant work for me. To-morrow begins the joyous part of my task—the beginning of that story which will tell how at last my eyes were opened, how understanding came to me, and with that understanding a new faith which will live with me through all the rest of the years of my life.

The Third Trail

MY BROTHERHOOD

To-day is Sunday, and I have just returned from a week's hike up the mysterious little creek that runs past my cabin. It seems good to be home again, and Nuts and Spoony and Wild Bill, the blue jay, have given me a royal welcome, and I am almost convinced my pop-eyed moose-bird friends are trying to tell me who was the thief in my cabin while I was gone. On that "to-morrow" when I had promised myself another day of writing, the **Wanderlust** came to me, and I packed up a kit and a week's supply of grub and started out to explore my creek. It is a very individual sort of creek—it has character, even, if it hasn't a name. It comes out of deep, dark, and unexplored masses of forest to the north, and I have fancied it bringing down all sorts of romance and tragedy out of the hidden places if it could only talk. So I went to the end of it to find out its secrets for myself. And there was so much of interest that I could fill a book with it. I don't think any other white feet have ever traveled up this creek, which I now call "Lonesome." Surely not even an Indian has been along it for at least a generation, for I did not find the mark of an ax or sign of a fire or vestige of deadfall or trap-house.

But it did take me forty miles back into a country of such savage wilderness and dense forests that I have almost determined to build me another cabin there a little later, if for no other reason than to live for a while with the hundreds of owls that inhabit certain parts of it. I have never seen so many owls anywhere in the Northland, and I figure this is because the big snow-shoe rabbits have been multiplying for several years past, and now exist there literally in thousands. At many places along the creek, the earth was beaten hard by their furred feet. By all the signs, I have predicted that next year, or the year after, the "seven-year rabbit-plague" will come along and kill off ninety out of every hundred. Then the owls will scatter, and most of the lynxes and foxes and wolves will wander off into other hunting grounds, for the rabbit is the staff of life of the flesh-eating birds and beasts of the big northern forests, just as all the world over wheat is the mainstay of human stomachs.

But I am wandering a bit from the point in mind—which is to say that, in leaving on my journey of exploration, I forgot to close the window of my cabin, and through that open window entered the rascally thief whom the pair of moose-birds are trying to tell me about. I think Bill knows also, but I don't believe he would give a brother robber away, even if he did have four feet and a tail. By tracks and two or three other signs, I know the thief is a wolverine, who, like the pack-rat over in the mountains, steals almost entirely for the fun of it. This mischief-making humorist, among other things, has carried away a hat, one of my two frying-pans, several tins, half a slab of bacon, and my favorite fish-cleaning knife during my absence. But I know this clever fellow's ways, and have hope that I shall soon recover my property if I keep my eyes open and listen with both my ears.

And I shall not kill him, no matter how red-handed—or red-footed—I catch him. A few years ago, I would have planned to ambush him with a rifle. But now I have the desire to become as intimate with him as possible and learn a little more definitely what he wants with a knife, a skillet, and my pans. I feel that, for his theft, he should in some way be rewarded and not slain, for he has added to my interest in life by rousing a keen and harmless curiosity. His is only one way in which nature is constantly adding fullness of life and greater contentment to my eyes. Everywhere, even to the smallest things under my feet and at my hand, I am learning more and more of the marvelous ways and life of all creation, and the more I learn the more I am convinced that I am simply an atom in its vast brotherhood, and I am finding a great happiness by making myself actually a part of it.

Heretofore, I have been a self-expatriated spark of life, so to speak; in my human egoism, I have held myself apart from all other sparks of life that were not formed in my own poor and unlovely shape—and, even then, I considered myself considerably better than those who did not happen to be of my particular color and breed.

Two very simple things are adding to my pleasure in life this early afternoon, and illustrate the point I have in mind—if one can bow one's head down to the level of understanding. I am writing again between the two big

(Continued on page 423)

One Night at Little Beach

By FRANK STICK
Author of "THE CALL OF THE SURF"

TO every one who follows the sea, whether it be for recreation or as a means of gaining a livelihood, there comes a time when to the love he must necessarily hold for the blue water, is added a measure of either dread or respect, depending entirely upon the temperament of the individual. The men who go down to the sea in ships learn quickly, of course, to read the signs which mark the varying moods of old ocean. They learn quickly, that is, or they pay the extreme penalty of carelessness or of ignorance. The man who plies his trade along the coast; the bayman, the coast guard, the inshore fisherman, he also must learn to as readily read the signs, and profit thereby, for, his environment, though it may lack somewhat in romance, is not without its dangers, a multiple of dangers in fact, for in time of stress he must usually depend upon himself alone.

The crew of the good ship "Surf-Fishing."

Even that type of surf fisherman, whom I choose to call the surfman, though his adventuring is undertaken entirely in the guise of sport and recreation, is pretty apt, sooner or later, if he follows the call that leads his footsteps to lonely beaches, to find adventure awaiting him.

South of Egg Harbor, on the Jersey coast, lies a desolate stretch of sand and low dunes, which goes by the inappropriate name of Little Beach. Inappropriate, I say, because it is one of the widest, levelest beaches I know of on our entire northern coast. Here, a mile or more back from the ocean, though at one time it was within a stone's throw of the breakers, is located a lonely coast guard station, which has offered shelter and entertainment to many a storm-bound fisherman and hunter.

From a strict fishing standpoint, there are perhaps equally as good places nearer home, but to those of us to whom it is not all of fishing to catch fish, and who like our angling expeditions seasoned with some spice of adventure, Little Beach has many attractions. Then too late in June, several weeks before the school fish have put in an appearance at points further north, we have frequently had good luck with the channel bass and drum, in the sloughs and channels which break the beach at this point. Every season, too, sees a change in the formation of the shore line, and there is a strange pleasure in roaming the beach, and discovering new bars and pools and inlets, which have been made by the fierce northeasters of fall and winter.

At one point, which we, for obvious reasons, have named Grey Gull Shoals, the bars extend seaward for a distance of nearly a mile, and the result is that there are here formed bays and coves deep enough, in some instances, to give our boats safe harbor. It is at this point that there occurred an adventure which, if it did nothing more, impressed upon me the inevitableness of the unceasing tide.

We had run the cruiser through the Inlet, Bert and I, and dropped anchor within a long cast of the beach; which, surf castingly speaking, is considerably further than a stone's throw. A hasty lunch, for we were eager to be at our fishing, and we piled into the dingy, and landed at the point.

It was late in June, and the beach was alive with nesting terns and gulls, and the air resounded with their cries. More than once, as we made our way northward, we disturbed downy fledgelings that, true to their nature, crouched motionless, until perceiving that mimicking the shells that lay strewn on the beach was a useless expedient, scuttled off at a great rate at our close approach. That strangest of all beach birds, the black skimmer, was in evidence also, and several times I glanced up startled, as their hound like cry sounded in my very ear.

Ten minutes' walk brought us to a spot where a year previous had been a wonderful channel, widening into a veritable land locked bay. Here I had made great medicine, on another June day, long to be remembered, but now the formation was changed, and where had once been a channel the rising tide showed a wide flat. It was hardly a likely spot for bass, and so we plodded on.

Up the beach a way I came to a narrow slough, which looked promising, and here I dropped my bag and tackle, while Bert kept on, until he was a speck in the distant haze.

Far out, a mile or more from shore, ran a line of heavy breakers, which marked the outside bar. Closer in I saw several streaks of yellow sand, but whether or not these were submerged at high water, I could not determine. Now they were covered with resting gulls, which rose like clouds, at intervals.

The afternoon passed with no unusual or exciting happening to distinguish it from many another afternoon. There was, I remember, a flounder, which was welcomed, as these unexcelled pan fish always are, and there was also a weakfish, and a half dozen or more croakers. Though my memory does not record it, I doubt not that I experienced at some time during the afternoon, as usual, one of those doubtful bites, which dragged my bait outward for a dozen feet or so, before releasing it, and which I worked for a channel bass, but which, in all likelihood, was a skate.

When the shadows of the dunes covered the beach, and my own shadow had followed my thoughts out to sea, Bert returned from his explorations. He carried a beautiful bluefish, and he had a tale to unfold concerning a wonderful bar, which extended in a half moon, for a considerable distance into the ocean. This bar, he said, inclosed a deep bay, where he had captured his bluefish. But what interested me most was his descrip-

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tion of the schools of great fish, which appeared a copper red as they milled back and forth in the shallows. He had been unable to reach them with his longest cast, but we there decided to return that night, and try for them on the rising tide.

Unheeding my protest that he had a prize winning blue, which should be weighed in at the club, Bert sacrificed his catch for the gastronomic benefits of the crew, which is the sort of a sportsman he is, and that night we dined sumptuously on baked bluefish, baked potatoes of both Irish and Ethiopian extraction, and other viands. For the galley of the Alberta was equipped with none of your canned heat makeshifts, but a man's size stove. And when I look back, I sometimes think that to the energy we derived from that bluefish and trimmings, Bert and I owe our escape from a situation which came near to being the end of both of us. It is a nice, comforting, enobling sort of a thought, at any rate, for I cooked the meal.

The turn of the tide came about one in the morning, but several hours before this time, Bert and I made our way to the point from which the half moon bar made out into the ocean. There was no need of hurry, so we rolled ourselves in our blankets and attempted to catch a wink or two of sleep.

It had been a day, soft and warm as midsummer, with a balmy breeze out of the south. But, as is often the case, with the turn of the tide came a change of wind. I was apprised of it by a sensation along my backbone as though some one had shoved a chunk of ice against this portion of my anatomy. I drew the blanket closer about me, but it benefited me nothing. I sat up then, and discovered that the wind had swung around strong from the east, and that the temperature had dropped probably twenty degrees, since we laid down. The sky, which had been sprinkled with stars now showed skurrying fleets of clouds which passed before the face of the young moon. Bert also was awake, and so, though the signs did not look propitious, we decided to carry out our original plan.

Shouldering our packs, and with rods in hands, we picked our way across the flat which intervened between the beach, and the head of the bar, where we intended

Van, (Van Campen Heilner, well known yachtsman and sea angler) who "loves the shining sands."

to do our fishing. The moon was almost hidden by now, and we progressed, guided mainly by the sound of the breakers, which broke with a hollow boom, almost at our feet. They had a menacing sound, this night, and the hiss of the undertow, as the backdrawn waters rushed to meet the incoming roller, was quite different from the tinkling swish of a calm sea. The chilling wind, out of the east blew the salt spray into our faces, and we bent our heads to it, as we plodded along. Shortly we came to a channel, with the current rushing through at a great rate. It came only to our knees, however, and we had no difficulty in fording it. As we strode onward, I found that the bar we were on, which at this point was no more than thirty feet in width, bent more to the south. I tried to pierce the inky blackness that surrounded us, but nothing appeared to my vision excepting the changing line of froth at the water's edge, and the rolling, white capped breakers. Our torches, while they sufficed to light up the sand at our feet, and for a short distance ahead, at a greater distance made the night the more impenetrable.

It seemed to me that we had travelled a great deal further than the half mile, which Bert had mentioned

The bar on a calm day. (Frank Stick in the foreground.)

as the length of the bar, but distances are deceptive at night, particularly when there is a pack pulling at one's shoulder blades, and so I said nothing. Yet I had a feeling of uneasiness, which I could not account for. Was it a natural timidity, born of those elemental forces which raged around us, and enhanced by the blackness which hedged us in? I did not think so, for I have spent many a night alone on the beach, when conditions were far more fearsome than they were this night. No, somewhere in my subconscious mind was stored a concrete fact, which was the basis of this nameless fear. Then, as I plodded on, with head bent forward, my flashlight disclosed the surface of the sand traced with those long sinuous ridges, which denote the action of water, and it came to me like a blow out of the dark.

I stopped dead in my tracks, shouting to Bert, so that he could hear me above the roaring of the surf. I wanted to make sure, though I dreaded to hear his answer.

"This bar," I said. "How much of it was above water at high tide?"

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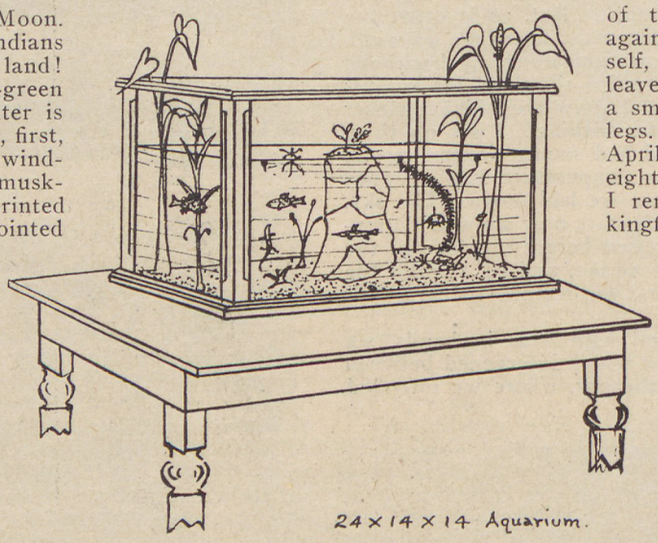
Our Outdoor Calendar

By
WARREN H. MILLER

April

This department of fascinating and practical outdoor lore will appear regularly and will be conducted by Warren H. Miller, former editor of Field and Stream. There is no better authority in America on camping and living in the open than Warren H. Miller. —*The Editor*

THE Green Grass Moon. Well named! Our Indians knew this dear old land! Isn't it the fresh sap-green grass that first tells us winter is over for good? They saw it, first, in deer meadows along the winding slangs, lush grass full of muskrat holes and runways printed thick with the delicate pointed tracks of deer on the trails, with every muddy ditch dug by the muskrats marked by the curious baby-hand print of the raccoon. And with the grass comes up Star of Bethlehem, yellow mottled-leaf dog-tooth violets, the airy pink balloon of the lady-slipper, the buff and brown striped pulpit of Sir Jack, the great purple skunk cabbages; on sunny, sandy banks the heavenly-sweet Mayflower, delicious arbutus, hiding under its dark green leaves.



24×14×14 Aquarium.

And with the spring flowers come more and more birds, millions of them, in one long advancing wave stretching through the forests in a feathered army reaching from the Atlantic to the Far West, all moving northward. The purple grackles have gone on north; it is time to look for black-and-white warblers, the first of that numerous family to arrive, to listen for the broken-hearted little refrain of the Canada white-throat, the field and vesper sparrows, the liquid call of the cardinal bird in the thickets. North-bound blue birds are here, their **hudoo!** greeting you on your walks, the sapphire plumage of the male a note of color in the bare bushes. The lively call of **Teacher!—Teacher!** of the oven bird is with us again and you may see him yourself, tripping over the brown leaves and looking exactly like a small thrush save for his red legs. I never took a walk in April without counting at least eight species of new birds. And I remember a poor wight of a kingfisher, up a lagoon of our lake, who had two wives who both claimed the same hole in a dead tree for nesting purposes. The altercation waxed wrathy, with much kingfisher objurgation, whereat the distracted male flew off with his fingers in his ears and cursing the day he was born—just like a man!

All through April the forest has an air of mighty events toward. Sap is running high, bursting out in glistening buds, in pale reddish leaf-curls of the oaks, in deep red decorations of flowers of the red maple. The willows are out along the streams; all Nature is hurrying forward to the big event of the year, Nature's New Year, the Twelfth of May, when all the leaves will be fully out. As yet the lacery of limbs is bare bark, but the glistening and budding twigs give big promise of what is coming. And the sun shines. We call April the rainy month, borrowing the idea from old England, but the Indians knew better. It rains a good deal, but milord Sir Sun is out a good deal, too, and he is warm and gracious. And there are spring peepers.

Did you ever keep an aquarium? Not a glass globe with a couple of bored and miserable goldfish; but a real one in which there are no goldfish

An 11½ Inch Esopus "Brownie."

Not Bad for 90 Miles from New York.

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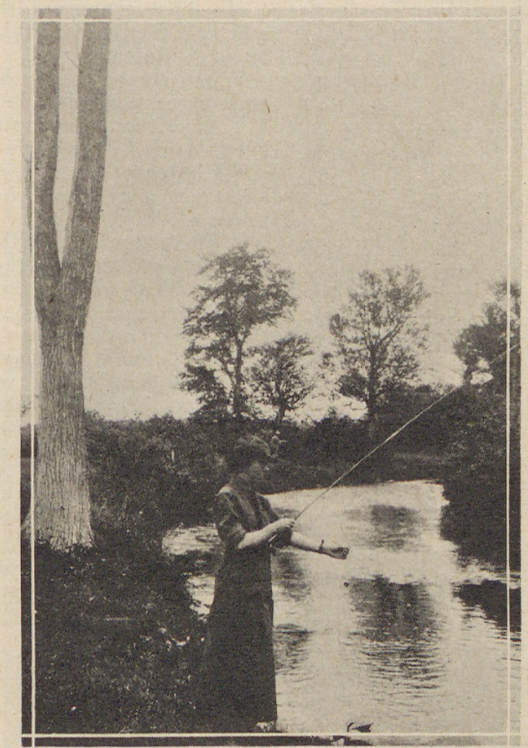
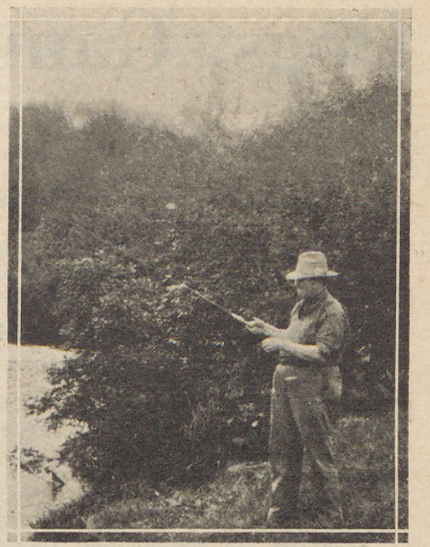
at all, but instead a self-sustaining community of all the interesting creatures of our waters. I kept one for six years and never changed the water. Did not have to. It is purely a matter of balance of plant and animal life. This one was about two feet wide by fourteen inches deep and the same high. It was set in a watery stage, with rows of calla lilies and arum along the wings; with brook-weed and pickerel weed and burr-grass scenery disposed about, and a tall gray rock rising up out of the stage center above water, its top covered with moss and ferns. In it lived no less than seventy-five water-sprites. There were tiny sunfish, whose iridescent blue sides the sunlight made translucent. There were small bass, and minnows and sticklebacks; dace, little solemn black wiggling catfish, young yellow perch, a colony of tiny eels, small black toad tadpoles, large green frog tadpoles, yellow and red spotted newts, busy and mischievous crawfish forever pulling up the plants along bottom, caddis worms, dragon-fly grubs, boat-oared larvae of the green-headed water fly, everything that came to net in our ponds and streams. But no small brook turtle. During April and May the wonders of Nature went on in plain sight through the glass of that aquarium. Day by day you could see the change of toad and frog tadpoles to toaderets and small green frogs; days came when the dragon-fly larvae would crawl up a burr-grass stem to burst their backs open and emerge a shining and iridescent dragon-fly; caddis worms and boat-oars hatched out into wonderful May flies and green-heads. . . . .



Milady Tries a Maine Trout Stream.

There are moments of triumph in life that stand out forever as bright and shining memories, and that regardless of the particular age in life's span in which they occur. One such moment came to me one rainy day in April as a boy of twelve. I have mentioned that the aquarium had no turtle. One, a small one not bigger than a quarter-dollar, was ardently desired, but I had no money to purchase withal. That delight was for rich boys, alas! Well, this particular day the youthful aquarium owner started out in rubber boots and rubber coat and rubber hood through a pouring April deluge, bound for the Lizard Pond with net and pail. It had a soft mud bottom all grown thick with furry green pickerel weed, and one end was a wide shallows. Out in this end I waded, dashing the net into the muddy waters whenever anything promising moiled up in the eddies. A round black spot appeared, to be instantly scapped before it could vanish. Imagine the delirious delight of that twelve-year-old when that round black spot proved to be a small painted turtle! Can you see the frantic caperings of those rubber boots, the whoops of joy in the pouring rain, the trembling eagerness with which the turtle was seized and put in the pail? The great prize of the poor boy who had longed for a turtle but could not afford one. But, imagine how the day thereupon expanded into a glorious, gorgeous, unforgettable one, when further kicking around in the mud brought up **five more** of that hatching of turtlets!



Bob Davis Taken Trouting Unawares.

The Red Letter Day! I hurried home, the proudest boy in all that town, and whittled a small white pine raft for them, which was moored by strings to float out on the bosom of the aquarium. There the six turtles congregated to sun themselves, the while the colony of small frogs on the moss island watched them solemnly, with one eye out for passing flies.

Running an aquarium is not beneath the notice of a grown man who loves Nature. I wish I had one now, and will have, the next time Fate presents me with a south window where it can get sun part of the day. Not hard to make, either. A

(Continued on 436)

A Spring Fishing Camp at Lake Averill, Vermont.

Dogs, Game Birds and Sportsmen

By TRAVERS D. CARMAN

This Department will be conducted monthly by Mr. Carman, who is one of America's foremost authorities on dogs. In his own words, "I dedicate this Department not to Dogs, but to man's greater understanding of Dogs." Mr. Carman is glad to receive letters, photographs, stories, experiences and enquiries from all lovers of dogs and readers of this Department.

The Dog Given Due Recognition in House at Washington

THE Honorable Harry B. Hawes, Congressman from Missouri, delivered recently a truly inspired address on the dog in the National House of Representatives.

A great lover of dogs himself, he paid a beautifully expressed tribute to the dog in his address in behalf of an excellent recommendation that the Department of Agriculture issue a bulletin on the dog for general distribution.

I am indebted to the Boston Post for that part of Congressman Hawes' speech which follows:

"It may be said that the modern dog has developed in much the same way as our domestic fowl and utility animals, but he must not be classed with those, because his association with man is closer and more personal and is better described as 'domesticated' than 'domestic.'"

We find his drawing upon the tombs of Egyptian kings, upon the tiles of the Assyrians, in the sculpture of the Greeks and Romans.

Wherever civilization has advanced to the art of painting or printing he finds a place.

He has not been neglected by history or forgotten by the poets.

The religious books of all pagan nations find a place for him, and he is mentioned in both the Old and the New Testament.

Columbus discovered him in the West Indies, our American Indians found him useful, and whether at the North Pole or the Equator he has had a home and a place in the affairs of men.

Occupies a Special Place

There are more different breeds of dogs than of horses, cattle, sheep or poultry.

He is the oldest domesticated animal, and has assisted his master to procure food and defend against his enemy before horses, cattle, and poultry came under control.

His story runs back to prehistoric times. He was used as a sacrifice upon the altar of pagan gods. His place in history, art, fiction, and poetry ranks second only to man.

Next to man he ranks highest in intelligence, being susceptible to all human passions—hatred, love, fear, hope, joy, distress, courage, timidity and jealousy.

Man requires service from all animals, but only from this one does he receive friendship. He is the only animal that eats all of man's food, flesh and vegetables.

Man is taught chivalry; the dog has it naturally. He never attacks the female of his species.

He is the delight of the poor man's hovel and the rich man's mansion. He faithfully follows hs master who tramps the dusty roadside, and sits proudly upon the cushioned seat of the millionaire's de luxe machine.

Wealth, caste, social distinction are all one to him. He is content and useful in every station assigned to him by fate.

But he knows the just from the unjust, the kind from the unkind, the charitable from the uncharitable, the true from the false, the man from the hypocrite.

Disguise does not deceive him. Paint, tinsel, silk and jewels are no more to him than tatters, rags, worn shoes or ragged hat. But it is what these things cover, the man, who wins his affection or dislike.

His master's friends are his friends, his master's enemies are his enemies, no matter what their station.

He does not count the cost, but gives his life at his master's command, and, even without command, in his master's defense.

When master is gay he is merry; when sad he grieves and understands his master's moods.

The destruction of an army, the fate of a nation has been decided by a dog's bark.

With teeth bared, eyes ablaze, and hair a-bristle, he has saved a wife and child from assault and then played nurse all day.

With devoted strength he has rescued his master from a watery grave and dragged a child from an angry fire.

Over bleak and frozen mountains he has carried food and drink and brought assistance to the wounded and those in dire distress.

Peary could not have reached the North Pole nor Scott the South Pole, without the faithful dog.

He has taken the place of the horse and the ox, his skin has been used for shelter and for clothes, his flesh as food, his eyes have found the things his master sought, his nose has bared the trail his master could not find.

And in return he asks but a little consideration and a few kind words:

Never yet the dog our country fed
Betrayed the kindness or forgot the bread.

Use.

As friend, companion and confidant, I like him best. His manifold uses need little discussion.

One small dog in a home has more terror for the burglar than an armed man outside. In the yard he sounds the warning and the night prowler sneaks away.

In hunting, he is almost indispensable.

An American, Paul Rainey, surprised the sporting world by hunting the lion in Africa with dogs raised and trained in Mississippi and Louisiana.

When properly trained, he can handle cattle, sheep and swine better than a man. He excels as a ratter and destroyer of mink and other vermin.

All have seen the blind man's dog, cup in mouth and attached to a string, leading his sightless master.

Before the days of cooking stoves each household had its open chimney and "turnspit" worked by a dog, and even today the dog on a treadmill churns the butter.

The expressman and peddler, in delivering their packages and wares, usually leave a four-footed guardian in charge.

Troups of performing dogs delight the audiences in our vaudeville houses and demonstrate what they can do when skilfully trained.

Hagenbeck has a lion tamer who always enters the lion's cage accompanied by two magnificent Great Danes. He informs me that the dogs are not there for exhibition purposes, but for the protection of the keeper. At the first attempt of the lion at attack their duty is to attack him. Twice they have saved the trainer's life.

Many fire departments have their mascot, which attends all fires and in idle hours entertains the company.

Some of the leading professional baseball teams take

(Continued on page 432)

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There Are Many Seasons to Come!

By HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER
Vice-President the Outlook Company.

THE trout season is with us again. There will be blank days for almost every angler and days when the gods of fishing will smile gleefully upon fortunate anglers. In those propitious moments when trout rise as they do in the streams of Elysium, the angler should bear in mind the fact that he is only one in a generation of anglers which itself is only one generation in a long procession. Let him bear in mind the anglers to come. Let him remember that streams and lakes are not purses of Fortunatus, that they can be drained of their silver-scaled riches by the thoughtless anglers of a single summer and worse than that, they may be ruined for years by less than a season's pollution.

Anglers need no longer regret the unintentional catching of undersized fish as an irreparable inroad upon the finny population of their favorite water. They can use a barbless single hook lure and put back in the stream or lake all surplus and undersized fish, confident that they will suffer no harm.

Of the many letters on the barbless hook which have come to me none has pleased me more than a note from Sir George Aston (George Southcote) which lies on my desk as I write. He says that my articles on barbless hooks have "quite converted him to their use, as, living as I do by a trout stream, I only keep the biggest trout that I catch and dislike very much the operation of unhooking the smaller ones with the resultant discomfort (to say the least of it) to the fish!"

There is a more general sentiment in favor of the barbless hook in America than in England—or so it seems from a letter which I have just received from Mr. Marston of "The Fishing Gazette." Mr. Marston is in favor of the barbless hook but he fears that "the majority of anglers are inclined to feel annoyed if anybody tells them that it is not so sporting to use a barb."

Well, I have found many American anglers who were annoyed when the subject was first broached to them, but after they had once tried a barbless hook they generally turned around and tried to convert me to its use!

Mr. S. Roseth, secretary and treasurer of the Weber Lifelike Fly Co., with a creel of beauties caught on barbless flies.

This letter from Mr. Samuel Hagerman, of Carson City, Michigan, tells its own eloquent story of devotion and sacrifice for the great cause of ***Better Fishing.***

DEAR readers of the Izaak Walton League Monthly, little do you know how gallantly the editors of your official magazine has preserved the lives of millions of the finny tribe. I had never dreamed of such a thing as a barbless hook until the postman delivered me a copy of the Izaak Walton League Monthly. Therein I read a timely article on the barbless hook. I had never before considered the barbed dangerous or even efficient and was carefully preparing to patent a hook ten times more efficient and dangerous. The remuneration for placing this hook on the market was uppermost in my mind—possibly five thousand dollars or more would be my reward, for anything claimed as a sure fish getter sells fast and high in price. Think of the comforts it would bring to my family! I am going to destroy models, pencil drawings, and in fact everything pertaining to this hook. Please do not conceive the idea that the writer is lauding himself, but he is trying to be a good sportsman.

I love to fish if any man ever did and only last summer traveled several hundred miles just to catch a few speckled trout. I had planned on taking some of these hooks with me, but fortunately I tempered them too much and broke them when making bends necessary in their construction.

Just think what such a hook would do in the extermination of fish if placed in the hands of fish hogs. The first jerk on the line and Mr. Fish was there to stay until released by his captor. There was no need to worry about his ejecting the hook by gaining slack line or any of the other little kinks that the little scrappers employ to gain freedom. The hook was so cleverly constructed that any rube could land them without much fishing knowledge—just enough to get them to strike is all that is necessary.

Now dear readers, you may thank fortune that the league and your editors were on the job and that the writer has just a few drops of sporting blood in his veins. It takes courage to carry out such an ideal—if you have ever had any business losses you know how it pained—those were involuntary losses but the loss of the writer is different, being entirely voluntary.

The writer is unknown and probably will remain so but if any of you dear readers ever chance to meet him pursuing the shy Fontinalis or the tricky bass you will not find him shedding tears over a lost fortune that might have been. I hope, however, you will give him a handshake and say: "Bully for you, old chap, you did right." Please excuse frequent use of the personal pronoun as I have not climbed very far up the ladder of literary fame. Farewell, fortune! But may there come instead better fishing.

Grandma and Sonny go A-fishing

Illustration by Frank Stick

By RAY ERNEST SMITH

IT had been a most trying day! Every one was agreed upon **that** point at least, from Grandma and Aunt Amelia down through the "hired man," the cat and even to, and including, the small boy visiting at the farm.

Early that morning "Dad" had started out on a fishing expedition which would keep him away until nightfall and, as if that were not sufficient tribulation for the young son and heir, shortly thereafter Mother had driven away with "Uncle Alf" to spend the day with girlhood friends! In spite of these two unforeseen and unexpected calamities, the day had progressed most auspiciously. There had been building blocks and pictures, the ducks to feed, the horses to water and the delicious scariness of searching for the hidden treasure of eggs up in the dark recesses of the hay mow.

As the day progressed a rapidly increasing sense of loneliness had enveloped the young explorer to such an extent that even though the hours were punctuated with cookies as well as with "Bread an' butter wiv red sugar on it," the later hours were commencing to drag on leaden wings and all allurements were rapidly losing their allure!

"What can I do now, Grandma? I don' want to play in th' house any more.

"Sonny sat as quietly as a four year old could sit."

"Can't I have another cookie?

"Why didn't Daddy take me fishin' with him? Ain't I big enuff t' go fishin', Grandma?"—and then at the birth of a great idea—"I'm big enuff to go fishin', Grandma,—YOU take me fishin'," and with growing excitement as the idea grew large in his mind, "We can go down t' th' little brook, Grandma, come on an' take me. Please, PLEASE do, Grandma."

"Grandma" was **tired.** She had been held up at the point of the broom stick gun; she had built wooden forts and sand castles and, much to the outspoken disgust of her daughter she had, at one period in the morning's history, when disaster seemed about to descend upon the serenity of the farm, assumed the bit and knitted reins and had galloped and pranced through the grassy yard under the masterful driving of the young tyrant until the outraged daughter, with many vehement shakings of the head and passionate comments regarding the speech of neighbors, had driven her into the house breathless from the strenuosity of her exertions.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, mother—a woman of your years, too! Haven't you got a bit of sense left?" she sputtered. "Do you want to up an' catch a sun stroke at your time in life an' go and die?"—and "Mother" allowed herself to be half led, half dragged into the shade darkened "settin' room" where revivifying inhalations of "Campfire" were administered by the anxious daughter in an attempt to ward off the more immediate dangers of her mother's rash conduct.

But grandma, God bless her! was game through and through. It was only for one brief period in each year that "Sonny-boy," as she delighted in calling him, could be with her, and every moment of that time was precious beyond words in her sight since the passing years had left an ache of loneliness in her withered arms, since her own children had grown from their protecting shelter, that only this one grandson was left to fill.

"All right, Sonny-boy. Come over here until grandma ties this sunbonnet over your curls and then we'll go fishing. We don't want the sun to shine down too hot on that little head of yours"—and she reached behind the "butt'ry" door for a prodigious sunbonnet of blue calico the mate to which was already tied about her own white locks.

"Don't want any sunbonnet," with an emphatic stamp, "Daddy didn't wear any when **he** went fishin'—men don't wear sunbonnets, Grandma, you can wear one if you want to"—with lordly condescension—but Grandma was adamant in this particular at least, and shortly thereafter the voice of the small tyrant issued in never ending questioning, but muffled, from within the capacious, fragrant tunnel of calico.

Going to her work basket Grandma secured a stout length of carpet thread, stuck a few shiney, brass pins in the front of her gown and with a few bits of meat filched from the cold roast in the pantry, wrapped in paper and tucked in her pocket. (Oh yes, Grandma had

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pockets) they set off down the sandy road hand in hand —two children in quest of adventure.

The spicy fragrance of the Pines that bordered the sandy stretch of country road filled the hot summer's air with an almost visible perfume, while the shadows cast from their needle-laden branches made shelter spots of shade in mottled patches across the yellow sand of the country road that seemed to meander at will between the fantastic shapes of the adjoining stump fence, and from which the heat rose in shimmering waves.

Grandma, walking sedately along the little, crooked path that bordered the fence, enjoyed the variegated beauties of the summer's day fully as much, albeit in a different manner, as did the boy who skipped and pranced first on one side of the road and then on the other, now pausing to wriggle his bare toes in the deliciously tickling, hot sand of the road and then again chasing with many shouts and excited gesticulations some one of the numerous red squirrels that apparently considered the precincts of the stump fence theirs by right of eminent domain, and who scolded and chattered at the two trespassing mortals with shrill-voiced ire, as evinced by glittering eye and quivering, upcurled tail.

"Do you s'pose I'll catch a fish, Grandma?"—as he stopped his skipping for a moment and tipped back the little head until the features of his companion could be centered within the range of his blinder-like head covering—"Did you ever catch a fish, Grandma?" and then with princely disregard of the implied slander, "I didn't know as ladies ever went fishin'. Do they, Grandma?" And to the endless stream of questions placid, child-loving Grandma answered in a low monotone of thinking-out-loud conversation: "My! What a pretty day it is, an' how sweet the pines do smell in the sun. They're gettin' to be real big trees now too. Oh dear! It don't seem more'n yesterday that your Grandpa set them out—and yet that was way back when your mother wa'n't much bigger than you be now," and Grandma paused for a moment, the present forgotten, as her dim eyes spanned the vista of the years that were gone and, piercing the hazy clouds of the past, viewed again the scenes of her own youth, the pictures of the long ago faded from all earthly canvas, yet still bright and unfaded upon the canvas of her own memory.

"Oh! There's the bridge, Grandma!" and with accelerated pace they rapidly approached the half dozen planks that spanned the little stream and which were raised to high estate and dignity through the designation "bridge." This was their objective. Here the little brooklet, scarce discernible so small it was, opened out into a little, shallow pool in which some of the more hardy fishes eked out a scant and precarious existence amongst the stones and bogs of the shallow water.

Seating herself beside the bank of this little pool, with the embryo Walton anxiously wriggling in suppressed excitement at her side, the elder of the two fishermen proceeded to make her preparations. Taking one of the aforementioned pins from the front of her gown she proceeded to bend it into the semblance of a hook and, this accomplished to her entire satisfaction, affixed the head to the piece of linen thread brought from her roomy pocket.

"Now Sonny-boy, you sit right still where you are 'til Grandma goes and gets us a pole. You keep real still an' don't go running around or you'll scare all th' fishes so they'll all run away an' hide an' **then** we wont catch any at all." So Sonny-boy sat as quietly as a four year old **could** sit, scarce daring to breath for fear of frightening the wonderful fish for which he was about to angle, while Grandma fashioned the "pole" from the tapering shoots of a conveniently placed willow tree.

Returning to the stream Grandma tied the end of the thread line to the tip of the improvised rod, affixed a tiny bit of the filched roast to the point of the pin hook, tied on a rusty nail (found lying by the rotting planks of the bridge) as a sinker, and then tossing bait and line by means of a womanish, overhead cast, and with a fine disregard for the ensuing splash, let it "spank" into the placid waters of the little pool where the succeeding wavelets upset the dignity of a frog on its farther bank and caused him to seek shelter with a splash following like an echo the one just made.

Satisfied that all was in ship shape condition, the pole was passed to the squiggling boy at her side while she proceeded to initiate him into the Rights and Mysteries of the Gentle Art of Fishing.

As the Fisherman-in-the-making grasped the crooked pole in both determined hands he could scarcely suppress a yell of exaltation! How he thrilled in delicious, tickling shivers that raced up and down his hot little back! What a heart pounding of anticipation! What a sensation of grown-up-ness!—No skilled fly caster ever experienced one-half the thrill while feasting his eyes upon some newly acquired gem of the craftsman's art in rod making than was experienced by the small boy as his hands closed about the willowy shoot of this his first rod.

"Have I got a bite now, Grandma? Shall I yank on it now? Why don't the fishes bite, Grandma?"—a constant stream of inquiries which "Grandma" answered as only Grandmas **can** answer the searching questions of inquiring youth. But, at last, there is an unmistakable jerk! Something had seized the bait in such a whole hearted, do or die manner that no room for doubt was left in even the skeptical mind of the holder of the rod. It MUST be that this is a fish!!

Face red with excitement; teeth clenched tightly; nerves a tingle with a new sensation—both chubby hands tightly gripped about the pole—Sonny-boy gave a heave to pole and line that engaged every particle of strength and determination of which he was capable and, wonder of wonders! a six-inch horned dace left the dun-colored pool with a reluctant "plop" and went spinning through the air to land flopping and wriggling in the long, sweet grass of the meadow a score of yards behind the youthful fisherman.

Alexander at the height of his triumph, Napoleon at the crest of his invasion, Dewey at Manila, Roosevelt on the River of Doubt, Perry at the North Pole,—none of these have ever been able to put into words the feelings that were engendered within their breasts at the consummation of their ambitions. Words cannot express the deepest emotion of the human heart. Why, then, should I attempt to picture in mere words the feelings of this small boy as he stood in rapturous awe gazing upon the product of his own skill and realizing that at last he was a "really, truly fisherman!"

That night when the plebeian dace was sputtering in the pan beside the more aristocratic trout that Daddy had brought home from his day on the streams, a very tired, but extremely happy, small boy regaled an interested audience with all the minute details of the Great Experience and, seen through the roseate vista of the years that have passed since that well remembered day, it seems to him now that there was an added warmth in the good-night embrace that "Daddy" gave him, an unwonted twinkle in his eye like that of one good comrade to another.

Since that long ago day when Grandma took Sonny-boy on his first fishing expedition there have come many changes. A broad, macadam road replaces now the sandy stretch that was of yore. The little brook has disappeared entirely, save during the time of the Spring rains when it even yet assumes, for a day, the appearance of its long past youth. A concrete culvert marks the place where stood the plank bridge of my childhood. The stump fence has long since given way to woven wire and the pines are old and gnarled. Many a lusty trout and weighty bass have been fought to a thrilling finish on gossamer line and feathery lure since that wonderful summer's day when I caught my first fish, yet still the memory of that first trip afield when Grandma was companion and instructor, still lingers clear and distinct upon the walls of my memory, never to be erased.

Bird Lore

by

Bob Becker

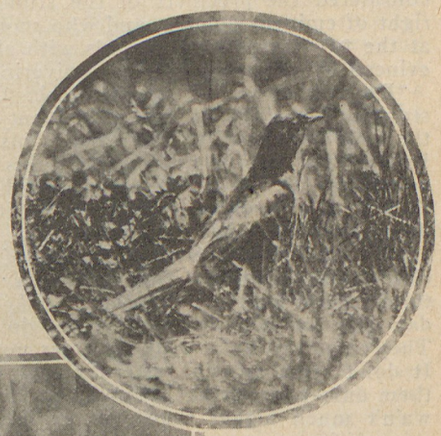
Editor "Woods and Waters"
—Chicago Tribune

WELL, here is April and gosh! how glad we are to have this month arrive. April means getting ready for trout fishing and getting ready for the birds as this month sees the great northward migration in full swing. Hope you have put out your bird houses long before this and are using your field glasses in watching the migrating feathered friends as they arrive from the Southland.

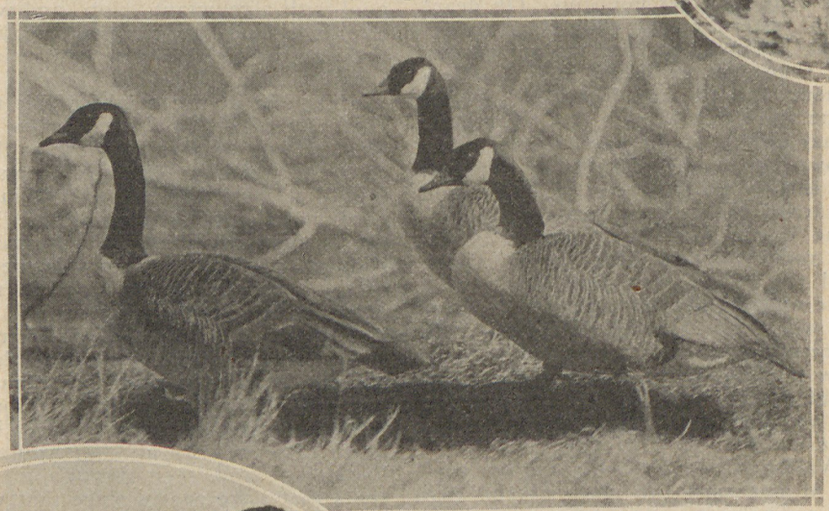
Entries for the prize Photo Contest are coming in. The first ones to come under the wire are shown on this page. They are entered by C. O. Wilson of the Des Moines chapter No. 1. If these are any indication of what is going to hit our desk in the future we sure are going to have a look at some mighty fine bird photos.

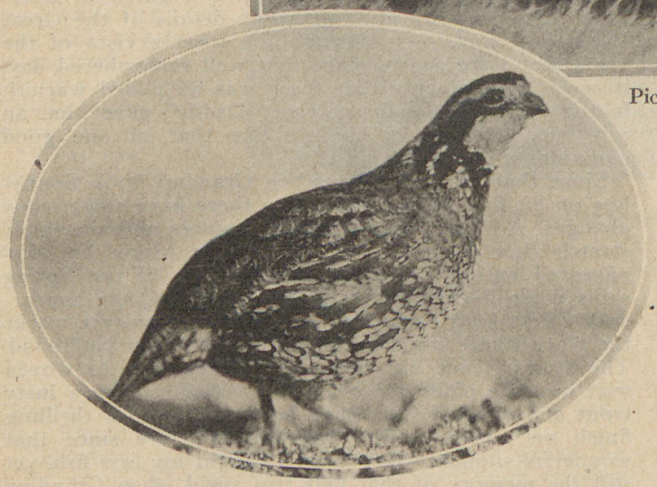
The robin picture was taken at a distance of 30 feet with a Minex camera. The quail was taken with a 5x7 Hall camera, time, 1/50 of a second, distance of thirty inches. Six weeks time was required to get the bird accustomed to the camera, according to the dope received with the photo. Pretty nice, not so? The geese were "shot" with an Adams Camera and a telescopic lens at a distance of 70 feet. The picture was taken from an artificial blind. Very clear cut picture, too. Next month we'll show you some more photos which will prove to you that Waltonians are not only fishermen but mighty clever with the camera.

Don't forget, you can enter three pictures of any wild birds and the best photo will win a $125 camera.



Here are first entries in the prize photo contest.





Pictures by C. O. Wilson of Des Moines, Iowa.

You remember last month we spoke of a Toledo bird fan who was having some interesting experiences with birds. Well, this month we are glad to introduce Louis Klewer to you and show you some of his fine pictures. Louis, aside from getting acquainted with birds, takes little 3,000 mile hiking trips by way of diversion and certainly does know the outdoors. In telling of his experiences in getting the pictures, he writes:

Dear Bob:

In connection with some pictures that I am sending you, guess I might as well tell you how we secured them and what luck we've had in getting in touch with these creatures of the air.

First of all, most of the pictures were taken by Paul B. Samson, former Scout Executive of Toledo and a finer man or greater lover of the outdoors never lived. It is he that taught me most of what I know about taking pictures of birds and it was he that gave me the chance to go back to college and he helped my love for the open until now it is a "disease"!

But about the pictures. All these pictures that I am sending you were taken with the camera within two, three or four feet from the bird and one of us operating it. And the big stunt in these pictures is that we first got the birds so tame that they would eat from our hands, fly on our shoulders, light on our caps, etc., and then the camera came into use.

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When I first read Gene Stratton Porter's "Freckles," I thought that his stunt in feeding the birds was bunk, that it couldn't be done, but it can. I've done it myself and so have about fifty Boy Scouts here in Toledo besides a great number of other bird lovers in this town.

Out at our scout reservation it is no uncommon sight to see a group of scouts about a feeding box with the chickadees, nuthatches and juncoes feeding about them. I have had chickadees, downies, white-breasted nuthatches and juncoes eat from my hand and cardinals, blue jays, song sparrows and a number of others eat within a couple of yards from where I was standing.

But there are any number of other fellows in this town that have done the same stunt so it is nothing extraordinary to us.

I have a plan for getting acquainted with them this next year that I think is the berries and I don't see how it can fail. To get the birds used to humans about our feeding boxes, am going to secure a couple of old models, such as are used in show windows, rig them up in khaki and stand them about the feed stands. What do you think of the idea?

Now, as to some more of my bird adventures, I wonder if I told you of an incident that happened at the Toledo Scout camp last year. There was the nest of a cerulean warbler in one of the trees on the campus and one day, one of the youngsters happened to fall out of the nest. One of the scouts found it and took it over to his tent where he sat holding it in his hand. The bird and a flock of six song sparrows. Then on this reservation, which is not fenced, we have about six different covey of quail, one small covey coming up to the warden's back porch every day for food. Pheasants also feed from the back porch and all are becoming exceedingly tame.

"I have been extremely fortunate this winter in having chickadees, white-breasted nuthatches, juncoes and downy woodpeckers feed from my hand. It's taken a deuce of a lot of patience, Bob, but it's worth it.

"The warden has a feeding station erected just outside the dining room window and while he and his family are at dinner, they can watch cardinals, jays, juncoes, downies and song sparrows feeding on the box. At one time there were two rabbits, three male and two hen pheasants, five quail, a cardinal (male) and a small flock of juncoes feeding at one time. Boy, it sure was a grand sight."

Who said this business of getting acquainted with birds was no fun? Louis, your experiences are fascinating and now get busy with that camera of yours and let's see some April and May pictures of the "boids" down your way.

* * *

Walter Hastings, of South Lyon, Michigan, who was responsible for those fine grouse pictures which you saw in this department last month, has sent us some more excellent photographs and you are assured of seeing some of them next month. Walt has been busy recently photographing nesting hawks and owls including the great horned owl. We're anxious to see how they come out, Walt.

Did you ever have a kingfisher try to bag an artificial lure that you were casting? Cecil Cook of Youngstown, Ohio, writes us an amusing experience of this sort and we are going to pass it along to you. He relates:

"I once witnessed an amusing occurrence, while fishing with my elder brother, that concerned a kingfisher and a wooden minnow lure. My brother stood at the water's edge casting. At his left was a large bush, the branches of which extended out over the water. As he reeled in the lure a kingfisher flew from the other side of the bush, hovered over the shore-bound lure and then darted down in a vain attempt to spear it.

"When he realized the futility of his attempts, he flew back to his perch in the bush, unaware of our proximity, to await another splash. The action was repeated every time my brother casted, 'til finally the kingfisher gave up the attempt to land the minnow, and flew away."

* * *

This is the time of the year to encourage the birds to stay about your premises. By the time you read this, it will be a bit late to think about bird houses and such, nevertheless, effort along this line is bound to produce some results, even in late April. From Fall River, Massachusetts, comes some mighty interesting dope on encouraging birds in the shape of a letter from C. E.

(Continued on page 418)

"We got the birds so tame that they would eat from our hands, light on our shoulders and belts and caps.

mother bird kept flying closer and closer and finally landed on the boy's hand, feeding its young one. This stunt attracted every bird nut in camp and soon we were all there, each taking turns at holding the little bird. And the deuce of it is, Bob, that there wasn't a big camera in camp at the time and none of the pictures taken with the little boxes are fit to reproduce.

The chap that you see in the chickadee picture with me is a six foot six, seventeen year old husky. He is one of the best bird photographers I know and is Paul Samson, the son of the chap I told you about in the beginning of this narration.

Yours,

Louis A. Klewer.

Louis has been having a great time all winter with the various birds that stuck around near Toledo. Regarding the species observed during the cold months, he says:

"Even through the winter, we have quite a number of species here. New Year's Day I made a list of twenty-one—some of the rarer ones being a robin, cow-

Plant a Bass

Edited by B. F. WILDER

And Make Your Home Fishing Better

By A. W. BECKFORD

WHEN B. F. Wilder's first article on bass planting appeared in this magazine, I said: "There is a man after my own heart; he believes in leaving some fish for the other fellow and for those who are to come after us."

This is a matter in which I have been interested for a number of years, though prior to 1914 all my efforts had been toward re-stocking the trout streams from which, in my boyhood days, I had been usually sure of catching a "mess" of trout. For a number of years those streams had been yielding fewer and fewer fish, partly on account of the greater number of fishermen and partly because the woods around them had been cut off; then I found that I could get trout fry from our State Fish and Game Commission, and for several years I practiced re-stocking. This was not always successful; but when our Fish Commissioner began to distribute fingerlings instead of fry, much better results were attained and if the brooks were at all suitable, the fishing was greatly improved within a couple of years. But I started to write about bass.

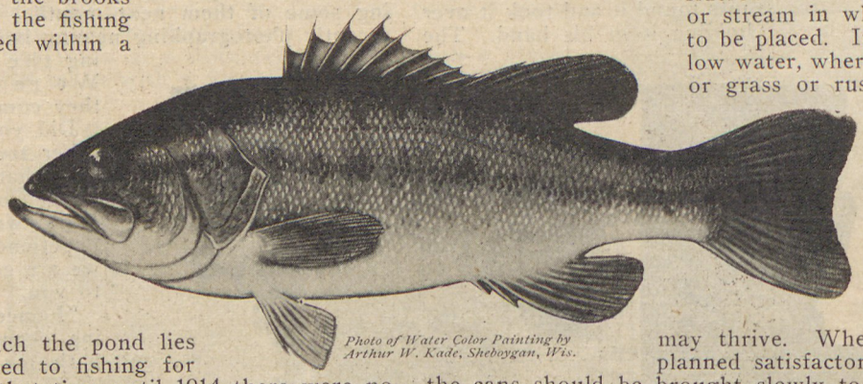

Photo of Water Color Painting by Arthur W. Kade, Sheboygan, Wis.

About 1872 a pond of perhaps one hundred acres, near Danvers, Mass., was stocked with bass by the Massachusetts Fish Commission at the request of the town in which the pond lies and the waters closed to fishing for three years. From that time until 1914 there were no bass added and the fishing was very uncertain; practically there was none, for it was only once in a while that a bass was caught. But in 1914 I secured about one thousand small mouth bass fingerlings from the State Commissioner and put them in the pond. Two years later I fished it and could at any time take eight or ten bass with the fly. From that time on anyone fishing for bass was quite sure of a fair string, which shows that planting bass in that pond was a success.

My first experience with large mouth bass was in 1919. Then I secured three hundred and fifty fingerlings from the United States Fish Commissioner, in the manner which has been described in this magazine, and planted them in a river which had never had any bass. This stream is about twenty miles long and varies in width from ten to twenty feet with the usual coves filled with lilies and rushes, making the kind of water and surroundings that big mouth bass like. In 1921 I put in one hundred and fifty more, a few of which were seven inches long.

During the summer of 1921 I heard of several being hooked and of one, weighing about a pound, being landed; but as the public were ignorant that bass had been planted in the stream, these fish were hooked on pickerel and perch tackle and so escaped. In 1922 several bass were taken, and as the catches were spread over a distance of five miles and the fish were of widely differing sizes, this showed that they had adapted themselves to the river and had bred. One bass weighed three pounds, probably one of those planted in 1919, though it might have been one of the seven-inch fish of 1921.

When planting, one of the important things to be considered is the section of the pond or stream in which the fish are to be placed. It should be shallow water, where there are rocks or grass or rushes, to give the fry a chance to get away from the larger fish, and they should be widely distributed so that if one lot is killed another may thrive. When this has been planned satisfactorily, the water in the cans should be brought slowly to the temperature of the water to be stocked by pouring water from the pond or stream into the contents of the can, after which the stock is liberated. That's all there is to it.

I am proud to be identified with the "Plant a Bass" movement. It needs only a little effort on our part to accomplish much and certainly we must do something if we are to give opportunity to our sons and daughters to fish and catch something. When we go fishing we have only to take a pail and place part of our catches in waters where there are no bass. That will help a lot, and if we can plant some fry or fingerlings, that will help a lot more. So let's all get busy and try to make the fishing better instead of saying that the fishing is spoiled. All of it is right up to us, and the Izaak Walton League Monthly is setting us a good example.

OUT FISHIN'

An anonymous contribution

A feller isn't thinkin' mean,
Out fishin'
His thoughts are mostly good and clean,
Out fishin',
He doesn't knock his fellow-men,
Or harbor any grudges then,
A feller's at his finest when,
Out fishin'.
The rich are comrades to the poor,
Out fishin';
All are brothers of a common lure,
Out fishin'
The urchin with the pin and string,
Can chum with millionaire and king,
Vain pride is a forgotten thing,
Out fishin'.

A feller gets a chance to dream,
Out fishin',
He learns the beauties of the stream,
Out fishin'
An' he can wash his soul in air
That isn't foul with selfish care,
An' relish plain and simple fare,
Out fishin'.
A feller has no time for hate,
Out fishin'
He isn't eager to be great,
Out fishin'
He isn't thinkin' thoughts of self,
Or goods stacked high upon his shelf—
But he is always just himself,
Out fishin'.

A feller's glad to be a friend,
Out fishin'
A helpin' hand he'll always lend,
Out fishin',
The brotherhood of rod and line,
An' sky and stream is always fine,
Men come real close to God's design,
Out fishin'.
A feller isn't plottin' schemes,
He's only busy with his dreams,
Out fishin'.
His livery is a coat of tan,
His creed to do the best he can,
A feller's always mostly man,
Out fishin'.

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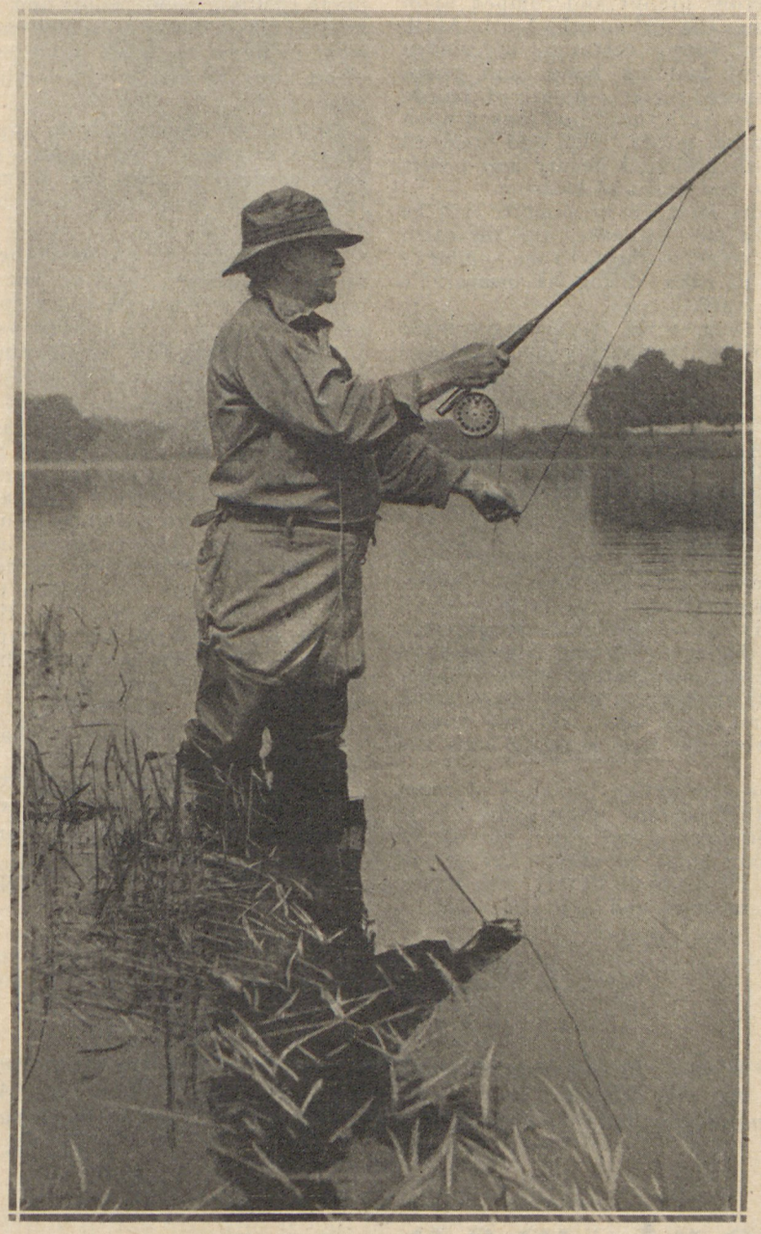
Are Black Bass Worth a Fight?

By WILL H. DILG

A plea to the Sportsmen and Law Makers of Illinois

SPORTSMEN of Illinois, I have a plea to make to you. You all know what a terrible blot upon the conservation escutcheon of America is the game and fish code of Illinois. There is but one gamefish law on the statute books of Illinois — and that is the restriction of fishing within 100 feet of a dam. And, incidentally, there is at the present time a bill before the Senate for the abolishment of that one lone law.

In Illinois game fish may be caught by any possible method, at any possible time, in any possible way and in any possible numbers. Is it any wonder that with such damnable lack of protection the once magnificent game fish resources of our state are practically used up? Illinois, land of a thousand streams once alive with the gamest of game fish, black bass — Illinois, stripped, robbed, denuded of this heritage. In short, gamefish laws of Illinois, as I have been repeating and repeating and repeating to you, are a disgrace to the entire country as well as a burning shame to Illinois.



The "V. P." on the Kankakee.
Thomas Ambrose, vice president, of the I. W. L. A., and father of Illinois' model fish bill.

Mr. Thomas Ambrose, the Vice President of the Izaak Walton League of America has drawn up a model bill for Illinois, a **good** bill, a fair, square, sportsmanlike bill, a copy of which follows:

THE IZAAK WALTON LEAGUE BILL

Senate Bill No. 214 as amended, introduced in the upper house of the Illinois Legislature on Wednesday, Mar. 14, by Senator Schultze of Chicago, chairman of the senate committee on fish and game, is known as the Izaak Walton bill and is designed to remedy to the greatest possible extent the deplorable conditions in this state.

The bill, which has the approval and support of the division of fish and game of the department of agriculture contains the following provisions:

1. **Open season for black bass from June 16 to Nov. 30.**
2. A minimum size limit of ten inches.
3. A maximum daily bag limit of ten.
4. A fishing license of one dollar for all males over 18 years of age.
5. Fishing in preserved waters by hand only with hook or hooks and line, with or without a rod.
6. Commercial fishing for clams in preserved waters from June 16 to Nov. 30 only.

This bill has been amended and in spite of the earnest efforts of Mr. Ambrose in its behalf, he was obliged to be content with the following change.

Open season for black bass from May 25th to Nov. 30th.

Sportsmen of Illinois—think! The date for opening in five bordering sister states **used to be Memorial Day** — changed because of the proof that bass were not through spawning on that date—should Illinois pass a law proved so inadequate that her surrounding sister states have abandoned it years ago? God forbid.

Mr. Ambrose has worked hard in the preparation of the perfect bill which he submitted to the Illinois legislature—he made every effort in his appearance before the Senate committee recently in Springfield to defend and to maintain his original date of June 15th, for the official opening of the black bass season. Being utterly unable to gain the point of a June 15th opening date, he was obliged to compromise on May 25th as against the proposed date of May 1st.

(Continued on page 422)

The Outdoor Woman

By MARGUERITE IVES

NOW that March, that playboy of the year, has played his boisterous pranks and romped upon his way, here comes the girl month, April. April, month of sudden, sunny ecstasies, of sudden showery tears; month of budding hopes and plans, month of sweet, shy whispered secrets—month of Youth.

It was indeed, I think, in April that "God looked upon his work and saw that it was good." God had breathed upon the world, and with potential beauty and power it could proceed to grow and bud and blossom.

The beauty of outdoors later on in summer will be obvious, but to clothe the trees in leaves and the earth in grass and shrub and flower, in short, to see summer's vision in the bareness of early spring, is inseparable with the daring of only April.

To ignore or be indifferent to the fascinating process of the unfoldment from April's tiny, budding leaf and sprouting grass to the first white star flowers of spring, "those fair and frail divinities," is to be as stupid as the mother of a fourteen-year-old girl who has regard only for when the child's skirts should go down, and her hair go up, disregarding all the subtle, whimsical, charming changes from spring to summer time.

So, dear outdoor women, take time from cares of spring house cleaning and planning on a graduation frock for Mary and a summer's camp for Jack, and **watch** some bit of woods, or even one tiny spot somewhere outdoors or one tree. Watch it every day; you'll find yourself loving every ray of sunlight that warms it and every drop of rain that waters it and later when it has emerged fully into summer maturity you will remember with an amazing tenderness, quite as you think of John and Mary's first steps, how odd and young, and eager and plucky were the little bursting buds and unfurling leaves.

After all, it's the same ever acting principle of cause and effect; the cause, the inherent, never-dying life in all nature; the effect, Summer in her glory, but oh, let us appreciate the pleasant steps between. Let us not forget to acknowledge the embryo beauty, the innate Godhood of plain dirt and bark and root and mold.

I believe that interest and sympathy with the beginnings of things and people and ideas is a largely feminine quality. Success, achievement, ultimate victory is what intrigues the male mind, but isn't the initial birth of an idea, the first bright dreams of its fulfillment, joy unequaled?

Newton, seeing the famous apple fall; Watt, dreaming dreams in the famous teapot's steam; could any later acknowledged triumph give them a greater or more delirious thrill than those first inspired conceptions of achievements?

But we need the vision—others had watched falling apples and hissing tea pots, but had not had the vision and the comprehension to grasp the great principle involved—so it is with Nature—each month if we will but watch her with loving and understanding hearts she will teach us invaluable lessons of faith, of perseverance, of courage.

Because of memories of storms that have beaten mercilessly upon her and uprooted her trees and torn them limb from limb, has she any fear? And because of careless campers and tourists who have trampled and littered her loveliness with unsightly things of men, and gathered her wild flowers into great, wilting, stem-bruised masses, does she hold resentment in her heart? No, perhaps she feels that the love which the few of us hold for her is worth more than the thoughtless disregard of the many. But I think it is simply that as the personification of Love, she is impelled by the God-power within her to constantly give—give of her beauty, her inspiration, her perfect, unquestioning joy in being.

We may join with her in that joy; especially in the spring when mere existence is a delight. Look about you, Outdoor Women, and watch the miracles that are taking place right under your eyes.

Remember the words of dear "R. L. S.," "In every wood, if you go with a spirit properly prepared, you shall hear the note of Pan's pipe."

MARGUERITE IVES

Outdoor Women, in case you feel you have nothing to write me about yourselves, I hope that this delightful little story by Miss Alvia Bartholomew, or "Apples," will remind you that you have most interesting stories to tell of that "particular sportsman" of yours.

My Sportsman

By "APPLES"

ONE night last month, I listened spellbound while Dr. Preston Bradley told the Illinois Izaak Walton League Convention of his love for the Great Outdoors, for the sportsmen who loved it, too. And while I was pounding out the story of his address for my paper, it struck me, all of a heap, that I have a Sportsman of my own.

More years ago than he cares to admit, he was born in Lodi, Wisconsin. And about two years later his brother came along. Luckily there was another family with two boys, almost the same ages, in the same town. Boys who loved to spend both day and night in the woods. My Sportsman's famous Bishop cousin, Jim Bartholomew of Boston, vouches for the truth of the statement that they used to "run down" squirrels before they possessed guns! Picture a boy of today so fleet of foot that he could tire a squirrel until the animal fell from the trees and was captured. It isn't being done!

From the time when I first was, my Sportsman has taught me there is no Fear. I have seen him "break" a most fractious mustang in a few minutes, with no ill effects. An animal knows. Never forget that! Some inherent instinct tells them. And just so long as you have no fear, just so long you are master of the situation. Why, I petted a bob-cat in Texas once. Of course, I didn't know it was a bob-cat until the keeper yelled at me and I saw the chain on its foot. But the fact remains; I did pet the thing. And it didn't bite, or scratch. It humped its back, and grunted!

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My Sportsman was always bringing home pets. I can remember one time when we had homing pigeons, fourteen guinea pigs and a baby lamb in the kitchen, eight motherless puppies in the barn, four horses and a colt in the pasture, and two cats with three kittens each under the back porch! And Mother-dear always let us keep 'em all.

I cannot remember a Fall when we did not pack the big chest of my sea-going grandfather, and hang my Sportsman's clothes on the line. The house was littered with guns and shells, and bowie knives, and hatchets! And never a razor in his kit. With an old blue coat on top of two or three flannel shirts, and with his trousers tucked into felt boots, he was ready to face the north winds, and snow, and to meet the bunch . . . . that same crowd of boys grown older.

"Apples" herself.

For forty years, or more, those same men have come together for their two weeks in the Fall of the year for hunting; and two weeks in the Spring up at the Shack for "fish." When they first went to the North Woods, I think there were eleven of them. Last Fall, when my own particular Sportsman came all the way from Los Angeles to go "up to the peninsula" again, there were but five left. Their cook is always the same one, and a doctor always joins the party. In the old days, they used to take a jug up with them, but lately I've noticed they just put their Missouri Meerschaums in their pockets and watch the tobacco cans. The folks at home get one letter when the men hit the clearing before entering the woods. They write those while the cook buys the grub. That's the last we hear until the doorbell rings some weeks later, and we see a familiar looking tramp on the steps. We never have to ask "Did you get one?" Our stock question is "How big was he?"

My very own Sportsman had a queer idea that I should have been a boy. And to tell you the honest to Pete truth, I wish I HAD been one. But if I had to be a girl over again, I'd want to be raised by him. My first twenty-two was given to me on my fifth birthday. And I shot billions of tiny bullets through the air before I learned to knock the tomato can off the post! Then I had to hit a dime on a tree, and finally to knock a bottle, floating on the surface of our lake, into kingdom come! Ten cents for every bottle! But my Sportsman called a halt the afternoon I collected $1.30. That was the afternoon I graduated into a "hunter." My Sportsman handed me my gun, and my shells, and told me to "go to it" but to remember never to hit anything when it wasn't moving, and to remember that only bullets in the head counted! That is a lesson well learned!

And then, eight years ago, this Sportsman of mine came out of a railroad accident with his left leg off above the knee. We laugh now, when we talk about "learning to walk" again; but it wasn't so funny then. However, since that time I have seen him take his kit, and his gun, and spend a week in the woods in a tent, with a puppy so small that it had to be lifted over all the logs, and carried most of the way beside!

Her Sportsman.

This same sportsman, whose black hair now is silvery gray, but whose blue eyes are still the keenest, rode horseback up Mt. Lowe in California with me a year ago, game leg notwithstanding; and who came from that sunny state last November to go hunting with the "boys" is the only man in the state of Wisconsin who ever shot two bucks with one shell, and didn't have them tied!

And so, I raise my old felt hat, dripping with crystal water from the singing brook, and drink to my Sportsman, Harlow Bartholomew, who, I am oh, so proud to say, is also My Dad!

Camp Coffee

By "AUNT MARY"

Make it like this and it will be clear as brandy and delicious.

Buy two pounds of your favorite brand of coffee **unground** or for camp use a quantity may be prepared and ground at home for convenience.

Pour it unground into a dripping pan or other shallow pan. Break one fresh egg over the coffee and stir with spoon until every grain is coated with egg. Spread coffee in same pan and let the egg glazing thoroughly dry stirring it two or three times while drying.

Be careful—only one egg to two lbs. of coffee.

Have generous size coffee pot with a good handle over the top.

Allow 1 tablespoon coffee for each person and 1 extra for the pot. Add as many cups of **cold water** as you use spoons of coffee; put over the fire, let cook till it boils up just once, then dash in half cup **cold water.**

Set the pot on some live coals so it will keep very hot but prevent it from boiling again.

It is better if cream or milk is put in cup first and hot coffee poured over.

"AUNT MARY"

Arms Failures in Bush and Field

When Gun or Ammunition Failed

By HUNTERS OF THE LEAGUE
Edited by M. L. GOCHENOUR

From the other side of the globe comes an experience gained while hunting wild cattle in the Philippine Islands with home-made powder ammunition. Brother James F. Scouller, of Pontiac, Illinois, is the contributor. He call his narrative "The Fizzle,"—not A Fizzle.

SOME twenty odd years ago I was teaching in the Philippine Islands. My annual vacations were spent in hunting and I enjoyed some wonderful sport. Ducks were plentiful. Curlew were always to be found along the seashore, and snipe in the shallow rice paddies. The trees in the hemp fields furnished green pigeons and the mammoth "balod," a pigeon much larger than our tame ones; the hills were full of wild hogs and deer. Having hunted these, I longed for bigger game—"wild cattle."

During the troublesome times of the insurrection, and even after the Islands were nominally pacified, wandering bands of "ladrones" (robbers) infested the hills, taking what, when, and where, they pleased. Peaceful natives were afraid to go to the hills where their herds pastured and although the greater part of the cattle were finally recovered, here and there outlaw herds roamed at will. These animals had entirely reverted to a wild state and I was extremely anxious to get one.

With conditions somewhat unsettled, the Government had placed many restrictions in the way of getting guns and ammunition. I had a Winchester 40-70 and a loading outfit. When I came to load some cartridges for the trip after cattle, I found that some vandal had stolen the can of black powder. In an old Engineer's Handbook I found a formula for powder. A trip to some nearby caves furnished the saltpeter, the drug store the sulphur, and a little trouble the charcoal. Tried out in the shotgun and then in the rifle the results with this home-made concoction were surprisingly good.

With two carriers and supplies for several days, I took to the hills in the hilly region lying between the provinces of Capiz, Iloilo, and Concepcion. Our first day out was uneventful. Under a blistering sun, we hiked for miles over the hills, at times through cogon grass higher than our heads, but the only game sighted was a civet cat. My bullet went clear through the animal and I felt very proud of my ammunition.

We bedded down high up in the hills and after a dinner of chile con carne (out of a can) and rice, we literally "hit the hay." During the night a sudden tropical shower—we would call it a cloud burst in Illinois—soaked us to the skin. We did not mind the discomfort as there was no danger of catching cold and we felt that in the morning we could easily follow any imprints our game might leave in the soft soil.

Just after lunch the next day the glasses showed us several cattle on a burned-off knoll about a mile away. With the wind in our faces we sneaked toward the knoll, following the unburned cogon which completely concealed us. Nearing the knoll we slipped to the edge of the high grass to see before us—a bare stretch of ground. All that afternoon we followed the tracks in a great circle but never sighted the game.

On the fifth day out luck was with us. On the top of a long ridge, probably two miles away, we sighted about ten animals feeding. Stationing myself so that if the animals should follow the ridge they would pass within fifty yards, I started the carriers out in a big circle which would bring them behind the feeding animals. In the matter of a half hour the cattle began to get nervous and started slowly, then at a rapid walk, in my direction. While they were still two hundred yards away I picked out my meat—a sleek brown heifer very similar in looks and size to a small Jersey cow.

Arms Failures in Bush and Field

OUR plea for a wider variety in the contribution to this contest seems to have found its mark. The task of whipping these stories into shape requires no little effort; but the editor is not yet overwhelmed. The contest has eight months yet to run. In fact, it has only started. The purpose of this contest was to get STORIES, STORIES, and MORE STORIES, of "When Gun or Ammunition Failed." This is your contest, not mine! If those of you who read these tales enjoy them, if they arouse like memories of your own, then do your bit, for only in this way can you repay your brothers who have already rekindled the camp-fires of your own recollections!

A sort of buck fever, or possibly cattle fever, began to bother me. Every few seconds I would peek through the concealing cogon and tremble with suspense. When they came within 75 yards, I could wait no longer. Rising quickly to my feet I took aim at the prize of the bunch. Just behind her shoulder I would place a large slug of lead and it would be all over but the "kodaking!" Quickly I pulled the trigger—F I Z Z! At the sound the bunch were off. Stunned, but still hopeful, I repeated the tragedy four times.

By the time the native carriers reached me the sulphurous smoke had cleared away and they learned new English words. An examination showed each case filled with a pasty soup, the result of the first night's rain. My only trophy was the smelly hide of a none-too-beautiful civet cat. Since then I do not load my own.

If Alfred E. Swoyer, of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, had used half the painstaking in becoming acquainted with his rifle that he did looking for the buck's horns, the following deer hunting reminiscence would not have graced these pages:

TWENTY-ONE years ago I went on my first deer hunt; nineteen years later I saw my first buck. He was a big buck, a smashing big buck, but—!

I was the next to the last in the line of standers. Stepping to one edge of a fireline, so as not to be in the line of any chance shot which a careless hunter might send down the opening, I brushed the dried leaves from the top of a flat stone upon which to take my stand. Leaning comfortably against a dead pine, I glanced up the fireline toward a turn to see whether Bigart, the last man, had passed out of range. He was walking towards the bend, about 150 yards away—and between us, watching me from behind a clump of white birch, was the biggest deer that I had ever seen. The birches completely hid his head, but he was so large that his sides stuck out from each side of the birch bush.

This was my first deer, and apparently the time had arrived for me to have buck-fever. Perhaps I was immune from years of grouse and quail shooting; at any rate, I was never cooler in my life. I realized that if I moved, the deer would jump and that I would not dare to shoot because it would be directly in line with my partner. I could not cut loose through the birches because, although morally certain that it was a buck, I could not see the horns. There was nothing to do but wait until Bigart had rounded the corner and was out of range.

It seemed an hour before he was out of sight around the turn. Finally, he disappeared and after allowing a moment more for good measure, I stepped to one side with the idea of either forcing the deer out into the open or being able to poke a .30-30 into him from around the birches. As I moved, the deer reared up from behind his cover, and I never saw a prettier sight in my life! The sun was just coming up, and its rays played upon that deer like a spot-light, giving the finest set of horns in Pike County a touch of silver. I cracked down on him—and just as I was about to squeeze the trigger, Bigart appeared directly in line! I afterwards learned that some sort of instinct had warned him of the deer behind, and he had "pussy-footed" quietly back along the trail.

In a flash the big buck was across the fire line and stood behind a half-fallen tree whose upper end was supported by a dead oak; all of the lower part of his body was covered by the leaning tree and his head and foreshoulders were protected by the standing oak. I resolved instantly to try for a shot at his backbone—the distance was only sixty yards or so—and, standing on my toes so as to clear the down log as much as possible with my bullet, I pulled the bead well down into the notch and touched her off. With the crack of the rifle, there was one re-

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sounding crash in the brush and all was silence.

I was positive that I had broken the deer's back and that the crash that I had heard was his death plunge; so, after waiting five or ten minutes, I walked confidently down to dress and hang up my meat. A most careful search failed to show any dead deer or even a spot of blood!

Meantime, Bigart had joined me and we went over to trace the course of the bullet. After a moment's search, we found where the ball had barely grazed the top of the fallen tree, glanced and clipped a handful of hair from the top of the big buck's back. My chance of a lifetime had gone glimmering!

No! it was not altogether the fault of the gun. My own rifle was at the factory for repairs, and I was using an exact mate to it owned by a friend—but this friend had just had new sights put on and experiment developed that the gun (for me, at least) shot nearly two inches low at sixty yards. I had been fool enough to take a strange gun into the woods without targeting it—a practice that I had preached against all my life—and as a result had missed a big buck at a range where I would almost expect to be able to shoot the ashes from a cigar. Never again!

Now again comes A. Osborne Mayer, of the Village of Waterville, County of Oneida, State of New York, illustrator de luxe of his own stories, who, after being duly sworn, upon his oath deposes and says:—

I BLUSH to this day when I recall that I asked two of my older sportsmen friends to take me on my first duck hunt. Like the good sports that they were they allowed they'd be delighted, so I went along.

the shack way out on the marsh long after dark. After laying out the hunting clothes and assembling the guns we tumbled in for a few short hours sleep often interrupted by the beat of sleet on the walls and roof. There is little need to linger on any description of the process or sensation of crawling out long before daylight in the chilly air. Duck hunters know the proverbial misery of it all.

Jack, one of the "sports," started away in the gloom with old Ob at oars of the little duck boat. Bobby and I placed our fortunes in the hands of a young boatman whose name has now escaped me. He has been more frequently referred to by an expletive. Read further and all will be explained!

Nosing along in the dark, the sharp tinkle of breaking ice would occasionally come to our ears as the boatman forced the punt through the reeds. Finally the boat was placed to his satisfaction behind a thin screen of flags and rushes, the decoys were out and we settled down to WAIT and FREEZE.

The sky began to lighten and occasionally we would catch the silhouettes of passing ducks outlined against the crimson. We did not see many and our hopes dropped lower and lower as we sat on the bottom of the boat, huddled in all the clothes we owned. That is, the "sports" were huddled. The young boatman defied cold in a truly remarkable way.

Looking out over the water for the hundredth time, we saw a small flock of "whistlers" coming directly for the decoys. Commands of "Steady! Don't move!" were passed back and forth in undertones. We watched them as on and on they came, when suddenly our boatman jumped to his feet. There was a tremendous roar from his old ten

man lost his name and was given more fitting titles. He was profuse in his apologies and protested that "the second barrel jarred off."

There was nothing to do but pull for the shack for a CHANGE. Now the boatman running true to form did another remarkable thing! He climbed out on a muskrat lodge and vowed that he would remain there until we returned. I believe he preferred the cold air to our warm remarks. We were not so sure we wanted to return but assured him someone would call for him, if only the undertaker.

Bobby now took the oars while I bailed with a rapidly freezing hat. After a complete change to dry rags, we were out again when we met Jack and old Ob. Jack was pale as snow, his lips were blue and he was wringing wet. Ob was wet but still preserved his old leather color.

They had duplicated our experience. Jack had a ten gauge double gun which had spoken all the pieces it knew at one and the same time, and Ob and Jack went UNDER their boat.

We then went after our culprit, found him alive, and brought him back to the fireside.

Truly this was a ducking trip!

Preachers are always good story tellers. We are always, and quite properly, expected to accept their tales as Gospel. The Reverend Paul Turner, of the First Presbyterian Church of Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, runs true to form when he confesses.

I WAS born and reared in central Illinois. As a small lad my grandfather used to hold me on his knee and tell me of his deer hunting days back in Pennsylvania. I thought then that I might someday, somewhere, see a deer running wild in the heavenly woods, but

The light boat tipped and we went down into the cold wet water.

That hunt is becoming longer ago every minute. The marsh where it occurred has been pretty well drained. Memory is about all that remains of that scene and I know it will linger longer than the recollection of many more recent trips; so forcefully was it impressed upon our minds.

The season was too late for first-class shooting. Ice was forming and as Ob, the head guide, asserted with embellishments and inapt comparison, it was COLD as ——! We had reached

gauge as both barrels spit fire. The light boat tipped and we went down into the cold, wet water. Do you wonder I remember this hunt? From personal observation I can't say what next happened to Bobby and the boatman as my "conning tower" was three feet under water. Both of my feet were in the boat, but somehow I managed to put the butt of my gun on the sandy bottom, and with help, clawed back into the punt where we all managed to arrive in due time. Right there that boat-

never in Illinois, for my parents were very poor.

After returning from the late disturbance in France, I found myself a minister in a small church in northern Wisconsin. Last year one of my elders asked me if I would like to spend the deer hunting season at his lumber camp, about eighty miles up in the woods. Would I? The story of four days long and hard wait near a hard wood ridge for the buck which was finally wounded

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What Are You Getting Out Of It?

By JAMES A. LAWRIE
Secretary, Sportsmen's Club of Duluth

Etching by Lee Sturges

THIS caption, although interrogatory, is not prompted by idle curiosity nor a desire to dictate too much of your own views and ways, but if possible, to open to your vision and accomplishment much more than may now be within your scope or possibilities.

The question has to do with your outings afield for game or fish and the answer is largely relative. Years of observation of many friends and acquaintances in outdoor life have shown me a great variety of types, some to my mind much more desirable as friends than others; some, too, that have made rapid progress in such desirability and yet leaving so many in that condition of mind that might be classed as purely transient and material.

With that profligacy so characteristically American, we have despoiled and destroyed our natural outdoor beauty spots, exterminated much of our fish and game, until of late, since the reaction has come upon us, there is now so little left that we are alarmed for our future along outdoor recreational lines.

There is now pervading the minds of our sportsmen and outdoor lovers the sentiment expressed by Emerson Hough in his splendid editorial in the Izaak Walton League Monthly —"It is Time to Call a Halt;" and all over the land they are calling "Halt" in no uncertain tones. Individually and collectively sportsmen of this country are taking the cue from friend Emerson and not only calling "Halt" but are themselves "halting" in their own practices afield.

"Treasurable Memories of the Venturings of Our Woodland Friends."

Individual conversion to the new regime is the first requisite toward collective effort in inaugurating it.

"What are **you** getting out of it" is distinctively an individual interrogation intended not so much to elicit a reply as to cause a halt and an introspection of one's own activities with the rod and gun, with possibly a turn about face in our own individual goings and comings.

Do you regard of higher value the material contents of your creel and bag, or the many treasurable memories acquired by the way? How much of the pleasure of your outings depends upon a mess of fish or game and how much upon those incidents of the trip not directly associated with taking the life of the wild creatures?

I am not of those who demand that you leave the rod and gun at home. I am too fond of their moderate use myself. Neither do I charge our sportsmen generally with outlawry. Neither do I desire to set a limit on a man's kill or catch. The object of this question is to open to any who may not now so regard it, additional possibilities for enjoyment of their outings aside from the net results in game or fish taken. Point of view and temperament are very large factors in our lives, temporal and spiritual, and many may not agree with views expressed here. However, as time goes on and acquaintance with the fraternity extends, I am pleasurably surprised to learn of how large a number of sportsmen entertain my own views of sportsmanship. I want to make this article more a series of questions than an arbitrary statement of facts. Let every reader answer for himself the questions in the light of his own experiences and desires. With any given outing is your pleasure three fold? That of anticipation, realization, and finally retrospection? Can you or do you let the joy and pleasure of the occasion so over-balance the tiresome, tedious and disagreeable features, so unavoidable in most trips, that you can forget the lesser for the greater? Though packsack straps cut deep into the shoulder muscles, and the load grows heavy on the back, and the footing more and more uncertain, can you be thankful that you have the opportunity of getting out into the open places, that you can overcome and forget the hard stuff in the supreme joy of your own ability to conquer and rise above these lesser troubles? After a long careful stalk of wary game, if it disappears from view without a shot or even if you shoot and miss, so that your game escapes unwounded, can you rejoice in your ability to make that stalk and in the thought that there still exists on earth some wild life to afford you another trial? If your stalk and shot are successful in bringing game to bag, is your pleasure merely that of acquiring so much meat, or is it accentuated by the knowledge that by your studies and practiced wood craft you have outwitted the keen sensed creature of the wild?

When you have hooked that big one that sometimes gets away, do you hasten his escape with profane expressions of disgust, or do you say—"Go it, old fellow."

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Mostly About Boys

By OLD BILL

Recommended to the oldsters as well as the youngsters

WELL, boys, I have just returned from Long Key, Florida, where as I told you in our last issue I went to have a good time with my old fishing pal, Zane Grey. He is not only a great American writer and sportsman, as you know, but he is a real human being and loves boys just as does Old Bill. I know a lot of these great writers and some of 'em are as temperamental as a grand opera prima donna, but you can bet your last marble that he is not that kind. I know you boys would love him just as I do.

There must be at least a copy or two of Zane Grey's books in your home, and I hope you kids will look 'em up and go to 'em and then you will know more about my friend than I'm able to tell you. A man who likes wild places and the kind of men Zane Grey loves to write about and make as his heroes can't help but be a fine man —now can he, boys?

I promised our Editor to write a story for a later issue of our magazine about the sailfishing Zane and I had at Long Key and so I must not write much about sailfish here, but confidentially I caught a seven-footer and he stood up on his tail and waltzed over the top of the sea like a flash of dancing silver. It was a splendid sight, I can tell you, and worth the long trip by rail of three nights and two days. My sailfish is now at the taxidermist's and I intent to present it to the Chicago Chapter of the Izaak Walton League to hang up in their Club rooms which we are now planning to bring about.

Zane Grey said he would prove to me that I couldn't land a bonefish on light black bass tackle, and he did it, too. It was funny. I had no doubt that I could do it easily, and I was so condescendingly cock sure and so hard to convince that I almost made him mad one morning before breakfast talking about how easily I could do it.

Little Jimmy Gilbert of Wayne, Mich., with a three pound bass he has just landed.

After breakfast we started forth for bonefish and Zane was so anxious to show me up that he ordered out the launch and we made quite a long trip up the gulf so that we could be in the lea of Concha Island and not be disturbed by a rather strong east wind. His brother, "R. C." and his constant companion by land or sea, came with us too. Only "R. C." fished alone while Zane and I fished together. Zane wanted me close at hand so that he could witness Mr. Bonefish tear up my light black bass tackle.

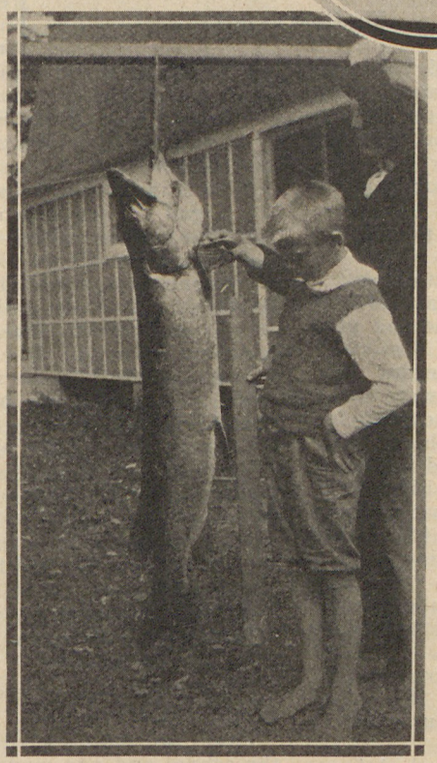
In less than ten minutes Zane was into a fish but even though I saw as great a demonstration as I ever expect to see of a fighting fish, and the master handling of it, I was still unconvinced and certain of my ability to manage any old bonefish on my tackle. I was, however, beginning to look at my tackle with some doubt, even though I still stood pat. Zane's fish made a straight run of fully four hundred feet for deep water just the instant it felt the hook. He worked his fish four separate times close enough to the boat to see his silver sides as it dashed through the water with lightning-like speed. He finally reeled in the fish to my waiting landing net, but when we looked at the fish it was stone dead, it having fought until the last atom of life had left its indescribably beautiful silver body. It was a seven-pounder, and it seemed incredible that such a little fish could put up so big and speedy a battle.

The history of the first feel I had of a bonefish is told in just three little words and it all happened so quickly that I'm still vague about it. The three words are **Wham** —that represents the first second after I hooked the fish, the second word is **Zip,** that represents at the most three seconds as the fish rushed for deep water—the third word is **Bing** and that represents the sound of my No. 6 silk black bass line as it broke.

All in all, we fished three days for bonefish and I stuck to my light bass tackle—not because I really wanted to do it, but because Zane wanted to prove to me beyond all shadow of a doubt that bonefish can't be caught on my kind of bait casting tackle. I never was lucky enough or unlucky enough to hook another fish so all I can tell you about bonefish is that they are amazing fish and between us I am not even half certain that if I had had another chance that I could have delivered the goods.

I saw R. C. Grey hook and land an eight pound thirteen ounce bonefish and the fight it made can't be put into words, anyway, I can't do it. "R. C." half promises to give our magazine a monthly series of stories and memories about the camps and camp fires of Zane Grey's trails after material for stories in the wildest and remotest parts of the west. I hope he does it because if he does he will give you boys many a happy evening, and that goes for Dad, too. I must not close without telling you kids that Zane Grey holds the world record for bonefish. His record fish weighed ten pounds and two ounces, and it now hangs in the hotel office at Long Key for all men to see.

Now boys, you kids are not coming up to scratch and helping me to make this department of our League's magazine a success. I am not getting anything like the number of letters I expect and I don't like to scold, but honest, kids, I want you to write me and tell me about your plans for this coming summer. Maybe you intend to camp and build balsam bough beds and sleep under the stars. Write me any old thing about yourselves—you are never going to get acquainted with Old Bill unless you meet him half way.



Young Howard J. Fisk of Falconer, N. Y., and a 31 pound muskie.

On Clemente Shores

By ROMER ZANE GREY

Second Installment

THE next morning we got up early and had breakfast and went out after bass. The rest of the crowd were just eating when we tied up at the mooring. Johnny as usual got the first bite. He was a beauty, all gold underneath and a bronze colored back with black blotches here and there.

"Four pounds if he weighs an ounce," I declared.

"Don't be too sure," replied Johnny.

"Why not try giving them the butt," I suggested?

"Just the thing," said Johnny triumphantly.

We tried it and we had two fish in no time.

"Great idea," observed Johnny with sweat on his face as he was struggling with what he said was a little one, but I looked at the bend in his rod and said,

"That's a big fish, Johnny."

He began to think so too in a little while so I wound in my line and looked down. I was practically dumfounded at seeing a great brown bass that looked as if he would weigh seven pounds at the least and maybe more. I told Johnny to be very careful, and I got the gaff. The fish was coming up now. He gave one more last run and then I gaffed him. Johnny fell down on the back seat and said:

"I've had enough; you catch some."

I fished a while longer and caught a few more. Then they called us for lunch. We weighed Johnny's big one and he tipped the scales at six and one-fourth pounds—a real bass.

The Osprey's nest.

After lunch we went up the beach and explored around the osprey's nest. It is a lava pillar sticking up off the beach about 25 or 30 feet high on the top of which an osprey had built its nest. The nest is made of small branches.

"Well, Buddy, how is the fishing," said Doc Wiborn to me at supper that night.

"Oh fine," I replied. "Johnny got one six pounds."

"Great," he exclaimed.

Johnny and I went out to watch the sunset after supper. It was beautiful. There was a great red belt with yellow streaks and surrounded with blue and purple, then blending into the gray of the dusk. Gradually the sun sank and with it went the life of the day. No more eagles flew about and no more goats were to be seen. No breakers but silence unbroken except for little waves. Gradually the moon came out shining pale through the mist until it rose out to shine and flicker on the water. All happened so quickly: it was like magic. Johnny and I went out farther away to find that we were not the only ones that appreciated the beauty of Clemente or the sunset for there was my father sitting watching the moon come out. We went back to camp and went to our tent to write about all the wonderful and majestic things we had seen and then went to bed to dream about them.

Next day Johnny and I decided to go out on the Gladiator and watch them catch a swordfish. We rowed out to the boat and getting on board got our cameras ready to take photographs.

The sea was smooth this morning so we worked down towards the east end. Dad told me to hold the rod so I did. As we were passing the east end I glanced over to the reef to see a gigantic wave come crashing in and breaking on the rocky point. Just then something tugged at my line and I let him run.

"Strike," I yelled as Capt. Sid threw out the clutch. Dad said to let him run and pretty soon I struck. I felt something heavy for a minute and then no more. I had struck too soon. We went on again and presently turned up towards Long Point. It was warm and sunny so I sat out on deck. I was just getting settled down when Dad jumped down from the crow's nest and yelled swordfish. I gazed over to the west and sure enough three tails were sticking up and surging along the surface at a fast rate.

"Hurry! Get a bait," yelled Dad.

By the time we got a bait out they were way off but Johnny yelled down from on top that he still saw them. We asked him where and he pointed way east. We speeded over there and gradually got a bait in front of the second one. He took it slowly and stayed on the surface but presently he went down.

"Better strike now," said Dad as he yanked the rod three or four times. Johnny and I worked in the direction of the line and in a second a shiny purple body slid from the water wiggling and slapping its gills. I heard a camera click and then realized that I had a camera in my own hands. This made me get ready for the next leap. The reel buzzed and finally after taking about one hundred feet of line the swordfish came out again but too far away for a picture. Then he sounded. Dad labored over the reel and finally took in a lot of the line he had lost. Just then the line became slack.

"Hurry, Sid, get the gaff," yelled Dad, "he's coming towards the boat."

All was in confusion then. Uncle Jack got a rope and Sid a gaff. Then a wonderful thing happened. The fish came out on his tail and practically walked twenty-five feet on his tail and then went under. Automatically my camera snapped. This is a wonderful feat of the Marlin swordfish—to walk on his tail when hooked. He does it in order to shake the hook. The fish made a few more leaps and then was easily brought to the gaff. While near the boat he was a blazing purple with blue stripes, a beautiful fish but he did not remain that way after taken on board.

Then we ate lunch. After lunch we sighted a school of large tuna. Then tuna began leaping all around us. Here was a chance to get even with our wonderful Hercules. I jumped down in the cockpit and asked Dad to hook Uncle Jack on to a large tuna, perhaps a hundred pounder. He said he would, so I jumped back up and told Johnny about it. Uncle Jack was from the coast and had never caught a big fish.

"Want to hook a tuna, Jack?" asked Uncle Rome.

"Sure," he replied.

"You won't feel so good afterwards," chuckled Uncle Rome. Jack laughed.

Capt. Sid put up a kite. We circled around towards the school and one made a smashing strike and missed. Then another got the bait and rushed off. The kite broke off and descended to the surface. Jack held on

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tight and began to pump. He pumped for a while and then stopped to take a breath.

Jack kept on and after twenty minutes began to get red in the face.

"No, don't stop," said Dad. "That will give him a chance to rest."

"Why, that's just a little fish," said Uncle Rome. "You ought to pull him in easy."

Presently as the fish pulled harder and harder and we kidded Uncle Jack about it he said, "Why in the deuce don't you let me rest?" He kept doggedly on laboring over the rod like a tired, exhausted runner and finally I asked:

"Had enough?"

"Dog gone it!" he yelled, "what do you think I am anyway!"

After about fifteen minutes more he landed the fish, over one hundred pounds. We caught three more and then started towards camps.

This story by R. H. Blythe, Jr., is a mighty good little story. If I had more time I would have an illustration made for it. I hope it will inspire all you boys to get to work and also send in stories, and don't forget snapshots of yourselves.

The Terrible Lesson

By R. H. BLYTHE, Jr.

THE day was perfect. It was just the time to take a trout from the clear, cool water of the stream that ran through the fishing club's preserve. The mind of Tom Hardwick turned toward these thoughts.

Now Tom was not overly scrupulous about the manner in which he took trout. The rules of the club of which he was a member and in whose stream he planned to fish said that when fishing in the club's stream you must use a barbless hook. Tom Hardwick did not stick to the just and right laws of the club. He had often used a barbed hook when fishing in the club's stream.

On this day in particular, Tom desired to catch a good-sized trout. He started out about ten-thirty with this idea in mind. He got to the beautiful little stream about eleven o'clock. He rigged up his tackle and started to fish. He caught a small chub after about five minutes fishing and decided to save it for bait in spite of the fact that the club rules said that nothing was to be used for bait except artificial flies. He did not use it right away as he was not in the best part of the stream. Tom fished with little success until he felt hungry. Then he cooked several of the little trout he had caught over a small fire, and began to eat his lunch. He smoked his pipe after lunch and took a short nap.

When he woke up, he started immediately for the best part of the stream. He soon arrived and started fishing.

Tom cast three or four times before he had a strike. After two or three casts he hooked and landed an eleven-inch trout. He fished up and down the stream a little way and caught a few more small ones. But his blood was up and he wanted a whopper to hit his line.

Tom had been fishing just above a part of the stream that ran through a marsh. He had fished for perhaps about three-quarters of an hour when he saw a giant trout leap three feet out of water down in the marsh-fringed part of the stream. The swamp was known to be very treacherous but Tom wanted that fish very badly. So he decided to risk the dangers of the swamp.

Before he went in, however, he took off the barbless hook and put on a barbed one because he did not want to risk losing that fish if he hooked it.

He waded carefully into the swamp and climbed to a fairly firm tuft of grass and started casting. The fish would not rise to his fly after ten or twelve casts. So he took off the fly and put on another one with the same luck. Tom tried time and again to suit the taste of that fish but all to no avail. Suddenly he thought of the chub he had caught in the morning. It would be just the thing! Then he remembered the rules of the club. But what of them, he had often violated them before. He could do it again.

Removing the fly he replaced it with a hook and soon had the chub on it securely. Tom cast, no luck, he tried again—a swirl—a smashing strike—the fish was on. He eased the fish a little and let him run; the trout headed for the rocky bed of the stream. He stopped the rush with a quick upward jerk of the rod. The fish was off again, this time up the stream. Tom stepped forward a little to fight the great battler better. He had the trout coming his way now, it would soon be his. "The speckled beauty is tiring fast," thought Tom, but just then the giant of the waters made a fierce rush for the bottom. He stopped him. The trout came to the surface and leaped four feet out of water in a magnificent arc, attempting to shake the hook out of his mouth. But this was the brave fish's last rush. Tom worked him in slowly and steadily. At last the man had triumphed over the fish that was fighting for his life. He stepped forward to get the brave fish in the landing net.

A sudden cry came from him as he started to sink into the soft ooze of the terrible swamp. He threw down his rod and tried to pull his feet out of the sucking mud, but the heavy boots kept firmly in the mud. The more he struggled the faster he sank so he started to cry for help. His cries grew more and more terrified as he sank lower in the mud. He clawed frantically at the grass and tried to pull himself out, crying for help all the time. He sank almost up to his hips. His past life came back to him in a flash. He remembered the times he had violated the club rules. If he only could get out, he would never again use a barbed hook or live bait when he was fishing in the club's stream.

He was up to his hips now and sinking faster. His cries for help grew weaker. Again he thought of his past life. Oh! If he could only get out of this ooze.

The torturing death was approaching. If he had to die why couldn't he die quickly and painlessly instead of this slow, torturing death that was approaching.

He redoubled his cries for help. He cried as loud as he could.

At last he heard people approaching. His heart gave a leap. The men who had heard his cries and had come to help him threw him a rope with a loop in the end of it. Tom soon had the loop under his arms and after a great deal of pulling they got him out.

His knees were shaking and he was badly frightened. He looked back at where he had been and noticed a swirling in the water. His rod lay where he had dropped it.

Tom must have that fish at any cost. He ran into the swamp and picked up his rod. He landed the fish without any trouble, then he bent down and gently but swiftly he took the hook out of the king's mouth and put him back in the water. The giant trout gave a grateful flop and was gone.

Angling Memories

By MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE
Edited by Will H. Dilg

Every Fisherman Has at Least One Good Fishing Story in His System

THERE is not a follower of Izaak Walton in the land who is not wide awake these days and thinking and planning for the fishing season just ahead. Some of our eastern brothers of the craft are already whipping their favorite trout streams and we here of the middle west are ready and waiting for May 1st.

There is just a hint of spring in the air these days even though winter has been holding on with an unusually strong grip, but 'ere this issue of our magazine goes to press old winter will have spent itself. The fishing tackle windows are again interesting and many of us feel the impulse to turn our steps toward them and window gaze just as one finds children around toy stores at Christmas time.

H. T. Sheringham, angling editor of "The Field" London, England, says of the May trout fisher—"But on a fine fresh May morning as one takes one's way to the river the streets certainly seem to be peopled entirely by the pick of humanity." Later on Mr. Sheringham says, and only one man in the world is in my opinion quite the equal of Sheringham as a writer on Angling, and that is our own Dr. van Dyke, "The trout fishers day should by all means begin at seven, or not later than quarter past, and I hope I offend no prejudices by suggesting a cup of tea and a slice of country bread and butter should be the awakening. The boots should say 'Nice drop of rain last night, sir,' when he brings them in and at the same moment a gleam of sunshine should make its way into the room to show that there is no fear of the rain spoiling the day. The morning tea after rain and in the sunlight inspires the happiest imaginings as to what will come about. Many is the noble brace of trout: (or round dozen of trout; it depends on the locality;) that I have captured soon after seven in that blessed half-hour of prognostication."

Is there one among us who has not had similar dreams on a bright May morning when bent on the business of trouting—none, I think. The truth is we anglers are poets and dreamers and can't help it. We live over our great days astream more than the devotees of any other sport, perhaps that is why our sport is really and truly the greatest sport in the world.

In truth we devotees of the game of angling love our sport so much and are so overflowing with memories that often, too often, I fear we inflict our hobby on those who cannot understand why we are so daft as to care for fishing.

I have just read the above to the wife of my bosom and the best fisherwoman with a fly rod I have ever known. Here is her reply—"How true! You bored Miss —— to desperation the other night by insisting on talking fish to the poor thing." Verily, verily, "How true," as friend wife has just remarked.

But here, my brothers, you are sure of an audience of your kind—anything you have to say to "the bugs" who read this department will be welcomed. Here is where we "birds of a feather flock together."

May I ask, my brother, are you doing your bit? Have you sent in your Angling Memory? If you haven't, don't you think it's high time for you to buy a stack of chips and put up your ante? You can't tell us that you haven't your angling memories. You are as chuck full of angling memories as a May brook is full of song.

Twenty Years Ago

By HORACE F. WOOD

LAST Sunday I was reading the Izaak Walton Monthly and I read it from cover to finish, advertisement and all. When I came to Page 228 I saw in Big Letters "ANGLING MEMORIES." "Oh Boy!" I just closed my eyes and thought back over old angling days that had passed. After a while I came too and reading further saw where you invited your readers to write a story of fishing as it did not take a professional to write one. So I thought I would write one: "my first."

As most of the memories were from fly fishermen I not being of "The Royal Family" but a bait fisherman, I wondered if a story of a Bait Fisherman would interest your readers.

I have been a Bait Fisherman for over fifty years and have caught my share of bass, pike, pickerel and muskies, as I have spent the summers for the last twenty-five years at Minocqua, Wisconsin, and have fished most of the lakes in that region.

About twenty years ago with my wife and a friend, we made a trip to Sand Lake in the Lac De Flambeau, Chippewa Indian reservation. At that time you had to have a permit from the secretary of The Interior to fish in the reservation and there had not been much fishing done in these lakes as you had to take your boats with you, and the roads were very bad. We always had to cut away two or three trees that had fallen across the road.

We left Minocqua one Thursday afternoon, intending to stay until the following Monday. We arrived at the Old Dam about 6 P. M. The Logging Company had abandoned their camps, and as most of the buildings were good we appropriated one of them that had been used by the superintendent. Everything had been left just as they had used it so we did not have to use our tents, and had plenty of good bunks and beds.

We had Billy Williams and Jim Carpenter for guides and Henry Hanson for cook, and he was a good one. I can hear his meal call yet: "You want to Hurry, Hurry," as we were always hungry, we did. Henry is now proprietor of a resort on Squirrel Lake and a good host.

We started out early Friday morning with a stiff south wind blowing, we had 1,000 good minnows and a basket of frogs, I never saw fish so hungry. We caught them as fast as we could bait our hooks; we kept none but the large ones. There was a root house at camp and as we had brought a supply of ice with us we put our fish in there.

We fished all day Friday and started out early Saturday morning. In all my fishing I never have been lucky enough to land over a five pound two ounce little mouth, but on this morning my wife caught five that weighed twenty-eight pounds. I will say that she had a time landing them.

We went in for lunch, everybody happy. No one had kept account of the fish until Henry Hanson took them to the root house, where he counted all we had caught. When Hanson came out he announced that he would be dinged if he would let us catch another bass. We had 789, and not one under two pounds. To say we were surprised would be putting it mildly, as we had had no thought of what we were doing. I have been ashamed of it many times since.

On our return to Minocqua Saturday night we had eight large gunny sacks full of bass and ice. We gave fish to every one who wanted them so that none were wasted.

Mr. Nevins who was superintendent of the fisheries of Wisconsin was present and we gave him a large portion of the bass to send to friends at Madison.

The following week Mr. Nevins took his fish car and four boats to Sand Lake where they caught 1,000 bass in two days, which they brought back alive for the Hatcheries at Minocqua. He told me that he never saw such fishing in his life before, that the bass would strike at anything offered them.

I was at Tippecanoe Lake in Indiana several years later, after we had had our supper we were all telling stories. I told this one and the next day the proprietor said to me: "Gee, that was a whopper you told last night." But remember, that was 20 years ago!

Later on in the day my wife was using a minnow, I a frog; suddenly she exclaimed "I've got one!"—"I've got one, too," I shouted. "Oh, I've lost mine," she cried, but no, when we landed him, he had both the minnow and the frog and both hooks in him. I could reel faster than my wife, thus getting the full strain of the fish and causing her to feel the slack that seemed to spell "He's off."

The Little Pond

By RUDOLPH W. KOESTER, Jr.

"ANGLING MEMORIES." The words themselves act as an open

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sesame to the treasure trove of our happiest recollections and such visions as come surging up to delight us. Visions of summer; of chaste, lovely lakes, with their wooded shores and shady nooks and coves; visions of stately rivers and happy-go-lucky little brooks, singing along through the fragrant woodland.

Think for a moment, how fortunate we fishermen are. Imagine yourself afloat on your favorite lake. It is four-thirty o'clock of a July morning and the atmosphere is cool and refreshing with no hint of the noonday heat. In the east the sky is becoming a crimson glory and the purple shadows of night are disappearing before the sun's advancing hosts; the lake is still mantled with mist that floats and undulates over its placid surface. While the boat, skilfully handled by your chum, steals quietly along the shore you are enthusiastically plying your pet caster and—sh-h, right beside that old fallen tree—careful now—there, he's on—gee, what a jump and isn't he a beauty. Surely, we ARE lucky.

But to return to my memory, which is recent and vivid.

Within walking distance of my summer home is a tiny pond, fed by springs and of fairly clear water. On a still summer's day it is almost covered with a green growth which, from a distance, resembles scum but in reality is composed of minute particles of grass-like substance; it is easily blown to one side or another on a windy day. A few lonely lily pads dot the surface to break the monotony. In size the pond is approximately one hundred and fifty by two hundred feet. For years I have passed it and never connected it in my thoughts with fish or fishing.

One afternoon last summer while riding by the pond I was attracted by two boys fishing from its rather steep bank. I stopped my machine and inquired if they were having any luck; which is, as Mr. Van Dyke so aptly puts it, the universal fishermen's greeting. The youngsters proudly exhibited a string of large shiners and a couple of catfish. Just then a bewhiskered old gentleman came trudging up the road and noticing me talking with the boys, promptly joined in the conversation.

"Yes sir, you may think I am dreaming," he said, when he had talked a while and he was about to walk on, "but I'll bet there are some big bass in this little place. We used to catch some pretty good ones years ago and there's some granddaddies in there yet, mark my words."

I laughed, but the old fellow stuck to his statement, and I then and there decided to fish the pond in the near future.

One evening, a few days later, a little friend got me some minnows from a nearby brook and early the following morning I was at the pond. First I tried several single hook plugs and a rubber frog, none of which were attractive to Mr. Bass. (At that time I much doubted his august presence in the pond.) Next I put on a ringed bass hook, leader and float; placing the latter about two and a half feet from the bait, which was a very small minnow, and cast well out. A minute later I saw my float run in a circle and then disappear. I struck immediately, on account of the tiny minnow, and landed a fine, thirteen inch yellow perch. I was agreeably surprised for, in truth, I had not expected to catch anything. I had just cast out another minnow when I heard a loud splash and turning quickly, I saw some spreading rings on the surface of the pond some distance to my left.

"I don't think that was a perch," I said, not a little excited, "the old fisherman may have been right."

I caught another perch that morning, but no bass. I tried it several times after that, using larger shiners which I took from the pond with a No. 16 hook baited with dough. The first bass I landed there was an eleven inch fighter that, coming from such a place, pleased me more than a three pounder taken from a large lake. A good many undersized bass were caught and carefully returned to the water.

Now for the unfortunate and rather ludicrous termination of my story.

One hot, lazy afternoon in September I decided to ride to the little pond and spend a quiet hour or two and I took a new tackle catalogue along to peruse. I caught two very large shiners and then no more would even nibble my tempting dough. In vain I tried to get some smaller bait, for I knew the ones I had were too large for the bass, such as I had taken from the pond, to tackle. But finally I put on a seven inch shiner and casting it well out, I lighted my pipe, took up my catalogue and (shade of Izaak Walton) lay back in the shadow cast by a large tree. From time to time I glanced at my float, which the big shiner was pulling around at a great rate. I had been reading about ten minutes when, looking up suddenly, I saw my float dive beneath the surface as if attached to a ship's anchor. I made one grand leap for my rod, soundly berating myself for my negligence; the shiner had worked itself to within eight feet of the shore. I reeled in my line so fast it fairly smoked and struck as best I could. I had just taken in the slack when a mighty bass heaved his bulk from the water, shook my hook from out his huge mouth and, with a disdainful flick of his tail, disappeared, leaving great riffles to emphasize the magnitude of my loss. Tableau vivant!

Disappointed, you ask? Why gosh, I—I—but you know how I felt. Granddaddy, you sure'll have to watch your step next season, I'm telling you.

Way Back Yonder

By J. W. OATHOUT

THE word memories seems to imply something "way back yonder" so I am going to tell you of an experience I had when Iwas a boy.

My love for fishing began to develop at a very early age. I think about the age of five when under the watchful eyes of Grannie. I used to fish for Sunnies in the pond near my father's mill.

When I was about ten, father sold the mill and we moved to another part of the country, and although I liked my new home first rate there was sure something missing, which as time passed took on a very serious aspect—There was no place to fish.

To be sure, there was a fair sized brook which ran through the village and wound its way off through the meadows but all I could see in it was horned dace in the shallow pools, but in the stream below the old mill there were always plenty of those so they meant nothing to me. I wanted pickerel, perch and bullheads such as I was used to catching in the old pond and by the way, the only fish I had ever seen. But the time came when I simply had to catch a fish or bust even though it was nothing more than a horned dace.

So one Saturday I took my trusty birch pole and started for the creek and was soon engaged in yanking horned dace from the pools.

As I suddenly approached one large pool I saw something shoot from the shallows and disappear under a large rock where the water ran swift and deep. Surely that was no dace, it was too large and black.

Hooking on a nice lively angler I dropped my line above the rock and let the current carry it down into the deep water. At once there was a sharp pull and something tried to take the pole away from me. I pulled, the line held, the pole couldn't break, and a large fish went sailing over my head and landed in the grass far behind me. I ran to it and picked it up. Here was something I had never seen before. My! what a beautiful fish with red and blue spots along his sides and fully fifteen inches long. Well, here was fun, no more horned dace for me. I looked for the deep swift water and when I went home I had nine of those beautiful fish, and father told me they were brook trout.

Well, at last I had a place to fish and many a big trout I took from that stream.

One day dad went to the city on business and when he returned he brought me a new rod, a jointed bamboo. Wasn't I proud of that rod! Well, after school that day I made record time to the brook with my new rod, and made a bee line to a certain hole where I had taken several large fish. A sharp bend in the stream, an old stump with roots washed clean by the swift water, and a high overhanging bank.

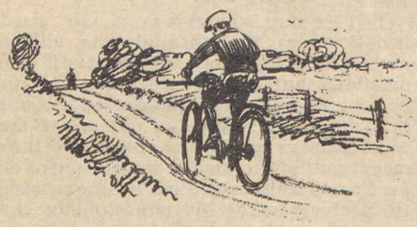
Approaching the high side quietly I dropped my hook where the current would carry it under the bank. Soon something happened, the old familiar tug and straightening of the line. I responded with the usual strong arm method of the ten year old. The rod bent, the fish came to the surface. O! what a fish, the largest I had ever hooked. For a moment one mighty dash, a snapping crash and I found myself standing like one in a trance, in my hand the butt of a once beautiful rod from which dangled two more pieces of **well split** bamboo rod!

Sadly I gazed at the wreck. Sadly I gazed at the place where I last saw that wonderful fish. And sadly I betook myself home. My beautiful rod—gone—my beautiful fish—gone!

I took many a fish afterwards but never one like that and to this day I don't know which I mourned the most, the loss of the rod or the loss of that whopper.

Jim's Bid for Fame

By C. L. DEWEY



MY origin and first score of years occurred in the land of the "Waters of many Fishes," that good old Pottawatomie Indian name "Doe Wah Jack," signifying this in a somewhat simplified if less pronounceable name. The Fishing God was surely in the ascendant when I hove into a more or less hostile world, for as soon as I was able to amble over the fields it is reported that my paternal ancestor, who was also a fisherman, found me one day at a tender age, some distance from home with a handful of salt, sitting on the bank of a mill race which harbored a few black bass and probably wondering in my infantile mind how salt was to be connected with the tails of bass, who had no hesitancy in snapping up bits of bark and even sand burrs tossed to them from the bank.

The art of artificial bait casting originated also in this region of bass and pickerel, my first recollection of this being when about fifteen, I saw a well known lawyer, of my old home town, with a piscatorial reputation, casting small spoons and a little cork frog among the rushes and bringing to boat any number of bass that in disdain refused the finest of live bait offered in what I considered the most approved manner.

Good old Jim Heddon was one of the first, if not the very first, of the early apostles of the short bait casting rod, but with this like everything else that Jim had or did, he was not satisfied, so one warm June day he whittled out a plug of white pine about the size and shape of a political cigar, attached a tin washer about an inch from the front with a screw eye in the end, a few miscellaneous hooks tacked to the bottom and started to pedal for his favorite bass lake. In those days I was one of the "also Ran" cyclists and on this particular June day I overtook Jim in a cloud of dust on the way to his lake where I was also bound with my little cork frog and my first hand made casting rod of semi-seasoned hickory, decorated with several glass beads filched from my mother's work basket to serve the purpose of guides. As Jim liked to fish better than to row, he invited me to share his boat, he did not think much of my casting but he sure did like the way I handled the oars. It was an education to row for Jim as he would discourse on every conceivable subject under the sun with much vim and knowledge of his numerous subjects, in the meantime casting his arm off getting strikes and bass, diverting his lecture to talk to the particular bass in hand and the instant it was landed or lost, to return to discourse on his former subject. I learned much about black bass and other things from this real sportsman during these jaunts.

When Jim unfurled his new tangled bait, it sure looked like nothing much to me; he wanted to first try it out in a certain cove which, like all good fishing holes, was farthest away from the place you were at when you started, the only reason this one was not farther away was because the lake was not any bigger. After a spell of rowing on my part and discoursing on Jim's part, we arrived at the spot where Jim was destined to show up all past Waltonians as mere pikers although this is a bass yarn and not a pike story. Well, he let that little old whittled-out plug slide out as only Jim could do it and after a few casts he hooked and landed a medium sized bass which was returned to his natural element much to my disgust, but Jim sure had ethics when it came to black bass. Then he got a dandy, then a few more medium ones, then an old lunker, which made Jim grunt and cuss and then some more fairly good ones. I don't remember how many he landed on his new contraption that nice warm June day, but it sure was a big catch even for those days and three of them were regular old he bass and how they did tear around that cove and jump out and out and out. One was a regular old grey hound and Jim tried to get him to jump into the boat, but he wouldn't and when I tried to net him I struck short and caught Jim's wonder bait on the edge of the net and the old greyhound departed from there with a goodbye flirt on his broad tail. I never knew just what Jim did think of me before that, but just then I had no doubts on the subject whatever. I might say that during this time the boat was idly drifting about the cove and I was casting my little old green toad upon the waters and netted two bass, both of which Jim insisted should be returned to be caught next year, but one of them I managed to slip inside my shirt when he wasn't looking. I can feel that bass yet tickling my ribs with his tail and tattooing my tummy with his fins.

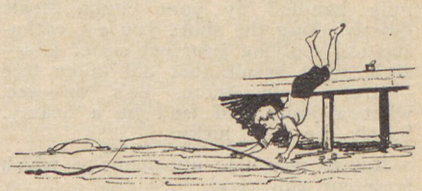
Jim was not selfish with his good things, so he let me copy his new bait, also his friends did and my friends did, and pretty soon it began to look mighty bad for the bass around the old Pottawatomie stamping ground, but even so, it does not take the black bass tribe, forever to get hep to a new thing that is not good for them. The fame of the new bait began to spread around, then Jim was flooded with requests to whittle out one for this fellow and one for that fellow, but he soon wore out his jack knife and decided that he better build a factory and quit being so blamed philanthropic.

Well, Jim has gone into the Great Unknown now and I'll wager that enroute he pointed out many likely looking bass holes to Charon as they crossed the River Styx. And, on a late afternoon, when the shades of Jim and Noah and Jonah and Capt'n John Smith drift along the Golden Shore and fish, I'm sure that Jonah takes a back seat when Jim talks about the big fish he has met, and I hope that by the time I am called to join the gang that the waters there won't be so blamed polluted and fished out as most of our best ones are getting to be here. Maybe in the interval Bill Dilg and some of his gang will be there too, and I'll bet that old Charon and his crowd will have many an uncomfortable hour until they clean up and take a hand in the "Plant A Bass Campaign."

What can be more delightful to drive away your petty worries that look so big, than to be on a quiet lake at sunset with a congenial companion—to row the boat—and with a light casting rod, fine line, smooth reel and one of Jim's "bassers," to cast among the reeds and lilies, to bring to net that prize of all fish, the Black Bass, to return the little and even the medium ones for another later day, to carefully net and kill the big ones before laying them away in your basket on wet grass, and then to wend your way homeward in the dusk. Can you think of anything better in this world? I cannot and Jim could not either.

A Boyhood Tragedy

By THOMAS MARTIN



IN the year 1860 my father had his residence in Framingham Center, a beautiful inland town of Massachusetts. And there for part of my early boyhood, I lived in what was then literally "A Boys Paradise." Populated mostly with a rural class of the better grade and no factories, the average young boy found life full of pleasure, with few offsets.

We lived near a large tributary of one of the State rivers and there was fishing everywhere and varied; in the hills were small fruits, nuts and wild sweet grapes; foxes, hares, woodchucks, quail and grouse seemingly everywhere. I was a boy ripe for enjoyment while the day lasted and it generally lasted as long as father would lose sight of me.

The river passed under the highway bridge a short distance from our home, and I generally was appointed fisherman, both by preference of my dear good mother and my own choice; the wood-box, pump, garden and fish-pan were my care, and my mother preferred to have me close at hand, as I had not yet learned to swim. I must state that the fishing was excellent, then the quality and results were fine, and as I used to tell mother "It only took two whoops and a hoorah," to reach the fishing place, catch a good mess and return. Above the bridge the river stretched away—broad and quiet for some miles. Here were the black bass, pickerel and in the upper reaches came trout, while below the bridge where there was a low dam for power, with a fishway, there was a large whirling pool, in the swift waters of which good sized red perch abounded, while farther on the stream was full of red perch and "Sunnies."

In the back whirl of the pool, under overhanging alder bushes, was my objective point as a rule—"My horn-pout preserve." We all liked a fresh pan of "Pouts" and I could get them into mother's frying pan within half an hour after I left the house. They were big, plenty and I knew how to prepare them cleanly and quickly.

"Tom! Drive out to the cows and bring home a good mess of horn-pout," came the call from my dear mother, and

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the double tour of duty and pleasure was soon under way. A slight delay to cut a tender willow-withe, with which to make a willow whistle, another alder rod for a suitable fish rod and while Bossy was wailing her adieux, I was hastening pondward—triming my pout-rod as I went. Soon at the pond and behind the alders, where the fish could not see me, with two rods well baited with clean scoured worms prepared the night before **AND THEN THE POUTS CAME IN OVER THE ALDERS!**

With all I could carry on a cut-twig, my rods disposed of, whistle in full blast and cap tilted just a little over one ear, to show off before the dearest mother, I started to climb and cross the highway bridge. It was a glorious day and as most boys would, I stopped to look into the sunshiny and swirling waters, tumbling over the wooden dam and stone abutments. What-what-WHAT-W-H-A-T did I see among the rocks? Well just the biggest—BIGGEST eel I ever saw in fresh water!

Coiled in among the big rocks, with the water pouring over him, head and tail just out and the perspiration began to start from me. Carefully I lay down on the bridge over the eel, baited the only big hook with all the worms I had left, spat on the dingus until my mouth was dry and slowly and carefully lowered the temptation into the water, so the current would drift it near his nose. Did he take it? HE DID!

In the excitement that followed, I forgot that I was lying down, unbalanced on the floor of the bridge, my fine string of horn-pouts went glimmering down the stream (later retrieved and eaten) and the maddest boy you ever saw, went flying through air and water, trying to catch an eel that could go faster than the boy could.

The hook had broken, where the eel went to I know not, but I first began to take notice in a big rock that prevented my tour to China!!!

I retrieved my string of fish, made my way via the kitchen door and delivered the horn-pouts to mother, who dropped all other details, until dry clothes were on me, then the STORY WENT TO FATHER—with A CLOUDBURST of tears following.

What matters it that mother said it was "A blessing that I was not drowned" and fed me nearly all the pouts, or that father—winking over mother's shoulder, vowed he had never eaten any such fine pouts before, while mother, dear soul, would not eat any, because the eel had nearly drowned me.

What matters all this? My sun had set, my glory had departed and I had LOST THE BIGGEST ELL I HAD EVER SEEN—and NO ONE WAS THERE TO SEE ME DO IT.

CAMP IDLEWILD

Marcell, Itasca County, Minnesota

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W. A. STICKLER, Prop.

More Elbow Room

(Conclusion of cover editorial)

Fur Seal (Arctocephalus townsendi), long known only from a few bones, were once taken on the Farallones, the Coronados, and Guadalupe Island. Other species occur along the coasts of Patagonia and about the Falkland Islands, but the moment any considerable group appears the skin hunters from the north are after them. In these animals two-thirds of the males are superfluous, and even burdensome to peace-loving families, but each female destroyed kills three, the pup which starves to death on the shore, and the next year's pup which dies unborn. It is a curious paradox that while killing females is most ruinous, the killing of males is the sole protection of the species, the value of skins paying for the cost of protection. This leads up to the recognition of one of the world's great needs, an international law for animal protection. Between Canada and the United States there exist agreements for the preservation of game birds and of fur seals. These should be made world wide for the salvation of all valuable and beautiful creatures which migrate by land or sea. Many of them are gone forever, **and many others are going.** If the nations of Europe ever recover from war madness, this is one of the most pressing of all world duties. This accomplished, maybe the League of Nations will find some way of protecting the most important and the most abused of all animals, man himself.

In 1913, in a London paper I saw a notice of the death of a venerable pot-hunter whose chief pride was that he had caught 400,000 sky larks, and sold them for a penny apiece in the London markets. Along the Mediterranean my heart has been torn at the sight of the song-birds of Europe, in the markets, killed in their winter migrations—each for the thimblefull of flesh its little body may yield. Among these are thrushes, bull-finches, blackbirds (Merle), redbreasts, beech-finches, warblers, anything bird pirates can shoot or trap.

I brought this matter before Dr. Paul Sarrazin of Basel, then president of the Bird Protection Society of Europe. He said that nothing could be done. The traditions of Italy were hopeless. The people are natural bird-killers. In spite of the protective statutes of Switzerland, they could never be enforced in the Italian canton of Ticino. In California it is noticed that the great majority of violators of the bird protective laws are from Southern Italy.

A single song-bird in its day devours thousands of noxious insects, saving to the farmer far more than the cost of protection. The fruit grower pays a high price for the ignorance and carelessness of the "oppressed of every nation" whose very presence here contributes to our own oppression.

Everywhere in our land of Elbow-room we mark a vanishing fauna and flora. A few plants flourish best under oppression. These we call weeds, and we try in vain to exterminate them. They have learned the way of civilization and how to beat it. The vermin which follow man around, rats, mice, insects, and parasitic worms, are a sort of animal-weeds equally hard to eradicate.

There are some wild animals which interfere with our business, even though adding to nature's picturesqueness. But I hate to see these go. With Thoreau, "I am glad there are owls," they do our demoniac hooting for us, and their expression of supernal wisdom is not wholly assumed. I miss the coyote, an untamed, dejected dog, without a trace of self-consciousness, whose hind legs run faster than his fore legs, thus turning the beast around at intervals, when he sends out an emotional howl which has the merit of seeming to come from a whole pack.

And how about the trout hog! He is always with us. We wouldn't mind the lies he tells of his great catches; we are all prone to this fault, lovable when not too tedious. What we object to in his fables is that they are often founded on fact, as heaps of little withered fishes sometimes testify. The angler goes a-fishing in order to associate with fish—to be out in places where fish live, and no creature lives in choicer surroundings than a trout. Big rivers, little rivers, cataracts or pools, the trout loves clear waters, well aerated, and will have nothing else. Green banks amid shady forests is his home. When these are gone the trout will still thrive, but in artificial ponds, fed on chopped liver, to be caught by tourists at a dollar a pound. And the angler will wander far afield to search for the "Nameless River," the haunt of the "God of Things that Are."

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By

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Pipe-Chats

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor, The People's Church, Chicago

WHATEVER doubts I may have once held concerning the interest of people in saving the out-of-doors of America are gradually but surely being banished from my mind. Verily, America is awakening. Sentiment for conservation is crystalizing apace. How privileged am I to have a small part in the process. When the day's work is over and I seek rest just before sleep, with her healing and restorative power, claims me, frequently there flashes across my vision—a safe and a saved America! Already I see the advance column of the workers and saviors. I have seen them the past few months in Iowa, Kansas, Oklahoma, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Minnesota and Michigan.

Never have I seen a finer lot of men and women. They honor the professions, and they are leaders in industrial enterprises. They come from all walks of life and are aglow with enthusiasm. One of the glories of this great Izaak Walton League movement is in its democracy. I have seen a banker and a blacksmith's helper ushering on the same aisle in one of our meetings. To paraphrase an old saying—"the love of nature makes the whole world kin."

I wish I had space enough to describe in detail some of the great meetings I have attended. I would like to acquaint every reader with that Mason City, Iowa, meeting. I would like to capture and imprison in cold type the interest of the Lansing, Michigan, meeting, Lansing that had less than fifty at the first meeting of the League and over a thousand at the banquet which they held a few months later. The Lansing chapter not only has developed an enviable achievement themselves, but they have been boosters for other Michigan chapters. A large delegation attended the Flint meeting in a body and over two hundred of them came in special interurban trains to the St. Johns meeting. I would like to take the whole article this month and tell you about the Aurora meeting where we presented eleven Charters to as many chapters. I could go on and tell you about the Muncie, Indiana, meeting and many more, but I have room for only one story, and it is about St. Johns, Michigan.

I am certain that nowhere in America was there ever held a more enthusiastic sportsmen's gathering. This is not an unwarranted statement nor is it conjectural. They say that figures do not lie but that liars will figure. So impressed was I with the meeting which the Clinton County Rod and Gun Club held at St. Johns that I thought what they were able to do might be an inspiration to similar organizations and groups. There are several circumstances which must be carefully considered concerning the St. Johns banquet and meeting. These conditions make the occasion unique in the history of Conservation meetings. In order to get the true perspective of the situation it must always be remembered that St. Johns is a city which the last census gave a population of 2950. Do not forget that! It is the county seat of Clinton County, Michigan. I have been attending banquets for years, but never before did I ever attend a banquet that had to be held in five different places in order to accommodate those who desired to attend.

I have the exact figures before me, and here they are. 260 people were served at the Masonic Temple, 254 at the I. O. O. F. Hall, 200 at St. Joseph's Catholic Parish Hall, 230 at the First M. E. Church, 225 at the Congregational Church—a total of 1169 people were served in a town of 2950. What would happen if Chicago or New York approached this record? I think it is unparalleled. There was no auditorium big enough to seat the crowd desiring to hear the addresses, so a garage was secured. The cars were removed and 1075 chairs were brought in from neighboring cities, 450 coming from Lansing, 275 from Maple Rapids, 50 from Banner Grange and 300 from Owosso, these together with 325 chairs from St. Johns made a grand total of 1400 chairs which were placed in the garage. Every seat was taken and all the standing room. A temporary platform was constructed in one end of the garage, and from this was given the Message of the League. The temporary auditorium was artistically decorated and many beautiful trophies from forest and stream were placed around the platform. The people who attended the banquet and the later meeting contributed one dollar for the privilege. The Clinton County Rod and Gun Club has a membership of 850. Just ponder on that—remembering that St. Johns is a city of 2950 population. The club has affiliated with the Izaak Walton League and hereafter will be known as the Clinton County Rod and Gun Club Chapter of the Izaak Walton League. The officers are all from St. Johns and are as follows: Roland J. Frink, President; Glenn B. Danley, Vice President; Leon O. Titus, Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. James Oliver Curwood presided at the meeting. It was one of the most responsive audiences I have ever addressed anywhere. What St. Johns is doing can be done anywhere. Keeping everlastingly at it is the guarantee of success.—"Go thou and do likewise."

Preston Bradley

Bird Lore

(Continued from page 403)

Bradley, and it is so worthwhile and interesting that we are going to share it with you. Mr. Bradley writes as follows:

"Just how much real pleasure and thoroughly interesting diversion awaits you this summer in the establishment of a bird colony about your premises, you can hardly realize. Unlimited enjoyment, however, is to be had in the encouragement and entertainment of the little feathered folk of song which can be induced to nest close to your home surroundings. Moreover, apart from the hours of entertainment in just the right spot is quite desirable store, there is also the valuable returns and protection rendered to the gardener by these summer visitors to be considered. Countless numbers of bugs, grubs, caterpillars, worms and other garden pests are done away with forever by the little wardens.

Most important amongst the various means of attracting the birds in the early season is the proper placing of suitable houses or nesting boxes. The planting of trees, shrubs, plants and vines which bear fruits or seeds to the birds' liking is also another means. A properly constructed bird bath located and quite necessary and during the building season nesting materials of finely cut-up rags, string, small twigs, etc., scattered about are an added enticement.

The placing of the bird bath should be given consideration if it is to encourage the birds. Properly located, this is a very attractive feature of encouragement. The bath itself should be very shallow, holding approximately 1½-inch to 2-inch depth of water and placed about 4½ feet above ground level out in the open, away from nooks or corners which are likely to shield hidden enemies. A spot not far from a tall bush or a tree to which the birds can fly after the bath to await the drying out of their feathers, is preferable.

Simple food shelters filled with a variety of food, varying in the different seasons, are always an attraction. In the winter time as well as the summer time you are sure to receive visitors to the "lunch counters" and a mixed menu

(Continued on page 435)

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Illinois Division of the I. W. L. A. Holds First State Convention

ONE hundred delegates from all sections of Illinois gathered at Springfield Feb. 28 for the first annual convention of the Illinois Division, Izaak Walton League of America. The meeting, called by a temporary organization, resulted in creation of a tremendous amount of enthusiasm, the formation of a permanent body and paved the way for placing the Illinois organization in the ranks of the most important conservation bodies in the United States.

Officers elected for 1923 were as follows:

President—Dr. W. M. Ritchie, Bloomington.

Vice-President — Leslie Pefferle, Springfield.

Secretary—William B. Kemp, Joliet.

Treasurer—F. L. Myers, Pontiac.

Invitation of Peoria for the next convention was accepted by the convention and already reports from Peoria are to the effect that the Illinois River metropolis is planning to make conservation history in 1924 and give the delegates the greatest reception ever accorded a convention in that city already famous for its hospitality.

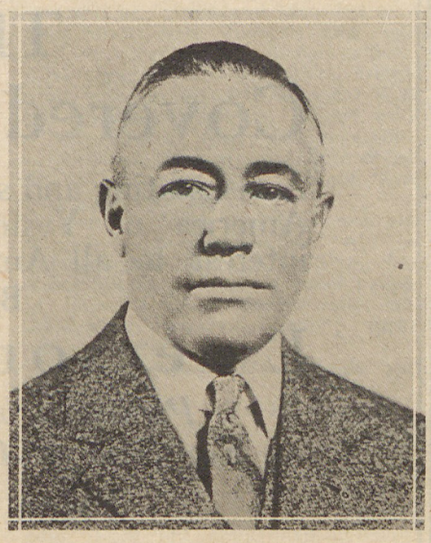
Springfield Chapter, although organized but a few weeks before the convention, was host to the visitors and provided a splendid program of entertainment and facilities for conduction of the convention's important business. Sight-seeing trips were arranged and through co-operation of the state fish and game department the state fish car was placed near the convention headquarters for inspection of the visitors. Black bass and other fish, destined for Joliet, were exhibited.

Following adoption of a constitution, election of officers and selection of a committee on legislation, a banquet at the Leland hotel brought the convention to a close. The principal speaker of the evening was Dr. Preston Bradley. The objects and principles of the League, the necessity for its existence and aggressive functioning in Illinois were forcibly brought out by the distinguished speaker. He urged immediate action before the Illinois legislature on changes in the fish and game laws. He decried any suggestion of delay and explained that the time was ripe for changing the laws, that two years from now would be too late.

Senator Harold C. Kessinger of Aurora, in an address pledged his support of measures advocated by the league. The national organization was represented by Charles F. Bennett of Chicago, executive secretary.

CONVENTION COMMITTEE

A. C. Connor,	A. M. Klein,
L. E. Hodge,	C. L. Koehn,
Chas. Maldener,	H. C. Edwards
O. H. Seifert,	Robt. Johnson,
L. Pefferle,	S. J. Krogdahl,
Dr. R. J. Leib,	W. H. Hibbs,
Robert A. Bullard,	S. A. Oldfield



Dr. W. M. Ritchie
President Illinois Division I. W. L. A.

Thomas Ambrose, Vice President of the League, chairman of the committee on legislation, read for approval of the delegates a series of amendments designed to protect and increase wild life of field and stream in Illinois. A committee was appointed to watch the progress of the amendments before the general assembly.

The convention was regarded as of exceptional benefit to the League and the League's activities, bringing home as it did to the delegates and the chapters they represented the fact that the League is working night and day and expects to continue to work night and day for legislation and action necessary to restore Illinois to its former enviable position as among the leading states in the possession of fish and game.

Measures directed toward the enactment by the Illinois General Assembly of emergency legislation for an appropriation for the purpose of saving the millions of fish which will be left stranded by the drainage of the East Liverpool drainage district, Thompson Lake, Mud Lake and numerous other reclamation projects were taken at a recent meeting of Canton, Ill., chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America. Resolutions were drawn and forwarded to the Illinois fish and game department and Fulton county legislators in both houses requesting speedy action on such a bill.

Hundreds of thousands of black bass, it is estimated, would be saved by such action instead of being ruthlessly destroyed in the pumps which will empty these districts of water or left high and dry when the water is gone. The fishermen will, if the rescue work is undertaken, profit throughout the entire state as the rescued fish can be transported to sections where restocking is needed.

The Canton chapter also went on record as opposing uncompromisingly the baiting or feeding of ducks by gun clubs and individuals during the fall hunting season. It was declared in the discussion which attended adoption of the resolution that only the hunter with a huge amount of money to spend for recreation or the owners of land bordering on the river can be assured of good hunting so long as this practice is tolerated.

Canton Chapter was organized Feb. 15 of this year with C. E. Snively as president, Peter Buckley vice president and Joseph Thompson secretary-treasurer.

"Illinois must have new fish laws Now, not in two years. This legislature can make conservation history." —Dr. Preston Bradley in Convention address.

"I pledge myself to get behind and in every way possible assist in the League's program of conservation." —Senator Harold Kessinger in Convention address.

Exterminating the Bass in the East

(Continued from page 384)

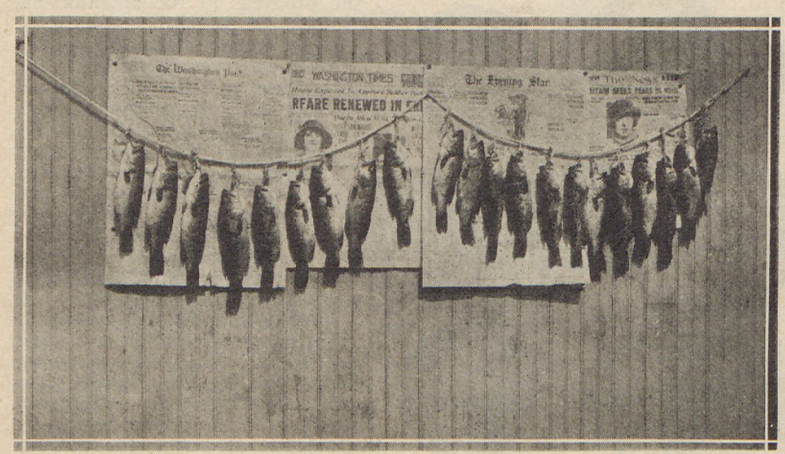
and streams and in the lakes are much the same in all of the states affected. The net fishermen operate their fyke nets and seines from early fall to late spring. The bass they take are prized more than any other fish, because they bring the most per pound. In making shipments, the bass are packed at the bottom of the barrels, and the carp, cat fish, perch, etc., are put at the top, thus easing the conscience of all, and making a chance inspection "from the top" entirely safe. This is done because some of the states have laws against netting bass. Others have no laws at all for the protection of the bass against commercialization—Florida for example. The business goes on as flagrantly and on the same scales in one state as another. The hunters would rise up and wipe the pot-hunter off the face of the earth if so many people, and for the injury of none. It is realized that bass are not a migratory fish, but we have the Interstate Commerce Act, under which legislation could be put on the books prohibiting the interstate shipment of bass for market sale. Such an act would work untold good to the State of Florida alone. That State is being exploited of its game fish in the most shameful manner. Florida bass are found in the markets and on the hotel menus in every city on the Atlantic Coast, and they are supplemented by bass from six other Southern states. These states will ultimately lose thousands of dollars, from the angling fraternity, for each dollar now taken in by those who sell bass to the markets.

Look at the pictures in this article. Read the legends. They are Gospel truth. Make a resolution to yourself that when the Izaak Walton League calls on you for a bit of personal effort toward stamping out this commercial curse you will go to the bat promptly with all the force within you.

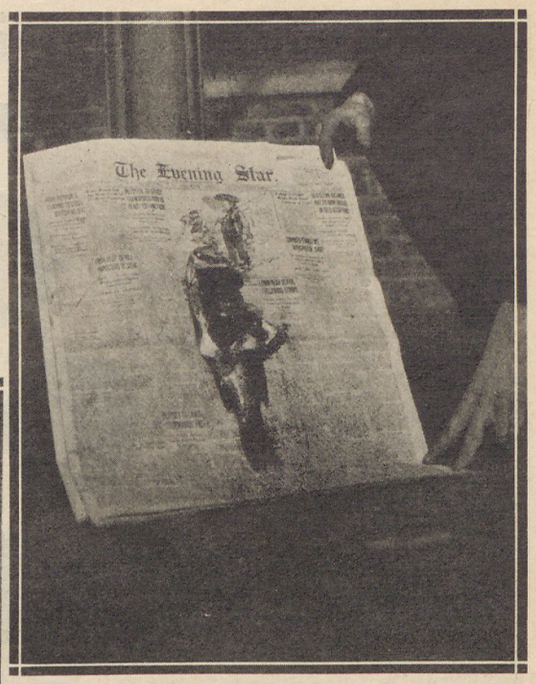
Bob Whites were treated like Black Bass.

The migratory bird law put an end to the slaughter of our game birds.

Some such law, as the Migratory Bird Law, must be enacted to save our big mouth bass. Such legislation is not hard to get, because it is for the benefit of



Twenty-one baby bass, weight about 14 ounces each, captured in nets in Virginia or Maryland and sent to the Washington market—by the barrel. They seldom get much bigger than shown here. The net fishermen get them first. This picture was taken March 15, 1923, at Municipal Fish Market, Washington, D. C.



A bass filled with spawn and selected at random from a barrel of bass. Why does the Federal Fish Commission spend thousands of dollars to hatch little bass when parent bass are being sold in March at 40c each? This picture was taken March 15, 1923, at Municipal Fish Market, Washington, D. C.

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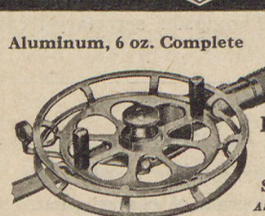

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TRIBESMEN, Greetings:

At the sound of the tom-tom at sunrise and the full of the fifth moon—May 30th, 1923—the Red Feather Tribe will again begin to assemble at Red Feather Camp, Rest Lake, Manitowish, Wisconsin.

The Winter's snows are fast melting and tribesmen are preparing for the Summer's big pow-wow.

Bucks and their squaws, warriors, young braves and Indian maidens, who gathered at the tribal headquarters last Summer, will tell those who were less fortunate of the rare attractions of Red Feather Camp.

The Teepee cabins are again being made ready for tribespeople. For instance, there is the Pink Rabbit's Foot and the Blue Heron's Wing with two bedrooms, a living room and screened porch; also the Tadpole's Tail, the Eagle's Nest, the Woodchuck's Hole, the Hawk's Roost with two bedrooms and screened porch.

These teepees are of the bungalow type and outfitted by Marshall Field & Company.

The coming Summer there will also be a tent colony of tribespeople. These tents will be floored and provided with screen doors and windows and with every equipment of the teepee cabins.

The daily feasts served to tribespeople will be prepared from the very best the market affords. Fresh milk and butter, fresh fruits and vegetables in abundance, fresh meats daily and fish from the Lakes, cooked in home style and served invitingly.

Literature, fully descriptive of the camp, is in preparation and will be mailed shortly. Red Feather Camp has accommodations for about forty people and those desiring Teepee cabin accomodations, must necessarily make their reservations early.

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CHIEF RED FEATHER,
His (C. B. N.) Mark.

The above comes from my old fishing pal of many years—Many's the happy camp we have shared together and "C. B. N." and his "Red Feather Camp" have my unqualified endorsement.

Will H. Dilg.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

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Are Black Bass Worth a Fight?

(Continued from page 405)

In spite of his disappointment at this compromise, Mr. Ambrose and his advisers felt that much had been accomplished—that at least a start was made—and **more done than had been done for twenty years for decent gamefish legislation in Illinois.** But, my fellow sportsmen of Illinois, such a compromise and concession is **not** good enough for the Izaak Walton League Bill. We aimed for the highest and most righteous laws—we must not fall down. Before the bill can be made a law on the statute books of Illinois, there will be a meeting of the joint committee of the House and Senate and there will be a hearing of the bill before the House and Senate.

We must bring all possible pressure to bear—I want five thousand petitions, **five thousand** earnest, urgent pleas in the form of letters to be sent the members of the Illinois legislature at Springfield urging re-consideration of this "compromise" date. We'll play fair—we'll deny ourselves the pleasure of a few days' earlier fishing for the great reward of knowing ourselves first class men and sportsmen.

The bass are not through spawning on their beds—Dr. Henshall, America's greatest authority on this subject, has just wired me:

> **In my opinion and from my experience the black bass have not finished spawning on June 15 in Illinois. This would be the case especially in any season which is backward.**
>
> **James A. Henshall.**

That being the case, we don't **want** an earlier opening day, do we? We want a model fish bill for Illinois, don't we? One which the sportsmen of the nation can point to with pride in the achievement of Illinois—not one which surrounding states **have already tried and found wanting.**

It is said that there is no power in Illinois strong enough to put over such a law. Illinois sportsmen, I appeal to you. Write a letter urging the setting ahead of this date to June 15th. Get your friends to sign it, too, if you wish, or, better still, ask each one to send a letter to his member of the legislature.

I want five thousand letters of protest against an opening date of May 25th for black bass **Because They Have Not Finished Spawning** and because bass are doomed to extinction unless protected. This is not my own hazarded opinion, **but the proven conclusion of the best scientists of the nation.**

Remember the fights black bass have put up for you, my brother, **and in turn put up a fight for them.** You never landed one yet on a slack line, never landed one who was a quitter. **May the same always be said of us.**

It may be that we are not strong enough to win this fight **this time,** but at least we'll make an eloquent and sportsmanlike protest against such an injustice to our greatest American game fish.

The Illinois Division of the Izaak Walton League is gaining in strength and power daily and if we lose the fight this time, **Watch Us Come Back.**

Willet Dilg

Fisherman! Look!

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spruce trees, but during my week of absence other sparks of life have, in a way, taken possession of my table. From between two of the hewn saplings that form the top of this table, where the big storm of wind must have flung a bit of earth and a seed, a tender green sprout of something has started to grow. It is a single spear now, not of grass, and its green is the whitish green of the lower part of an asparagus shoot. To me, it seems fairly to pulse with life, and I have the very foolish feeling within me that nature planned this little surprise for me while I was away, and that, if I give it a bit of brotherly attention, I am going to have a flower on my table, not transplanted or plucked, but there deliberately through friendship for me. However foolish this notion may be, it is a very pleasant one to have, and its effect is to bring me much nearer to the Creator of things than any sermon I could hear preached from a pulpit; for I am not listening merely to words about God, but I am looking directly at a physical part of God, and I find a great satisfaction in this faith.

A second interesting thing that has happened to my table is that it has become a plain across which now runs the trail of a big tribe of ants. These ants, I have found, climb up the farthest right-hand support of my table and proceed straight across to the big spruce on my left, up which they disappear; and a returning file of the workers comes down the spruce and hits it "cross-country" to the table-leg again. They don't seem to be bearing any burdens, yet they move with precision and purpose, and I have come to understand that, when ants move in this way, they have something very definite in mind. I am convinced they are moving from one fortress home to another, or at least that every "working" individual in the tribe is personally investigating some new discovery that has been made either up the spruce or in the direction of the creek. Later, I will know more about it.

But the point that impresses itself upon me most is that, in my destroying days, I would have swept the friendly little green sprout from its cradle, and would have driven the ant tribe from my property, destroying as many of them as possible. Again I want to emphasize that I am not a crank, or narrow-minded in my religion of "live and let live." If this same tribe of ants had invaded my cabin, and were preying on things necessary to me, I would destroy them or drive them away. That is my nature-given privilege—to protect myself and what is mine. It is also the privilege of every other spark of life.

God's Country

(Continued from page 393)

These same ants, were I to stand on their fortress, would attack me desperately. But now they do not molest me. And I do not molest them. It is the beautiful law of "live and let live"—so long as the necessity for destruction does not arise.

When I sat down at my typewriter an hour ago, I had planned to begin immediately the telling of what I have wandered somewhat away from—the story of a few incidents which helped to bring about my own regeneration, and which at last impressed upon me this great Golden Rule of all nature—live and let live. The big dramatic climax in that part of my life happened over in the British Columbia mountains, where my love of adventure has taken me on many long journeys.

But the change had begun to work in me before then. My conscience was already stabbing me. I was regretting, in a mild sort of way, that I had killed so much. But I was still the supreme egoist, believing myself the God-chosen animal of all creation, and when at any time I withheld my destroying hand, I flattered myself with a thought of my condescension and human kindness.

At the particular time I am going to write about, I was on a big grizzly-hunt in a wild and unhunted part of the British Columbia mountains. I had with me one man, seven horses, and a pack of Airedales trained to hunt bear. We had struck a grizzly-and-caribou paradise, and there had been considerable killing, when, one day, we came upon the trail of Thor, the great beast that showed me how small in soul and inclination a man can be. In a patch of mud his feet had left tracks that were fifteen inches from tip to tip, and so wide and deep were the imprints that I knew I had come upon the king of all his kind. I was alone that morning, for I had left camp an hour ahead of my man, who was two or three miles behind me with four of the horses and the Airedale pack. I went on watching for a new camp-site, for the thrill of a great desire possessed me—the desire to take the life of this monster king of the mountains. It was in these moments that the unexpected happened. I came over a little rise, not expecting that my bear was within two or three miles of me, when something that was very much like a low and sullen rumble of far-away thunder stopped the blood in my veins.

Ahead of me, on the edge of a little wallow of mud, stood Thor. He had smelled me, and, I believe, it was the first time he had ever smelled the scent of man. Waiting for this new mystery in the air, he had reared himself up until the whole nine feet of him rested on his haunches, and he sat like a trained dog, with his great forefeet, heavy with mud, drooping in front of his chest. He was a monster in size, and his new June coat shone a golden brown in the sun. His forearms were almost as large as a man's body, and the three largest of his five knifelike claws were five and a half inches long. He was fat and sleek and powerful. His upper fangs, sharp as stiletto-points, were as long as a man's thumb, and between his great jaws he could have crushed the neck of a caribou. I did not take in all these details in the first startling moments; one by one they came to me later. But I had never looked upon anything in life quite so magnificent. Yet did I have no thought of sparing that splendid life. Since that day, I have rested in camp with my head pillowed on the arm of a living grizzly that weighed a thousand pounds. Friendship and love and understanding have sprung up between us. But in that moment my desire was to destroy this life that was so much greater than my own. My rifle was at my saddle-horn in its buckskin jacket. I fumbled it in getting into action, and in those precious moments Thor lowered himself slowly and ambled away. I fired twice, and would have staked my life that I had missed both times. Not until later did I discover that one of my bullets had opened a furrow two inches deep and a foot long in the flesh of Thor's shoulder. Yet I did not see him flinch. He did not turn back, but went his way.

Shame burns within me as I write of the days that followed; and yet, with that shame, there is a deep and abiding joy, for they were also the days of my regeneration. Day and night, my one thought was to destroy the big grizzly. We never left his trail. The dogs followed him like demons. Five times in the first week we came within long shooting-range, and twice we hit him. But still he did not wait for us or attack us. He wanted to be left alone. In that week, he killed four of the dogs, and the others we tied up to save them. We trailed him with horses and afoot, and never did the spoor of other game lure me aside. The desire to kill him became a passion in me. He outgeneraled us. He beat all our games of trickery. But I knew that we were bound to win—that he was slowly weakening because of exhaustion, and the sickness of his wounds. We loosed the dogs again, and another was killed.

Then, at last, came that splendid day when Thor, master of the mountains, showed me how contemptible was I—with my human shape and soul.

It was Sunday. I had climbed three or four thousand feet up the side of a mountain and below me lay the wonder of the valley, dotted with patches of trees and carpeted with the beauty of rich, green grass, mountain-violets and forget-me-nots, wild asters, and hyacinths. On three sides of me spread out the wonderful panorama of the Canadian Rockies, softened in the golden sunshine of late June. From up and down the valley, from the breaks between the peaks, and from the little gullies cleft in shale and rock that crept up to the snow-lines came a soft and droning murmur.

(To be continued)

Next Month we will follow in

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD'S

Fourth Trail of God's Country

entitled

"The Road to Faith"

And Still More About the Plug

What both its enemies and its friends think about it.

FISHES are the oldest animals on the face of the globe. They were created ages and æons before the land animals appeared. With the advent of man the number and variety in size, form and appearance of the finny tribe must have been marvelous and wonderful, and must have appealed to him in the strongest manner. Consequently he must have thought of ways and means for their capture. His bent finger must have suggested the most simple, yet efficient tool, strong and prehensile, and best adapted for his purpose.

Prehistoric deposits reveal single fish hooks of shell, bone, stone and bronze, made during the stone and bronze ages, and though more or less rude in design were well made and strong and of sizes suitable for fish of good size. They were no doubt effective and answered their purpose.

The aboriginal Indians of America used single fish hooks made of cactus spines and thorns of trees. Sometimes the latter were attached to the parent stem, at others they were tied or seized to a shank with vegetable fiber or animal sinew, commensurate with the size of the quarry. They were of various sizes and adapted to capture the trout of the brook or the halibut of the sea.

The ancient Greeks and Romans were the first to dress the single hook with wool and feathers to imitate an insect, and the Romans later introduced fly-fishing into Britain.

In the National Museum at Naples I examined hundreds of fish hooks of various forms and bends, of many sizes and of different metals, but all were single hooks of practical shape and design, and could be used successfully to-day, though they had been buried at Pompeii for two thousand years.

From the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, from the day of Walton and Cotton to the present day, anglers who love the art and are real sportsmen in thought and deed have used only the single hook. In commercial fishing millions of codfish have been taken on the banks of the northeast Atlantic coast, cured and shipped to the uttermost parts of the world, dating from early Colonial times, and each and every fish was taken on a single hook, and they are so taken today. Thousands of red-snappers are taken each winter and spring on the off-shore banks on the Gulf Coast of Florida, and shipped on ice all over the Union, and each and every fish is taken on a single hook. And so, for sport or for food, the single hook is paramount. If there was any merit in the use of more than one hook the market fisherman would be the first to adopt the idea in order to increase his catch. But he knows from long experience that the single hook is more certain to catch, the surest to hold and the easiest to detach when the fish is landed.

Then why, or for what reason, was more than a single hook thought to be more efficient in angling? I will try to explain it. The multiple hook artificial baits appeared first during the 19th century. A man named Buel, an honest angler, in western New York, knowing that any glittering object was very attractive to fish, was the inventor of the trolling-spoon. Buel conceived the idea of soldering a fish hook to the nether end of the bowl of a dessert spoon, and made a hole in the other end for attaching the line. He found it very successful in trolling for pickerel in the lakes of western New York. He then improved it by making holes in both ends of the spoon, one for affixing a dependent hook, the other for affixing a swivel to which the line was tied. He manufactured the improved spinner for several years. He was succeeded by J. H. Mann, of Syracuse, N. Y., who manufactured it on a more extensive scale. In order to catch the eye of his credulous customers, he replaced the single hook with a double one, and made the spoon of various styles—oval, kidney, pear and heart-shaped. The additional hook and the different shape of the spoon were, he well knew, not to increase the efficiency of the bait in catching more fish, but to satisfy the greed and ignorance of the buyer, and to this end was the triangle or triple hook afterward placed on most trolling spoons, and useless feathers and strips of colored cloth were added to please the users, as they were of no advantage in deceiving fish, which are attracted only by the brightly burnished spoon. And right here I wish to say that a small spoon bait with single hook is, with the exception of the artificial fly and its variations, the best artificial lure for casting or trolling.

Then the number of makers of the trolling-spoon began to multiply; they made them of brass, and nickel, silver and gold plated, but always with the pendulous triple hook, and additional spoons were sometimes added for purely commercial reasons. Then they began devising forms of artificial baits to which more hooks could be affixed. They began with poor imitations of the English Devon minnow, and other forms were made with elliptical, spindle-shape bodies more or less compressed to a fish-like form, and fashioned of metal, glass, bone or wood, with from two to five triple hooks of small size and inferior quality, and so they continue to be made to the present time. And these vile contraptions and ridiculous creations are all intended for black bass fishing, more's the pity, a fish too noble to be subjected to such an indignity as to be literally impaled and dragged to an ignominious death without a chance for his life.

The makers of these repulsive lures are not to blame, inasmuch as it is their trade, and they cater to the whims and demands of their customers. And most of the users of these articles are more to be pitied than censured, for in many cases they know no better and have no real angling instinct or sporting blood. No man who in his boyhood fished the brooks and mill ponds with single hook and earthworms for trout, sunnies and other small fish would condescend to use such uncouth lures. Those who use them from choice are beyond redemption and without the pale of gentile anglers. Our misguided brothers must be educated to a due sense of sportsmanship, and induced to realize the justice of adopting more righteous methods and fairer means in fishing, in order to grant a fish a fair fight and a sporting chance for his life; and this can only be done by using a single hook.

Signed by
JAMES A. HENSHALL.

ARE you for or against 'em? If you use 'em, let's hear your defense, and if you don't use 'em, as we don't, let's hear your reason. This is a controversy of interest to all fishermen. We all have our honest convictions on this subject and let's tell the world.

IT is not brotherly for fishermen to call each other names; but as Mr. Heddon has called certain of the brethern "ethicists" because they do not believe in plugs and triple hooks, I will take up the discussion by giving them a name which seems to me more accurate. I would call them **atheists,** unbelievers, or, persons who claim that plug fishing is not **real** fishing.

To call a certain way of fishing, ethical; or certain fishermen ethicists, is to admit that other ways of fishing are not ethical, and I maintain that the ethics of fishing applies to the plug and live bait fishermen the same as any other fishermen. Ethics begin with the man rather than the bait he uses. No form of lure can make a moral, honest, charitable, likeable citizen of any one, for a man may use a barbless hook and still be guilty of a supercilious attitude toward his humbler brother of the angle, which belies his ethics. The ethics of out door sport should certainly mean gentlemanly, unselfish conduct with freedom to all under the law.

It is the fisherman who is at fault if he takes too many fish. If he is not bound by moral law to take only the number of fish that fishing conditions warrant, then he will not be bound by any law, or deterred by a certain form of lure.

To the unethical fisherman, the law reads—"Bill if you dare take more than nine bass, we will clamp the handcuffs on you and throw you into jail." But to the ethical fisherman it reads—"William we are just about out of fish, and we are sorry that we can spare no more than nine bass just now, and if you can get along with less, it will help us a great deal to provide better fishing next year."

Laws would be more effective if written in livening words which educate as well as command, and in terms that appeal to the understanding and good will of men.

In discussing baits I certainly will not desert my old time friend; the

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triple hook plug. The old heavy plug that made me believe I could cast when other baits only jeered my efforts. I believe the old plug is a life saver to many a novice, and lures more fishermen into the casting game, and starts them on the way to glory, than any other bait. I do not believe it will catch the most fish, but it does get in on the big ones, and I do not believe that fishing will be ruined by catching the big ones. When you knock the plug, you knock the comedy of fishing. Last summer I saw a fellow casting a big plug who wound up for the throw just like a baseball pitcher and he caught two bass in a spot that I had just fished with a light bait, but failed to connect. If you fish for the fun of it, how can you get along without the comedy acts?

Please don't ruin the fishing by making a serious and ugly problem of the plug. "How would you like to be a problem?"

God save the day when you unbelievers with your precise accouterments and martial step, march down upon us with a — hep! — hep! — hep!

CHARLES DAY,
Toledo, Ohio.

DEAR EDITOR: In the first place there is no sport fishing with a plug of a dozen hooks. One hook is enough, and I hope that all the States will put a law on them. If you are fishing with a plug of a dozen hooks and catch or hook an undersized fish and he has hooks in his mouth and sides and tail, how on earth is that undersized fish going to live? He cannot put up a fight with hooks all over him, and he has not even a chance. One time I was down fishing in Red Baird Creek in Foy. I saw an angler casting a plug. He caught a fish. The fish could hardly move. Had hooks in his mouth, in his sides, in his tail. I also saw a picture of a Bass that was taken on a plug that had hooks all over him. From the looks of that plug it must have been all hooks. I never did use a plug in all of my fishing in Foy Mountains and I will never use one. It is not sportsmanlike to my mind. The single hook for me all the time, but someone will say—"Well, what's the use, just so you get him." Well, I will say if you want to be sure of him, why not use a seine. I had a man tell me here in my town that he did not care a cent just so he got the fish—to hell with the sport! Well, I feel sorry for a man who thinks that way and whose mind is no larger than that. God pity a man of this kind and grant that some day he may see the light as we have. I believe that God put the fish in the lakes and streams and the birds in the air and the rest of the game for us to enjoy. Let us pray that some day before it is too late the call of the Izaak Walton League of America will be in every home of our land.

GEORGE GOETZ,
Versailles, Ohio.

THE article in the December issue, on "The Plug" by Charles Heddon, to say the least is very cleverly written. While I am not directly opposed to the many-hooked plug, I fail to agree entirely with all Mr. Heddon has to say.

One phase of the article infers that the plug should be permitted enough hooks to overcome the handicap because "the jaws of the fish meet the resistance and barrier of the solid wooden body," quoting from Mr. Heddon. Technically he might be correct but from a practical standpoint he is wrong. It will be found true, perhaps, in a number of instances, but in most cases the fish is hooked without his jaws coming into contact with the "resistance and barrier of the wooden body."

In regard to treble hooks, I have always preferred three single hooks on a plug to three trebles. The three single hooks prove as effective and are by far less apt to become entangled in snags or weeds.

I agree with Mr. Heddon on what he said about the common mistake of "basing judgment on a numerical or mathematical theory instead of actual understanding." I do not think that the greater number of hooks gives the angler such an additional advantage as to prevent him from losing his average number of strikes. When we come right down to the facts we must remember the statement, "The lighter the lure, the greater the pleasure of angling, and the gamier the fight when the fish is hooked." All true sportsmen realize this and should do what they can to advocate the use of light tackle, and show the "fish hogs" that there is no credit due the angler who fishes for little fish with heavy tackle.

It is needless to say that the "dynamiter" and "seiner," together with pollution are the real fish hogs of our country today, to a far greater extent than the angler who casts the more-than-one-hooked plug.

PAUL R. CHAFFEE,
St. Louis, Mo.

FOR years I fished for bass in the old Indian Territory, when it was a fisherman's paradise, indeed. In the "old times" we used live bait, frogs or minnows, a long cane pole, good stout line tied securely to the pole, no reel. Later the artificial minnow with spinner front and back, and nine hooks in gangs of three came into use, along with the bait-casting rod and reel.

There is no question the plug is a killer, but is he not just a little more—a murderer? I have used the plug and know from experience that sometimes a small bass will strike these many hooked plugs, and in releasing him nearly always he is killed or so badly injured he dies. I am opposed to the use of the plug in fishing for any kind of fish. It always seemed to me like "potting" a covey of quail.

If you must use the plug use the one hook kind, and take the barb off of that.

I am opposed to using bait for any kind of fish that will take a fly, and then only the barbless fly. As Harold Titus, the novelist and conservationist, says, "The barbless hook is such a reasonable innovation that there seems little more to be said in its favor." The real fisherman fishes for the joy of it as much or more than for "catching the limit." If the "big fellow" gets away, when you use a barbless hook, you know he will be there, unharmed, to give you real sport another time. If you get a small one, how simple to turn him loose, uninjured, to grow larger, perhaps wiser, to give you or some one else real pleasure. But with the many hooked plug, when you "hook" him, that is the end. I have fished for forty-five years, and experience has taught me the barbless hook is the only hook to use.

T. E. ADAMS,
South Fork, Colo.

DEAR Editor:

The article termed The Plug by Charles Heddon in defense of the wood plug or lure is in my mind a splendid defense of this kind of decoy. I have often thought the matter over concerning fish lures and invariably in favor of the wooden lure. Fish do not get so badly hurt by the hooks on the artificial wood plug as on the other lures. Why? Because they cannot bite deep on these wood lures with two or more treble hooks. Generally not more than one or two hooks will be fast in the fish and it is quite an easy matter to take them off the hooks. They never get caught in the gills or vitals. I feel sure no fish would die from the effects of the hooks on the wood plug if properly handled. I am a great plug fisherman, that is, I use the wood plug almost altogether and get my share of fish too. I make many of my own plugs and use only two treble hooks, one in center, the other in rear end of plug. I find those sufficient unless it's a large plug.

After all that is said against the wood plug with several hooks, I am convinced that it is a very humane lure and less liable to permanently injure or cause the fish to die if returned to the water than other one hook devices of the present day. Give me the good old wooden lure with two treble hooks, no more, no less.

J. C. SAMMONS,
Cascade, Wisconsin.

THERE are some in this country who still debate the divinity of Jesus Christ; some who deny that Columbus discovered America; and I am informed that there are some so mean and contemptible that they still argue that a Republican and the Devil are one and the same thing. So, in the perverseness of things, there are those who commend as sportsmanlike the use of that gangster of the "get-the-meat" manufacturers' advertisements, the plug minnow.

As for me, I would as lief heave a cast-iron anchor on the end of a hawser at a bass and haul him in on a windlass as use one.

What chance has a bass to fight, gagged with a plug of wood, his mouth wide open, water rushing madly down his gullet, cutting off his wind? Then, there is the weight of the plug and the water resistance that it creates against which the fish has to fight. Gag a race horse and tie a couple of pounds of brick at the end of his nose and see how often he wins.

There is no comparison between catching a two-pound bass on a six-ounce fly rod and catching one with plug tackle. One has all the refinements and finesse of a Dutch master and the other the gaucherie of a day laborer driving a spike in a railroad tie.

If you want to go out with the idea of getting the meat, solely for the purpose of filling your basket with fish and confirming the deadliness of man's destructive inventions, why use the plug, by all means. But if you want to get out in the open, in the air, amid the fields, by the streams, to enjoy life for the sake of living and incidentally experiencing the thrills of a good fight by a gamy fish, not beaten before he starts by a lot of artificial aids, why do not use the plug, by all means do not; and when you come in you will feel more like a sportsman and less like a butcher.

Sincerely yours,
G. F. PRIEST,
St. Louis Chapter

Arms Failures

(Continued from page 409)

at dusk, and of a night spent in the woods by a lost greenhorn, who discovered the next day that another hunter had taken his buck out, need not be told here.

Again this year, he extended the same hospitable invitation. Expectations ran riot! Buck fever and tender feeting would be passe! I had only four days to reach camp, hunt, and return. A .35 Remington Automatic was borrowed from a trusting friend, fired twenty rounds at a 50-yard target, and sighted in for that range. With the elder's sons, Wilder and Eugene, two splendid, clean-cut university men, and a fraternity friend of theirs, a tenderfoot from Milwaukee, the hunt was started in a country about ten miles north of Jump River.

After being out only about fifteen minutes, I spotted a flag, but did not get a shot. Wilder and I decided to wait on an old windfall, at the exact spot that I had wounded the buck the year before. The other two fellows went on down the trail. In about ten minutes they began to shoot rapidly, the tenderfoot pumping out a loaded cartridge or two before shooting. We gazed anxiously in their direction. Soon Wilder shouted, "Here they come!" Indeed they were coming, two of them, with such speed and abandon that they came to within thirty feet of where we stood, before turning. By that time, Wilder, who was nearer than I, had fired two or three times, and then, when the deer started to circle around us, I dropped to my knees, aimed carefully and, in military parlance, pressed the trigger. A little snap was the only response! Thinking the cartridge to be defective, I hastily grasped the knob and threw in another. Another snap! The third snap convinced me that the trouble was in the gun. Then I looked at the two deer, now rapidly fading out of sight, but not so far away that I could see they were two fine does! Chagrin and disappointment were somewhat tempered by the fact that we had not violated the law; but that was not our fault. Someone had had doe fever!

An examination of the gun disclosed a broken firing pin. Eighty miles from town, and only three more days to hunt. I had the satisfaction of seeing two or three fine bucks before getting out of the woods. One of the loggers had a friend two miles from camp who owned a .35 Remington and always carried two or three extra firing pins with him. He walked over to see this fellow, but he claimed to have no extra pins. He also was without cartridges. To show my appreciation for his spirit, I offered him twenty of mine. The 160 mile trip back to town to have a pin made, the return for one days hunt, in which I saw eight deer, and got one is another story. It was beyond the range of reasonable expectation that morning when the .35 snapped three times.

Cal. 30

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Game Rifles

Edited by
M. L. GOCHENOUR

QUESTIONNAIRES

THE original conception of the field to be covered by this department included a question and answer column concerning all hunting equipment. Space will not permit the reproduction here of all queries and replies. Only a small percent can be printed. Nevertheless, direct answers will be mailed as soon as the necessary, exact data can be collected, provided the inquiry contains the full name and address of the person seeking information. The task of filing and keeping a record of all these inquiries will be made much easier if separate letters soliciting information are written, apart from any other matters pertaining to the magazine, such as contributions to the story contest, organization of chapters, subscriptions, and the like. Moreover, much time can be saved if such communications are addressed directly to M. L. Gochenour, editor of Game Rifles, Izaak Walton League Monthly, Warsaw, Indiana.

SELECTING A DEER RIFLE

Q. I am about to purchase a rifle for deer hunting in northern Wisconsin. I set out to find the best kind of a gun to buy, but the more inquiries I made, the more confused I became. I found everyone recommended the kind he used as the best. However, my choice has narrowed down to three, and I would like to have you tell me which one will be best. These three are the .250-.3000 Savage, .30-.30 Winchester Carbine, and the .401 Winchester Automatic. Of these, I like the .401 automatic the best by far.—H. W. R., Eau Claire, Wis.

A. In the September issue, which has been mailed to you under separate cover, you will find this subject treated fully in a general way. Of the rifles to which your choice has narrowed, the .30-.30 Winchester Carbine is in most general use. The trappers, prospectors and Indians, of Alaska and Canada, use this rifle more than any other. However, you should not expect the Winchester Carbine to give you the same results as the regular model, with 24-inch barrel, upon which all ballistic tables are based. The carbine has only a 20-inch barrel. The action will not freeze up, and this rifle will stand as much abuse as any now made.

The .250-.3000 should not be considered by any true sportsman, even for deer. The 87 gr. bullet, made by the Savage Company, is too light for dependable results. The 100 gr. bullet for this cartridge, loaded by the Western Cartridge Company, is much better; but neither load should be used for anything but wolves, coyotes, woodchucks, and the like. Moreover, the Savage lever action is not so sure as it is advertised to be. If you buy a Savage, your choice should be the Savage bolt action, model 1920, .300 caliber.

The .401 Winchester Automatic was designed to deliver several heavy blows in quick succession, without much regard for accuracy or trajectory beyond one-hundred yards. If you set the rear sight on this rifle in the highest notch, and fire it on the range at 300 yards, your bullet will ricochet, falling several inches below an eight-foot target. The cartridge for the rifle, loaded with the 250 gr. bullet, has a drop of over six feet at 500 yards, and a striking power of only 475 feet pounds at that range. If you prefer an automatic, the .35 Remington is the equal of any now made for deer and will be found dependable for much heavier game. Ballistically, the .32 Remington is an almost perfectly balanced load, and has the same ballistics as the .32 Winchester Special. The .30 Remington Rimless is ballistically the same as the .30-.30 Winchester. Any of these three Remingtons may be had in either the automatic or slide action type. If you are prejudiced in favor of the Winchester, my advice is that you consider the Model 86, which is made only in the .33 caliber, half magazine.

None of these loads, or the rifles adapted to them, can be classed with the .30-'06 Springfield for satisfactory results, even on deer, under all conditions. All of the munitions companies now make a highly developed type of ammunition for this arm. The many 145 and 150 gr. sporting bullets that are now standard with the various companies, make better ammunition for deer hunting than any of the cartridges heretofore mentioned. The Remington Company, in their new Model 30, bolt action, have made an excellent arm out of the Enfield-Springfield, chambered for the .30-'06, that needs no restocking or remodeling for sporting purposes. The rear sight on this rifle is the best and simplest sporting rear peep sight yet made commercially.

A HUNTING .22

Q. I am thinking of getting a good .22 rifle, and want one where I can get accuracy and convenience in carrying along on fishing and outing trips at the same time. Like the Savage N. R. A.; but would this arm be convenient to carry along on such trips? How is that new Savage Sporter? What rifles do you suggest as a happy medium?—A. J. P., Bagley, Minn.

A. So far as I have been able to discover, the new Savage sporter is a new advertising designation for the Savage N. R. A. bolt action .22 long-rifle. The sights on this gun make it impossible as a hunting arm, although it is quite excellent for range work. The Marlin slide action, hammer, and hammerless, and lever action .22s are good hunting rifles, as are the old dependable Savage-Stevens, single shot arms. For a number of years, I had been looking for just the rifle about which you inquire. Last fall I took with me on a big game hunting trip, one of the new model Remington 24 rifles, chambered only for the .22 short. My early prejudice against the gun on account of it not being furnished for the .22 long-rifle, was soon overcome. It is unbelievably accurate for a rifle with a 20-inch barrel, and for squirrels, rabbits, partridge, and the like, it is quite sufficient. I found the short amply power-

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ful if I used the Smokeless, greased, or Les-smokeless, greased, with the hollow point bullet. Moreover, the very slight report of the Smokeless or Les-smokeless short, has a great advantage over the loud crack of the long-rifle, for squirrel hunting, or shooting grouse or partridge in big game country. This model 24 Remington takes down in an instant, so that the stock and receiver, which are in one piece, are the same length as the barrel—20-inches, making two compact pieces that can be carried in a ruck-sack without discomfort. By a very slight pressure on the rear of the trigger guard, the entire action may be removed in one piece, and very easily dismounted. This little rifle is quite the most complete and satisfactory hunting .22 that I have yet examined. Its only fault is its weight, or rather, lack of weight. It is too light for target use, but ought to just about meet your requirements.

THE ALL AROUND RIFLE

Q. I am interested in game rifles, and am going to buy one. I belong to the Izaak Walton League, and take the League Monthly. I think it ranks second to none as a sporting magazine. I read your story on "Big Game Rifles that are Fair," in September's issue, and thought that possibly you could help me decide which rifle it would be best for me to buy. That is, if it is not too much trouble for you. Two weeks ago Mr. Charles Newton sent me a catalogue entitled, "A New Era in Rifles," and in this catalogue was a paper saying, "Write for special introductory offer of the 'Buffalo Newton' to the first 1,000 purchasers." I sent the slip back, and he sent me the offer. It was this: buy a rifle for $60.00 and get a share of stock in the company. Mr. Newton is just trying to organize a new company. Do you think Mr. Newton's rifle will be a good seller? I would like to have a rifle that I can load light, or use a supplementary cartridge in, for game in Ohio. If I took a notion to hunt big game in the Rockies or elsewhere, I could do it, and depend upon my rifle. Does a supplementary cartridge do any harm to a rifle? Would the .256 Newton or the .32 Special Marlin qualify for the above question? The game I would hunt in Ohio is ground hogs, foxes, rabbits, pheasants and fox-squirrels. The 32 Special Marlin retails for $32.50; the .256 Newton retails for $60.00. Any suggestions would be appreciated very much.—G. C. Cardington, Ohio.

A. "The all around rifle" is a myth and a fallacy. The sooner sportsmen appreciate the axiomatic truth of this statement, the better for everyone concerned,—especially the diminishing game supply. If you buy a good high power rifle, do not spoil it, corrupt your marksmanship, or cripple game by experimenting with reduced charges. The twist of the rifling in modern big game guns, designed for high velocity charges, will seldom give accurate results with reduced loads, and many fine barrels have been ruined by the lead or composition bullets usually supplied for reduced charges. If you want to hunt small game, get a small game rifle. You will soon save, in the cost of ammunition alone, the price of a good .22. Use a .22 rifle for Ohio hunting, and confine the exercise of your big game rifle to the range and big game country. Auxiliary cartridges are even more harmful than reduced loads, and much more vexatious.

The .256 Newton is no longer made commercially. A few Newton rifles of this caliber may yet be had from the Charles Newton Rifle Corp., of Buffalo, N. Y. Those advertised by various concerns are for the most part, rifles purchased of the receiver of the old Newton Arms Company, and consist largely of rejects. I obtained a very good arm of the receiver of this company, shortly after he took over the assets of the original Newton Company, many years ago. I made this venture against the advice of Mr. Newton, and it was a long gamble.

The .32 Special is a fine deer and black bear rifle, but hardly dependable for the average sportsman on elk, moose and heavier bear.

Of the sporting rifles now made, ready for delivery, and ready for use, there are none any better than the new Remington 30, chambered for the .30'06 Springfield cartridge. This arm has the best factory sights I know of on any American made rifle. It is as accurate as the Springfield, and the action has been smoothed down so that it is very fast. It cocks with the downward motion of the bolt, a feature to which you must become accustomed for rapid firing. The bolt handle should be roughened, and the pistol grip and forearm checkered. This should not cost more than $5.00, and is not necessary. The list price of the rifle is $56.00.

Relative to the "Buffalo Newton," this rifle promises to be the best yet. I have already become one of Mr. Newton's "first 1,000." If you are in no hurry for your rifle, you could not go far wrong on one of the Buffalo Newton .280 arms. If Mr. Newton overcomes the mechanical defects met with in the manufacture of the original Newton rifles, his series should take high rank among the high-power rifles of the world. He has done much for the riflemen of America and deserves their support and encouragement.

Help Our Magazine

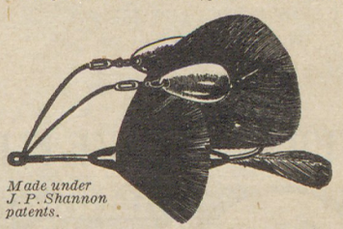
Mention the Izaak Walton League Monthly when you write advertisers.

"Smiling Bill" Has Hard Luck

Say, Ike. Talk about hard luck. I sure take the prize. Here I been going along all winter expecting to have a great time this spring working about 16 hours a day making baits and flies and things like that besides putting in a lot of time explaining why my baits don't catch fish. You see, there are a lot of guys that think all you got to do is to take one of my Shannon Twin Spinners down to the lake and wave it back and forth a couple of times and all the fish come right out on the bank and ask to be picked up. Well, when one of these birds goes out with a Shannon and don't get no more than 25 or 30 three and four pound bass, after fishing a good two hours, he gets sore and wants to know why he didn't get more and may be wants his money back on account of the bait being a fake. Here I am, thinking what a fine time I'll have doing all this work and figuring out lies to tell these kickers, when old man Pneumonia steps in and knocks me for a goal. I sure was sore. But I got over it all right and am thinking what a fine time I'll have digging into this pile of work, when along comes my doctor and says: "Nothing doing on that work business. What you got to do is take a two weeks' fishing trip."

BILL JAMISON.

P. S.—If any of you Ikes would like to have my doctor's address, just let me know.



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THE BEST BAIT FOR BASS

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Price each, 85c

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Only rods made, Guaranteed against "fish breakage"

Rod Dope, FREE, GET IT

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is for sale in illustrated booklet form for ten cents a copy postage prepaid.

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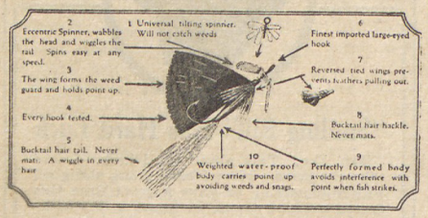
All proceeds from sale of this booklet to be devoted to the anti-pollution crusade of the League.

WEBS CASTING SPINNER

12 Patterns. Each . . . **75c** Weight ½ oz.

Ten Fish Catching Reasons


1 Universal tilting spinner. Will not catch weeds
2 Eccentric Spinner, wabbles the head and wiggles the tail. Spins easy at any speed.
3 The wing forms the weed guard and holds point up.
4 Every hook tested.
5 Bucktail hair tail. Never mat. A wiggle in every hair
6 Finest imported large-eyed hook
7 Reversed tied wings prevents feathers pulling out.
8 Bucktail hair hackle. Never mats.
9 Perfectly formed body avoids interference with point when fish strikes.
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TROUTAKLE

Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12.
Each **25c**

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There is no hard head or body on our Trout or Bass AKLE. Nothing to interfere with the point in making your strike. Also furnished on Barbless Hooks.

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3 Ft. For Trout . . . 15c
6 Ft. For Trout . . . 30c
4½ Ft. For Bass . . . 50c
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One Hook Artificial Lure Sportsman's Angling Contest

Conducted by the Izaak Walton League of America and the magazine it owns and publishes

GENERAL CONDITIONS

1. Contest open to all fishermen "who feel like gentlemen and act like sportsmen." It is necessary for contestants to belong to the I. W. L. A. or to subscribe for the magazine it owns and publishes.
2. The fish must be caught with an artificial lure containing but one hook and with rod and reel.
3. Fish must be weighed and measured with a tape measure giving girth of fish (length to be taken from end of lower jaw, mouth closed, to tip of tail).
4. Each fish entered must be caught by reputable angler and must be certified to by affidavit of two reputable witnesses, which affidavit must be registered within two weeks from the date of the capture of the fish. (A drawing of the fish by placing it on paper and tracing the outline will be helpful to the judges—photos also will be helpful.)
5. It is not necessary to write a story to be published in this magazine to qualify for this contest. However, such a story will be appreciated and will be printed if well told.
6. Of course, no fish taken from private estate, or St[illegible]

List of Classes in Contest

And qualifications for tackle to be used by contestants

BROOK TROUT (Salvelinus fontinalis)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

BROWN TROUT (Salmo fario)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

STEELHEAD TROUT (Salmo gairdneri)
Caught by casting an artificial fly with appropriate fly fishing tackle and one hook lure between the legal opening and closing of the season.

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Eastern Division)
Caught east of the Rocky Mountains between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

RAINBOW TROUT (Salmo irideus)
(Western Division)
Caught west of the Rocky Mountains between the official opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SMALL MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus dolomieu)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season and caught in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Northern Division)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season, in or north of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Intermediate Division)
Caught in the States of West Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina, Delaware, Arkansas, Oklahoma, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

LARGE MOUTH BLACK BASS (Micropterus salmoides)
(Southern Division)
Caught in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and Louisiana, between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

SPECIAL HAROLD PULSIFER AWARDS FOR BARBLESS FISHERMEN
Special awards of gold medals will be given for the largest fish caught on a barbless fly in all of the above classes.

MUSKALLUNGE (Esox masquinongy)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

GREAT NORTHERN PIKE (Esox estor)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

WALL-EYED PIKE (Stizostedion vitreum)
Caught between the legal opening and closing of the season (one hook lure).

BLUEFISH (Pomatomus saltatrix)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

WEAKFISH (Cynoscion regalis)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

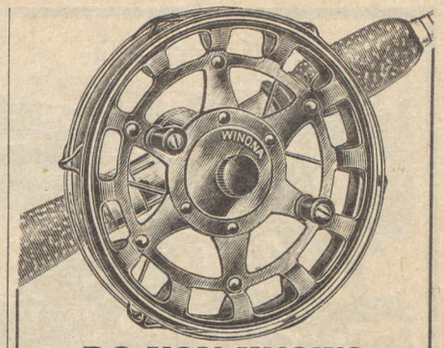
STRIPED BASS (Roccus lineatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

CHANNEL BASS (Sciaenops ocellatus)
Caught according to rules of Asbury Park Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TARPON (Tarpon atlanticus)
Caught according to rules of Long Key Fishing Club (one hook lure).

TUNA (Thunnus thynnus)
Caught according to rules of Catalina Light Tackle Club (one hook lure).

When you win in this contest you may well be proud, as you will have fought and won armed with the fairest of all fair tackle, a ONE HOOK, ARTIFICIAL LURE.



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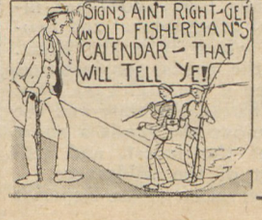

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RODS FOR WET OR DRY FLY

"TUSCARORA" 8¼ to 9½ feet.....$10.00
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SINGLE-ACTION TROUT REELS

"CRESCO" (ENGLISH TYPE).....$ 5.00
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DOUBLE-TAPERED TROUT LINES

30-Yd.	Size D	E	F
IMPERIAL (Wet Fly)..	$4.70	$4.20	$3.75 ea.
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"INTRINSIC" TAPERED LEADERS

For Dry Fly—3 weights—7½ feet.....$0.60
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Sizes 15, 12 and 10 regular.....$2.00 doz.
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Either Regular or Light Tied.....$1.50 doz.

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BAIT AND BAIT CASTING REELS

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"JERSEY," No. 2315, Nickel Plated.....$ 2.50
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BARBLESS HOOK FLIES

We have made for years (15 or 20, at least) Flies on Hooks without barbs—as written about (in this, and other Magazines) by Mr. HAROLD T. PULSIFER. We carry a moderate stock of some of the more prominent patterns, in the most used sizes (and can tie, promptly, orders for patterns, or sizes, not in stock—in quantities of not less than 1 dozen of a pattern and size).

PRICE, STOCK PATTERNS, $1.75 dozen.

The Superior National Forest Saved Forever

(Continued from page 381)

As the Superior Forest now stands, one third of it is owned by private interests, who can build roads and railroads into it and can log their properties in any wasteful manner they want to—**the government has no control.** It stands to reason that if one third of the forest was logged—that one third is scattered all through the forest—the surrounding and intermingling two thirds would be destroyed, if not in actuality by forest fires, **then in effect by driving away the game and spoiling the wilderness features.**

"BUY THAT LAND. If we are going to have a national forest, for God's sake let's have one!" declared Will H. Dilg of Chicago and Paul Riis of Rockford Ill., and D. Lange of St. Paul.

It also was shown that the national forest as it stands today does not include the natural geographical and geological area of which it is the heart. Proponents of the roads, for instance, showed that even if the highways were kept out of the forest, the state and the counties could move the roads a short distance, out of the forest, **and still pierce the heart of the wilderness.**

So far as preservation of the Superior Forest as a wilderness is concerned, such roads would do as much damage as the ones through the forest proper, for the limits of the wilderness are natural, and do not take recognition of the pen and ink boundaries of the forest.

"Very well," said these men, "the government should acquire the land which lies between the forest and the international boundary, and between the separate parts of the forest—in fact, all of that area which is naturally a part of the forest. Thus the great central wilderness of North America, comprising northeastern Minnesota and the Canadian Quetico provincial park, which adjoins it, would be held intact forever."

And it is well to point out that it is possible for the state or the counties to build roads tomorrow between the Superior Forest and the international boundary and cut in half this great waterway labyrinth, this great wilderness forest, this refuge of the last big herd of moose, and so, in a large measure, considering the usual development that follows auto highways—branch roads, etc.—kill its effectiveness as a great wilderness, undoubtedly destroy the most unusual and unique natural playground in existence in the world today.

So the conference called on the forest service to do these things. True, just as assistant U. S. Forester Kniepp pointed out, no means were provided by the conference for fulfilling these wishes. There is a long, hard road to travel between the present condition and the desired one.

But the conference **showed the direction in which the public mind is leaning.** It did not show the forest service how it could overcome a hundred technical difficulties which bar purchase of the necessary areas. But it showed that the people wanted it purchased, as well as such a conference could, **which should mean something to the forest service.**

Above all, it showed that **the people, generally, consider the recreational values of the Superior National forest to be far above its commercial value.** It is hard to show the average man how he is going to profit by the activities of lumber companies in cutting timber. He sees great lumbermen plow through the country, leave it a waste, become immensely wealthy, and leave for other climes without even cleaning up the refuse. He observes very little change **in his bank roll.**

He wants the forest as a recreational area, **for himself and his children and his children's children.** If the government wants to cut timber scientifically, let it go ahead, but he sees no reason why, just because the timber men own a third of the area, they should nullify its value as a national forest.

It is not a commonly known fact that only two-thirds of the Superior Forest is public property. I have seen shades of disappointment pass over the faces of many outdoorsmen when I have told them that the forest is only partly a national forest, **and that the lumber people can destroy it** any day **they see fit.**

These national forests are called national forests. The department of agriculture has pointed to the forests with pride and has said "these forests are national forests. They belong to you, the people—and the voters, of course—and they shall exist for all time."

Now it is up to the forest service to come across. If they intend to have national forests, they have got to get busy and prove it **by something more substantial than a line of ink across a map.**

The forest service is no more bound up in red tape than is any other bureau. In fact, after having been employed in the service in the Superior National forest for a summer, and having enjoyed several years of friendship with C. A. Dahlgren, the supervisor, I was inclined to believe that the forest service was something different under the sun in the way of government bureaus.

But here is an example which not only shows why such conferences are necessary, but shows in a large part why this one was called. The forest service is allotted certain sums of money for road construction. It can cooperate with the states in which the various forests are situated, in the construction of roads. This money has some sort of technical designation, but is called "highway" money and is for the purpose of making for better transportation facilities in the forest.

Now the Superior Forest is different from all others. Administration of the forest at present is carried on principally by canoe. Still, here lies this road money, going to waste—that is, going to waste so far as the Superior

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was concerned—because it could be spent for nothing but "highways." It could not be used for bettering waterways, because in the dictionary nothing is said about highways being made of water in any case. The mere little fact that waterways are the natural and only practical means of transportation in the Superior—because any road system would be supplementary to this—means nothing to bureaucrats. They pore over the regulations and observe that nothing is provided for any sort of highway except one made of sand and gravel.

So, in order to utilize the money provided, and in order to provide themselves with better administration facilities, they go and build roads in the Superior forest—**for the one and only reason that the law says that the money shall be used for roads.**

Thus is the letter of the regulation, **but not its spirit,** observed.

And in building these roads, as we have pointed out until we are tired of it and perhaps you are too, they destroy the only claim to fame possessed by the Superior Forest—they destroy the wilderness.

This could not be done if the forest service regarded the recreational values of the forest in the same light as the owners of the forests do.

Now for something about this newly formed Superior Forest Recreation association. What is it going to do? To the local residents of northeastern Minnesota who attended the conference and who worked hard to defeat the roads but who looked only at the immediate phase of the problem, the organization was rather futile.

But that is something that remains to be seen. Will H. Dilg and his followers and Paul Riis and his, went up to Duluth to fight against the policy that the roads stood for. It doesn't take long to kill a road, but it takes weary years to establish a policy, or to oust one.

Just as the Izaak Walton League of America has struck a new note in the nation, let us hope this little association will strike **a new note,** first, in regard to the Superior Forest, second, **in regard to the forest service's attitude toward all forests.**

The Walton league has done more in the past year to preserve outdoor America than has the political hotair of a century.

With the League behind it, the Superior Forest association is going to follow through, and is going to work toward these things:

Administration of the Superior national forest from a national standpoint.

Purchase of private lands within the forest.

Purchase of lands outside the forest that are a natural part of the forest.

The elevation of recreational values over the lumbering values of the forest, always remembering that this does not contemplate the cramping in any way of scientific logging by the government.

Recognition by the department of agriculture of the recreational values of the forest to such an extent that provisions be made in the budget for furthering and protecting these values.

Finally it should ever be remembered with gratitude by the lovers of this forest-wilderness that the need of this conference was appreciated and the Duluth conference called by the Hon. H. C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture.

"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

WINCHESTER
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FISHING TACKLE

Fishermen's Dreams Come True!

WINCHESTER tackle for each fish and wind and water. Rods and reels, lines and baits—Winchester dependability in everything for anglers, bait casters and still fishers.

Winchester rods are as stout and balanced as Winchester guns. They are built to withstand the strike and rush of hard-fighting fish. They are refined to the delicate snap of the wrist. And one and all—bamboo or steel, from trolling rods of stiff backbone to the feather-weight fly rods of expert hand construction—they are of Winchester guaranteed quality.

As to reels, spoons, plug baits, flies, lines and sinkers, Winchester suits the fish as well as the fisherman. Like the Winchester rods, they are made to satisfy completely the wants and exacting requirements of fishing. It's the Winchester way.

With Winchester Fishing Tackle, fishermen's dreams come true!

5000 Hardware Stores display this sign on their windows:

THE *WINCHESTER* STORE

They sell Winchester Roller Skates, Pocket Knives, Flashlights, Rifles, Fishing Tackle, etc.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS COMPANY, NEW HAVEN CONN.

A Night at Little Beach

(Continued from page 395)

"Fully half of it," he answered. "I chased the gulls away when I fished here yesterday."

I knew where we were then, and the knowledge of it brought the sweat to my face. This was the outside bar we were on. That narrow, flanking strip of sand, which reached a full mile into the ocean, and which, when the tide rose, was a raging hell of pounding waters, as the combers broke over it.

A word to Bert, and we had turned and were racing for the beach. There might yet be time to make the crossing by wading, if not, there was little chance of escape from this trap we had blundered into. We ran at first, and the wind at our backs helped considerably. Yet we could not keep it up, and at last we settled into a dog trot. At those shallow depressions in the bar, which I had noted on our outward journey, the water had crept up and was sliding oilily over. My temples throbbed as though they were beaten upon by hammers, my face burned, and I was gasping for breath before we were half way to the crossing.

It seemed an interminable time before we came to the channel. The water ran black and smooth, but with a force that was irresistible. We plunged into the current, without waste of time. Feeling before us with the but end of our heavy rods, we moved forward, step by step, leaning at an angle against the force of the water. Gradually it rose to my knees, then to my thighs. Twenty feet, twenty-five feet, then, as I reached forward with the rod, I failed to touch bottom.

The shock of it unnerved me for a moment, then I remembered that the tide, swift as its rise, could not possibly have reached this depth in the hour or so which had elapsed since we crossed before. We must have missed the point, in some way. Too far to the north, probably. There was no time to lose. We splashed back to the bar, and tried again a rod or more below. The same result. Speaking for myself, I can say that I was badly frightened, but there is some satisfaction in the knowledge that neither of us showed any sign of panic. We moved hurriedly, it is true, but our actions were controlled by a system.

With Bert now in the lead, we made a third or fourth attempt, I have forgotten which. Higher and higher the water crept up our boots. The surge of the tide was terrific. I felt the water against my thighs, filling my boots. It came to my waist. Once I was almost swept from my feet, and only the fact that my bracing rod held, saved me from being washed into the breakers that roared in my ears. The thirty pound pack on my back helped, I think. Then, thank God, I felt the beach shelving upward beneath my feet. Two minutes more, and we were stretched on the sand, safe.

A month or so later, on a calm day, with the sun shining overhead, a friend, who is also an experienced surfman, was caught on this same bar, by the rising tide. Being a strong swimmer he barely managed to reach shore, but he lost his entire outfit. I know of other cases, which have resulted less happily.

I have learned my lesson, which is to beware of the bars at night. Bert, I think, took it less seriously, for that night on the boat, after a change to dry clothing, he remarked, while he busied himself with an amber colored bottle, which might have contained liniment:

"Do you know, Frank, when we were racing up the bar, on that first sprint, I was in such a hurry that I made two steps in the air each time, before my foot hit the sand."

Dogs, Game, Birds and Sportsmen

(Continued from page 398)

their dog mascot with them and have some doubts of success if he is absent

There are many thousands of farms in the United States. Practically all have one dog; frequently two or more. They guard the home, destroy destructive animals, act as companion and care for the stock, and protect the garden and orchard.

* * *

During the last war, the French, Belgians and Germans successfully trained many thousands of dogs.

The war dogs, like soldiers, are taught implicit obedience, their acute hearing and sensitive nostrils were used in giving notice of enemy approach, discovering the wounded, and many times gave first aid for the Red Cross.

And then what fun and companionship they provided for the men in the trenches.

* * *

Field trials are held for sporting dogs in various portions of the United States. The setter and pointer here compete in speed, bird sense, deportment, and scenting qualities. They extend all the way from Manitoba, Canada, down through the Eastern and Southern States, the championship being run in Tennessee each January.

I was on a four days' shoot with a friend some years ago who had a very fine female setter. The dog was much admired. As we went from farm to farm he was frequently asked for a pup. While extolling the virtues of his dog, he freely promised a pup not only to those who asked, but offered one to many who made no request. I watched this performance for several days, and one evening I said: "Do you know you have promised 22 pups and will never be able to deliver them?" He thought for awhile and then said: "Hawes, it's a mighty poor man who won't promise a pup."

* * *

The late Senator George Vest of Missouri, illumined this subject in an address to a jury. Time and changed political issues may cause us to forget his great speeches, but this classic will always be preserved:

"Gentlemen of the jury: The best friend a man has in this world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter whom he has reared with loving care, may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name, may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed, in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The one absolute, unselfish friend that man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. Gentlemen of the jury, a man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drives fiercely, if only he can be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer; he will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert, he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journey through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying him to guard him against danger, to fight against his enemies, and when the last scene of all comes, and death takes the master in its embrace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by his grave will the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even to death."

Fruit and Seed Bearing Shrubs and Trees

WHILE the artificial feeding of birds throughout the winter, where there is deep snow, may effectively be done in many localities, it is in no way as satisfactory and effective as the establishment of plants, bushes and trees that naturally produce fruits or seeds which are available in the worst storms throughout the winter and are at the same time palatable to a large variety of birds.

Unfortunately for bird life, most of our trees, shrubs and other plants produce and naturally dispense their palatable fruits before the advent of cold winter weather. This is a natural and necessary provision of nature in providing an abundance of food for the sustenance and conditioning of those species of birds which are preparing to take long migratory journeys to the south.

The birds which remain with us throughout the winter have to get their sustenance from such food as is left them after the migratory birds depart. In many localities where there should be a natural abundance of bird life in winter there is a scarcity of it because of the shortage of the natural food supply in reasonable variety. Of course fruit eating birds are referred to and not those which are carnivorous and insectivorous, like chickadees, nuthatches and woodpeckers.

Many fruit eating birds, in times of stress or shortage of other food, feed upon the buds of various trees, both broad leaved and coniferous. In general, however, the fruits, and in fruits

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are included what many people call seeds, are the normal food. While many herbaceous plants like sunflowers, sorghums and millets, may be planted with the assurance that their seeds will be borne above ordinary snows and be available to the birds when most needed, they are annuals and require care and annual replantings.

Trees and shrubs appear to be the most desirable of all plants for the natural and perennial production of fruits and seeds suitable for many species of birds. Carrying their branches in the air, above the snows, once established, their crop is produced every year without further material care.

The sumachs (Rhus), are recorded as furnishing food for a larger variety of birds than almost any other genus of our native trees and shrubs. The exceptions are the Elderberries (Sambucus), the Blackberries and Raspberries (Rubus) which provide food only in summer and autumn. The sumachs are true winter food providers, holding their fruits in display throughout the winter. Ruffed grouse, quail, pheasants and a great variety of song birds are known to feed on these fruits.

The Bayberry (Myrica) is another plant the fruit of which is sought by a great variety of birds. This shrub is essentially a coastal species, ranging from Maine to Florida. Its gray or white waxy coated fruits furnish good nourishing food to a large number of birds which frequent the ocean shore regions in winter. The investigators of the Department of Agriculture have enumerated seventy-three species of birds as feeding upon the Bayberry, the quail being one of them.

Among other native trees and shrubs which carry birds far into or through the winter may be mentioned hawthorn (Crataegus) mountain ashes (Sorbus), Chokeberries (Aronia), wild roses, tupelo or sour gum (Nyssa), some of the dogwoods (Cornus), and viburnums, snowberry and Indian currant (Symphoricarpos) and honeysuckles (Lonicera).

Of the above, the hawthorns offer a great assortment of species some of which ripen their fruits early or let them drop soon after maturity so that they are not available when the ground is covered by snow. Among the most valuable species with long persisting fruits, and which may also be found listed in the catalogs of nurserymen, may be mentioned the Cockspur Thorn (Crataegus crusgalli), the Washington Thorn (Crataegus cordata or C. phaenopyrun) and the Hairy Thorn (Crataegus tomentosa or C. calpodendron).

Among twining vines or climbers the wild grape should not be forgotten, perhaps the best being the River Grape (Vitis vulpina), which is known to furnish palatable food for many game and song birds. The Virginia creepers (Parthenocissus or Ampelopsis) are also useful and so are the greenbriers (Smilax) and the bittersweet or waxwork (Celastrus).

In recent years the introduction and cultivation of foreign species of plants has added a great many more which have long persisting fruits palatable to our native birds. Among these are mountain ashes, barberries, roses, honeysuckles and other plants which are perhaps better for this purpose than some of our native species. In some wheat growing states the barberry cannot be considered because it is an alternate host of the rust of wheat.

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Among all of them there are probably none more promising than the small fruited crab apples, such as Malus baccata and Malus floribunda from eastern Asia. These become large shrubs or small trees and have the merit of being beautiful in flower as well as in fruit. The fruits are small, usually from less than half an inch to an inch in diameter. Like our larger domestic cultivated apple, these little fruited crab apples vary much in appearance and quality and in their merit as winter producers for our birds. With some less desirable varieties the fruits ripen rather early and soon turn soft and pulpy. They are greedily eaten by robins and other migratory birds in the Autumn, leaving bare trees for those birds which stay with us through winter months.

There are, however, species or varieties of these crab apples which produce fruit which ripens late and of so tough and firm a texture that the fruit, still in palatable condition for birds, may be found upon the trees at flowering time the following spring.

At the Arnold Arboretum, in Boston, where these plants have been introduced and studied, pheasants, quail, ruffed grouse and a large variety of other birds, find food there when not accessible or to be found elsewhere.

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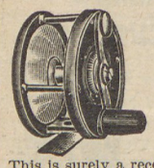

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Those who are interested in birds and in solving the winter food problem have shown the most enthusiastic appreciation of these remarkable little trees and are experimenting with them.

No attempt has yet been made to classify the various slight peculiar differences of these crab apples from the bird food point of view, but to one of the best of these flowering and fruiting crab apples under observation at the Arnold Arboretum the name of "Bob White" has been applied to designate it. Practical nurserymen are beginning to take an interest in the propagation of these interesting trees and at least one of them, Harlan P. Kelsey of Salem, Mass., is raising them in his nurseries.

Any one interested in the bird food problem should consult a little pamphlet by W. L. McAtee entitled, "How to Attract Birds in the Middle Atlantic States," designated as Farmers' Bulletin 844 of the United States Department of Agriculture, which will be furnished upon application to the Secretary of Agriculture.

The Gladiator of the Sea

(Continued from page 387)

any acknowledged hope that I would get him, yet there must have been an unspoken hope in me. Down—down—down—until the line was dry. A dry line always breaks easier than a wet one. Here I did give him up. But at about eight hundred feet down he stopped. And there he hung.

The swells were running pretty high. During all the surface fighting I had not noticed them. But now they bothered me. For fifteen minutes I could not get that dry line back on the reel. Then a few inches at a time I began to recover it. When I had the wet line once more on my reel I felt better. With the swordfish straight down I began to pump with slow sweeps, strong as I could muster. Foot by foot he came up. It was gruelling work. The lift of the boat, the heat, the sun's glare, the sliding round of the seat, the terrible strain on the rod were all combining to exhaust me.

By the time I had recovered half that line I had suddenly a most painful hope. He was not pulling. It was only ponderous weight. But I did not dare believe what I hoped. After all my horrible luck to have some good luck,—impossible! So I thought. So I fortified myself against the inevitable disaster. But I kept pulling. Sid leaned over the side of the boat, and I was afraid he would fall overboard. It seemed an endless length that line. I forgot the strain—I felt no pain. It had dawned on me that I was going to get that swordfish.

A dark purple mass appeared. "What's he—doing?" I panted.

Sid could not talk. He had his hopes and fears, and probably his heart was in the same place mine was. Higher loomed the color, and then I saw the fish. He was hardly moving. Only a wavering! I renewed my slow strong pulls. Up he came, almost tail first, and I had presence of mind enough to call to Sid:

"Take your time. Make it sure."

He gaffed the swordfish and yelled for me to reach down to get the rope the fish was dragging.

I threw off the drag, laid the rod down carefully, and then almost fell overboard reaching that rope. I got it. And in a second I had it fast on the bitt. Then I took the short rope ready there, and on the third attempt got the noose round his tail. I held on expecting still that the fish would begin to thresh. But Sid was so wild that he left me standing there while he ran to get his swordfish flag and haul it up to the mast. This act of his was rich. It was funny. It was terrible. But I had to laugh. When he came back he said he knew the fish was ours and he could wait no longer.

We made fast another rope to his broad tail, and then essayed to pull him aboard. We could not lift him a foot. Here I began to wonder if he was not larger than I had guessed before. We began to tow him in. His weight retarded the boat. We were three and a half hours running back to Avalon, and many times I looked at the fish, trying to estimate his weight. He gained a little every time I looked, but still he did not appear huge.

The whistles on the boats in the bay greeted us—a welcome indeed. And by the time we reached the dock a crowd had collected, among them my people and friends, all wide-eyed and joyful.

It took four men to pull the broadbill up on the dock. When I saw him there I had a shock. He looked enormous. In the water he had not appeared so large. They finally decided to haul him back into the water, and lift him to the pier by block and tackle.

Many were the estimates made of his weight, some going as high as five hundred. I said four hundred. His actual weight was four hundred and eighteen.

Remarkable was it to find my hook imbedded in the fish's side, about half way down, and the leader passed through his mouth, and caught in the hard gristle of his tail. I must have had him most effectively hooked. I cannot realize how I ever got him. Then was some of my bad luck balanced.

What Are You Getting Out of It?

(Continued from page 410)

Is the pleasure of your effort indissolubly attached to its ending in the death of your sought for victim?

Have the things of nature, so abundant about you on your trips afield and astream no charm for you unless you "get what you go after?"

Although my friends may not like to be "written up" without revealing identities, I may take a few liberties with their ideas of enjoyment of the outdoors. One delights in running out lines of blazes found in the woods, the location of "corners" sources of streams, boundaries of lakes and doing all this so quietly and craftily that he misses none of the inquisitive wild creatures that throng his pathway, killing only such as his needs demand.

Another prides himself upon his marksmanship, preferring to shoot at a deer's eye even though he miss the animal rather than take a body shot and secure it.

Another studies trees and other flora on his travels occasionally picking up interesting geological specimens.

Another studies wild life and therefrom claims that he can distinguish bucks from does by various characteristics although he sees neither heads nor horns.

Now again, dear reader, do you return from an outing feeling that you have learned more of nature and her ways, that she has afforded you peeps into her workings that will pleasurably broaden your mind not only toward her but toward your fellow man? Have you learned to unlearn much of what you once considered true, because some not fully informed human put it in the channels of circulation? Have you learned that wild life is about as individual in its expressions and activities as is human life? That although one bird, animal or fish may do a certain thing at one time or under certain circumstances, another may do something

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entirely different under apparently the same conditions. Is that evening hour in camp worth what you have gone through to share in it? Are the incidents and studies of the day being stored up in your memory to be recalled and lived over again and again when you want and—yes, actually need them.

Have you spent sleepless hours at night abortively wooing the drowsy God, when the doors of memory's storehouse would open to you and pour forth such a flood of treasure that you really dreaded to lose consciousness in sleep?

Have you lain on a bed of suffering and pain that denied you rest of mind or body without artificial sedative or opiate, when you could turn your mind to memories of days afield and astream and forget the pain caused by surgeon's knife, or the sleeplessness of a tortured body? Memories that carry beyond a full fed meal of fish or game with consequent dirty pans and dishes to be cleaned up and put away. Memories of sky and earth and birds, flowers, bees and trees. Whispering winds in pine trees, gladsome voices of birds, furtive venturings of furry friends, companionable people about the camp fire, the patter of rain drops on the tent, the fairy like floating of your canoe on the stillness of some northern lake, the bright starlight nights or the majesty of the storm as it swept over your comfortable camp.

More, much more than all of these memories may be yours if you will. They are for you and may you never regret them. Now finally may I quote one of our best game conservationists, Dr. Wm. T. Hornaday, in effect if not verbatim that "The principal value of our game and fish lies not in its intrinsic food value but in that incentive which it furnishes to our people to get out into nature." I have changed some words in the above because since Dr. Hornaday first used this expression, conditions have changed somewhat and I believe "our people" comprehend rather more than the classification originally used by the doctor.

I care not who you be, what type of rod, gun, tent, car, or outfit you use, or even where you go for your outings. In my desire that you get the most out of it all I want you to consider my question and answer only to yourself, "What are you getting out of it?"

Bird Lore

(Continued from page 418)

of various seeds, wheat, oats, suet, cracked nuts and cracker crumbs is always appreciated.

Take up the matter of encouraging the birds to your home surroundings. Keep a record of the various ones you recognize and jotting down a description of those you do not recognize for consultation with some one who is informed.

If you are adept with the camera you are quite likely to be favored with opportunities to do some harmless 'shooting' on some of your observation tours."

Good stuff, C. E., and we are glad to pass along your valuable suggestions.

Hope you have good luck on your troutin' trip. Keep your eyes peeled for "boids" and—tight line to you all!

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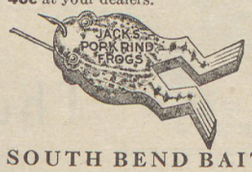

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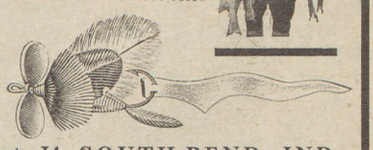

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"He was swearing steadily and I think still blaming me for most of his troubles."—Page 83.

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Our Outdoor Calendar

(Continued from page 397)

thick pine board for a bottom, all in one piece; four posts grooved for glass panes; grooves cut in the bottom board for said panes, and the panes themselves sunk in white lead or canoe cement. The thing wants a wooden frame set around the top, and is to be filled two-thirds full of water. Use no paint inside, for it is fatal to delicate fish life. Get your water plants started a week ahead of the creatures. If your plant life is sufficient, the water never needs changing. Feed the fish with chopped-up angle worm. They become so tame that they will all eat off your finger. And, I forgot the snails. You need a colony of at least twenty, to clear off the glass of the green algae which forms on the sunny side. Small fresh water clams are interesting, too; amusing to watch progressing across the sandy bottom by pushing with their tongues. They feed on minute refuse which drops to the bottom while the fish are being fed. The subject of fish brings us by a natural bridge to the fact that Opening Day for trout comes in April in most states. Up in Maine the ice is just going out and the only bait is smelt, on which very large trout are taken. In the Middle States it is time for the garden hackle, the meek and useful angle worm, fished on a No. Ten hook either up or down stream, depending usually upon the size of the stream and the amount of alders and willows which overarch it. If there is no room to cast, better let the current move your worm for you and fish downstream.

For the benefit of the tyro who intends to go in for trout for the first time this year, I may as well here put in a hint or two on his outfit. A good split bamboo fly rod, five-ounce, nine feet long, with reel seat on the extreme butt will do you rather well and cost from seven dollars up. It should have solid snake guides, not swinging ring ones. Test the purchase by turning it slowly around in your wrist and noting that it holds its true natural curve as you turn it. Then whip it a few times and repeat the turning test, to see that it does not easily acquire a set. Do not get too whippy a rod or you cannot cast for any distance. The really important thing in your outfit is the line. This is good in size E, and if you can afford it buy imported English double-tapered. Cheaper American single-tapered or even solid wove will answer, but remember that the line is the thing you cast, nothing else, so spread yourself there. Next comes the reel, which has no other office than to hold the thirty yards of that line. Single click, with rubber cheek plates, is well enough. Then you need a few "mist" leaders of six and nine foot lengths and an assortment of flies, of which the four old reliables, March Brown, Cow Dung, Coachman, and Parmacheene Belle are good for the beginner in the Middle Atlantic States. Six each, with a cork-base Loch Leven tin fly box. A dozen No. Ten hooks for bait, and it may be added that No. Ten is the best size for the flies too. A creel; a folding landing net, which you provide with a leather tab for securing over your coat button by an eyelet cut in it. A small dry-fly oil bottle, with quill brush cork for dubbing the flies and a leather guard and button hole for securing it where it will be handy. A pair of wading sandals, if you possess a pair of rubber boots to go with them. I prefer this rig

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to the regular waders. The latter tempt you out too deep. A man has no business displaying a pair of ungodly legs out where the fish are. The sandals have hob nails, that you may not sit down unawares on a slippery rock submerged in the stream, and it has straps for securing over your boots.

This is about all the outfit you really need to go a-trouting. We will defer discussion of the dry fly and its excellencies until next month, for April is not the season for flies. What we need now is bait, and to carry it I might have added a little luxury in place of the old tobacco can, one of those crescent-shaped tin bait boxes which go on your belt. They are mighty handy, because you find it quite a problem anyhow to get at things, standing out in the stream with the line looped around you and nowhere to put your rod. Standing it upright in your boot top, thus leaving both hands free, is considered the best form. But a bait box which you can open with one hand and draw therefrom a worm or a minnow is not to be despised.

And that reminds me of a tale, a parable upon bait, that may not come amiss here. It is a waste of good vacation time to fish for trout with flies when no Mayflies hover over the stream and the trout are occupied with their larvae, the caddis worm. A bunch of us purists were fishing the Esopus one spring when the weather was exasperatingly late. We were on time, but the Mayflies were not. That stream has many, many brown trout in it, ranging from eleven inches up, with an occasional rainbow. It is a delight to fish in fly time, for it is broad and shallow so that there is plenty of room for your back cast and you can cut capers with the dry fly. I had brought up a collection of American and English reliables, tied dry, which had done wonderful execution on that stream the year before. But the season was late this particular year and there was nothing stirring. The trout did not care a whoop for flies just then. In vain we all whipped the favorite places, practiced all the arts of staking a hole, negotiating a riffle. At the end of two days of fruitless effort despair was written on every heart and the guiltily-snatched week-end was almost gone. Passed me, on the other side of the stream, an angler whose creel I watched with interest. The thing seemed heavy, and at each cast he hitched it back with some impatience. Then he added the crowning insult of taking out a large trout under my very nose, from the spot where I had just been casting. He slipped it into the loaded creel, while I watched his next cast with avid eyes. The silver flash of a small minnow whipped out across the waters. There was a boil and a swirl, and he had another trout on. Now, as there are no minnows to be had on the Esopus without a minnow seine along, there was mystery here; to be solved later when the angler broke the news that he had brought up, with admirable foresight, a jar of preserved ones. Selah!

Again for the tyro, we may add here a paragraph on how to use that rod, for April is a good season for practice against the long-distance work of May and June. You cannot hope for more than sixty feet with a rod not of tournament calibre, but that distance is plenty. You will be using from forty to sixty feet of cast, as a rule. The why and wherefore of that will be gone into next month; suffice here to say that a reasonable accuracy over those distances is the thing to practice for now. Practice on a dock, where you have plenty of room for the back cast. The thing to cast is the line, and the motive power the rod. The rod itself being pliable will bend back with the back cast of its own accord, so you are on no account to let your own grip on the rod butt go back of perpendicular. Remembering that, begin by stripping a little more line off the rod than its own length, with leader and barbless hook attached and not counting in the length. Let it dangle before you and then raise the rod smartly, stopping it at perpendicular with your wrist, at the same time stripping a yard of line from the reel with your left hand. Wait an instant to allow the back cast to straighten out behind; then snap the rod forward smartly, with your wrist, and release the yard of line stripped off. If well done the line will shoot out over the water, adding to itself the yard you stripped off. Start the back cast, lifting smartly, before the line touches the water. Repeat the stripping of another yard of line from the reel. After four such casts it is well to allow the line to shoot out flat upon the water, the leader and fly cascading after it and beyond,—and you have made your first cast. The rest is practice. To get accuracy, anchor a small float or hoop out some thirty feet, increasing it to forty and fifty when you find you can drop the fly in the hoop with some measure of accuracy.

But in April fishing you will need little of this. Most small streams are so overgrown with bushes as to preclude any cast save the snap cast in which a short length of line bends the rod like a bow and is released to shoot out and allow your worm to drop in the pool. After that the current takes it down over the pebbles and a tug from an invisible trout announces that you have a bite. This has none of the glories and triumphs of the dry fly fishing to come later, but it gets trout, in a manner of speaking. To my mind there is no excuse for it, save the fact that it is that or not at all, in populous states, for the ubiquitous native, who is much addicted to the worm, has been hanging over every bridge until Opening Day, and by the time the fly season comes around he has taken every trout worth taking and not a few which should have been allowed to grow. To me there is no pleasure in any trout under eleven inches. I refuse to be seen with one smaller, unless very, very hungry. The present legal limits of six and seven inches are a reproach to American civilization and a mockery of sportsmanship.

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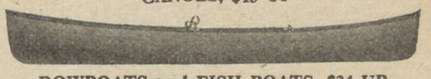

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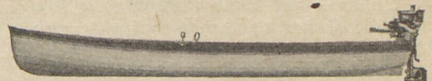

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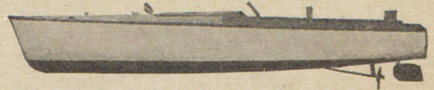

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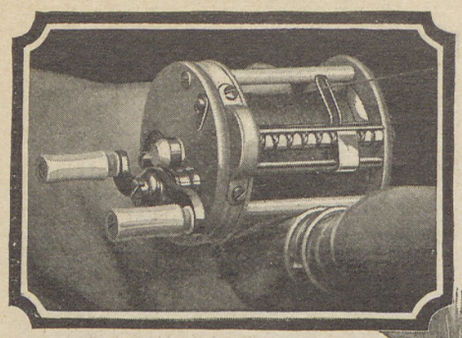


Your Hours of

OH-yo-ho-hum — will winter never end? How we are waiting—you and I — for those precious hours when the smash of a vicious strike sends high the spray!

How *few* of those youth-restoring hours we get in a season —*or in a life-time!* Can we let the least edge be taken from their fullest joy? Shall we risk tackle treachery at critical moments? From lures that miss strikes? From rods that don't "play"? From reels that limit your water-coverage, and always threaten disaster at supreme moments? Let's be done with tackle temporizing. Trif-

Heddon Level Winding Bait Casting Reel

IN every line of manufacture there is one—and only one—positively supreme value — a single outstanding production to which is conceded the position of unqualified leadership among its kind.

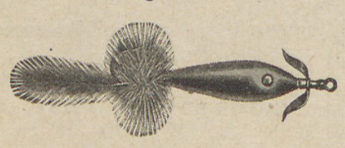
To attain this place was the mainspring of the Heddon entry into the field of Level Winding Reels, and that motive, that inspiration —favored by the Heddon facilities, the Heddon standards, the Heddon background of reel-making experience have become a realized achievement.

The Heddon Level Winding Reel is a reel to use— to cherish — to care for as a precious thing.

In one smooth-running, beautifully balanced, superbly finished gem of precise construction it realizes every Heddon principle of maximum practicability on a plane of de luxe nicety. Superior mechanical points such as the Steady Bar that relieves wear, the sturdier, simpler, silent, Spiral-cut Gears and the centrally mounted, full-capacity Spool, set this model wholly apart from the ordinary type of level winding reels.

Its light, graceful design and rich velvet finish are in keeping with the high standards that structurally make this reel the long-lasting true companion of the discriminating angler.

Unlike other level-winding reels it is built of hardened materials that with proper care secure to the owner of this reel, absolute certainty of perfect functioning under the continued strains of casting and fish handling. Own it.



Genuine Wilder-Dilg Cork Body Feathered Lures for Fly Casting

THIS novel combination of cork body, hackle ruff, and feather tail last year gave a new luring principle to the light tackle angler—a principle that succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of its inventors, Dr. Wilder and our own Waltonian, Will H. Dilg. Nowhere in the recorded history of fly fishing for Bass has there been demonstrated a near approach to its sportsmanlike effectiveness and telling results. Its action, resembling the helpless fluttering of a *wounded* minnow, has left behind it in every territory where used, a trail of enthusiastic supporters who unanimously agree that its like has never been seen for frequency and savagery of attack by Bass and Northern Pike. This year, in answer to insistent demand, exquisite Heddon craftsmanship has also produced these Wilder-Dilg lures in Trout size. Advance tests promise a record equal to their triumph of the Bass patterns.

Indescribably attractive in color, with an action unique, irresistible, compelling, these two masterpieces of effectiveness will earn a top place in your book of essential flies.

12 standard and special fly patterns in the Bass Size and 6 similar patterns in the Trout Size.

At your dealer's, in moth protected boxes, each 75c.

Send for free book by the inventors showing these baits in actual colors and describing their use and success.

Walton Feather Tail A highly specialized single-hook treat for the bait-caster. Embodies the essential characteristics of the Wilder-Dilg fly lures above, with torpedo-like wood body and spinner, suiting it to short-rod use. Beautiful, effective, almost weedless, but deadly in hooking and holding.

Red-and-White. Black body, Orange tail. Shiner Scale body, Gray tail. Pike Scale body, with Green and Yellow tail. Price $1.00

In 12 years of Field and Stream Magazine's Prize Bass Contests, Heddon Rods and Baits have outstripped by overwhelming majorities the combined showings of all other makes of tackle that can be brought into fair comparison.

Sport— Don't they deserve every advantage you can give them?

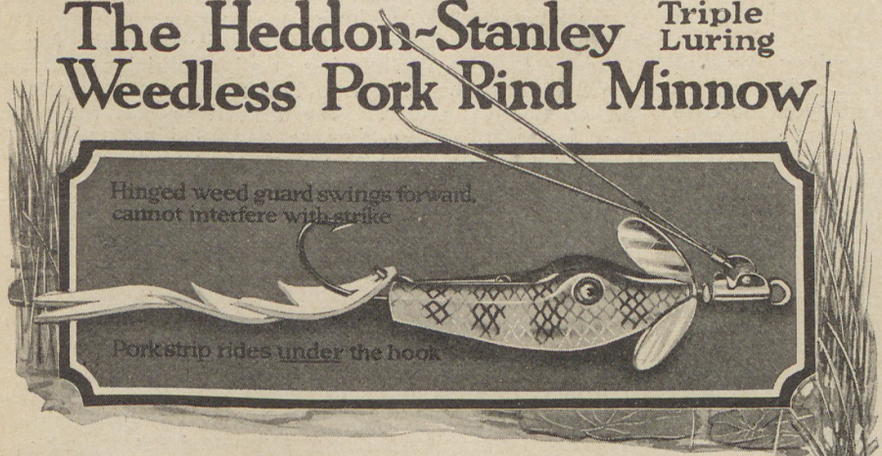
ling dollar-economy that jeopardizes and blemishes those precious, unreturning hours is a deceit that lures to regrets.

True economy lies in restriction to capable tackle that knows no treachery—that has the scientific refinements which immeasurably enhance the joy of every water-hour—*life-time tackle* that gets admiration wherever it is unlimbered for action—reflects the inner *"know"* of the true sportsman.

The true worthiness of Heddon Rods and the lasting excellence of Heddon Reels shall form the backbone of this realization and the sound luring and hooking principles of Heddon Baits become the main stays of our tackle box. We shall own them — not just promise them to ourselves.

For we have learned—you and I—that our pleasure hours are not to be cheated.

The Heddon-Stanley Triple Luring Weedless Pork Rind Minnow



DEVISED by Wm. Stanley, renowned casting expert and pork-rind enthusiast of Chicago; developed under Heddon facilities and standards to bring the long-favored principle of pork-strip luring to its highest effectiveness.

The Heddon type of minnow-like body aids casting and the exquisite Heddon finish increases attractiveness beyond measure. Weedless device lets you put this sparkling lure right where the fish are, the hinged weedguard giving full open-hook presentation, but guarding effectively against snagging and fouling. Self-clearing, slow-working spinner. Special cutting of pork-strip imparts extra animation and reduces likelihood of obstructing hook point. Rigid hook anchorage with easy removability. Right weight and minimum air resistance for perfect casting. Runs to any depth (or with surface attachment, on top.) The range of colors, including scale finishes, suits it to every variation of weather, water and season.

All White. Red Top, White Bottom. All Red. Green Scale. Pike Scale. Shiner Scale. Price $1.25. With surface attachment, $1.35. Without Weedguard, $1.00. Pork-strips (12, bottled) 50 cents.

James Heddon's Sons, Dowagiac, Mich.

Heddon Fishing Tackle

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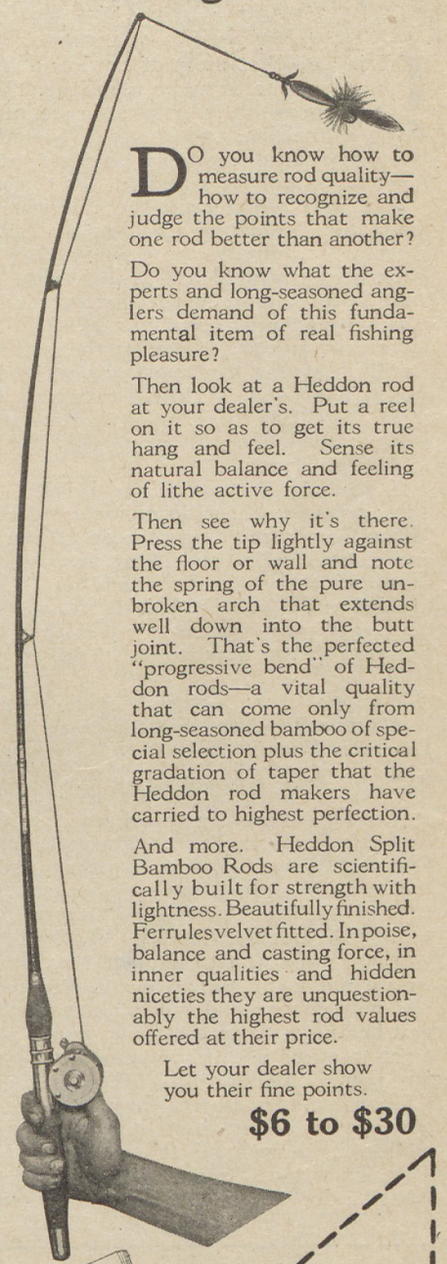
Note the tackle dealers displaying the Heddon Scientific Fish and Bait Chart, showing principal game fish in life-like colors and First Choice Lures for their capture.

Heddon Split Bamboo Casting Rods



DO you know how to measure rod quality—how to recognize and judge the points that make one rod better than another?

Do you know what the experts and long-seasoned anglers demand of this fundamental item of real fishing pleasure?

Then look at a Heddon rod at your dealer's. Put a reel on it so as to get its true hang and feel. Sense its natural balance and feeling of lithe active force.

Then see why it's there. Press the tip lightly against the floor or wall and note the spring of the pure unbroken arch that extends well down into the butt joint. That's the perfected "progressive bend" of Heddon rods—a vital quality that can come only from long-seasoned bamboo of special selection plus the critical gradation of taper that the Heddon rod makers have carried to highest perfection.

And more. Heddon Split Bamboo Rods are scientifically built for strength with lightness. Beautifully finished. Ferrules velvet fitted. In poise, balance and casting force, in inner qualities and hidden niceties they are unquestionably the highest rod values offered at their price.

Let your dealer show you their fine points.

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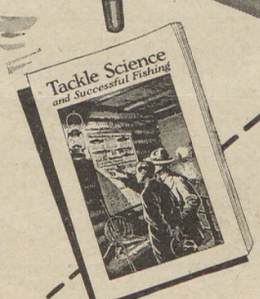

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"Fish and Game Cannot Vote"—Judge J. M. Dickinson.

Why the Izaak Walton League Appeals to the Common Sense of Sportsmen

By WILL H. DILG

IT is well that most of us do not need many fish nor much game to make us happy. Most of us are content these days with a brace of birds and a very few fine fish, and it is well that this is true because surely the nation's supply of game fishes and wild game grow alarmingly less and less as the years pile up.

Time was when only the thoughtful among us saw the tragic shadow of a fishless and gameless land ahead. Most of us now, however, know that 80% of our inland waters are polluted and fishless and clearly see that **if there is to be a tomorrow** for sports in this country the sensible man must get busy TODAY.

Only by the sportsmen of the nation getting together a million strong can sports be saved in this America of ours. The Izaak Walton League of America has found the way—THE ONLY WAY and anglers and hunters of conscience are rallying to this National Organization by the thousands.

If you are not one of us I fail to see how you can carry an easy conscience in your bosom. Those of us **"Who Care"** are going to keep at you until **you too care** and see the light, and if not for yourself for your children and your children's children. These innocent ones are being robbed of their heritage and this before our very eyes, and we must not forget that the American boy and girl represent the future of our beloved homeland.

We sportsmen have delayed getting together until it is **almost too late.** Such men as Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Emerson Hough, Robert W. Chambers, Irvin S. Cobb, Zane Grey, James Oliver Curwood, Robert H. Davis, Dr. James A. Henshall, Dr. Preston Bradley, Archibald Rutledge, Albert Bigelow Paine, and such great women as Gene Stratton-Porter, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Clara Louise Burnham, and many others, solemnly believe that the Izaak Walton League of America offers THE LAST CHANCE TO SAVE OUTDOOR AMERICA FROM COMPLETE COMMERCIALIZATION. Of course, if you want just that to happen, then you do not want, and we do not want you to enroll with us, but if you think our wild places and wild things are worth saving **then you belong with us** and you should not think it is sufficient to agree with us in spirit only **but by act and deed,** and you should sign up TODAY.

Gene Stratton-Porter says: "If we desire any sort of heritage to bequeath to our children, each of us must lend a helping hand to the Izaak Walton League of America. It no longer becomes a question of what we want to do, we are now facing a square presentment of what we must do, and those of us who see the vision and most keenly feel the need must furnish the motor power for those less responsive. Work must be done. It is the time for all of us to get together and in unison make a test of our strength."

Irvin S. Cobb says: "With law and public sentiment for our Izaak Walton Chapters, we must make everlasting war upon those who for commercial designs are exploiting our National forests and our National preserves —we must protect our wild game and game fishes from extermination, our streams from further pollution—our woods from desecration—we've got to fight those who would alter the Cross of our faith into the Dollar Mark of their greed.—"

Surely your common sense must tell you that if we are to have any sport in this country that we must have at least twenty fish hatcheries where now we have one, and at least ten times the number of wild game farms if we are to have any hunting at all. Politicians, as you know, follow the crowd and vote for appropriations backed up by numbers. We all believe that the poor man and his children deserve good fishing and good hunting just the same as the rich man can get. We know that only those with fat purses can travel far distances and seek into remote places where fish and game are to be found. The sporting salvation of the average American sportsman rests in the Izaak Walton League of America, because the great majority of us must do our fishing and our hunting **close at home** and unless there are plenty of fish hatcheries and plenty of wild game farms to supply our close-by lakes and streams with fish and our fields and marshes and woodlands with game we will be robbed of the health, strength and happiness coming from sports afield and astream.

James Oliver Curwood, great writer, traveler and explorer of Outdoor America wrote in the January issue of **our magazine** as follows, "Only THE PEOPLE can save us from utter devastation. Only THE PEOPLE, with their power of the ballot, can put **their** lakes, **their** streams, and what wild life and forests they have left into hands capable of caring for them, perpetuating them and increasing them."

You must look at this vitally important cause as **Your cause** and its fight for outdoor America as **Your fight** and you must think of the Izaak Walton League of America as **Your League** (and it is just exactly that) therefore you cannot delay **signing up** until **tomorrow because it is an act your good judgment must tell you to do TODAY.**

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If YOU believe in this cause PROVE IT by signing and mailing both of these coupons.